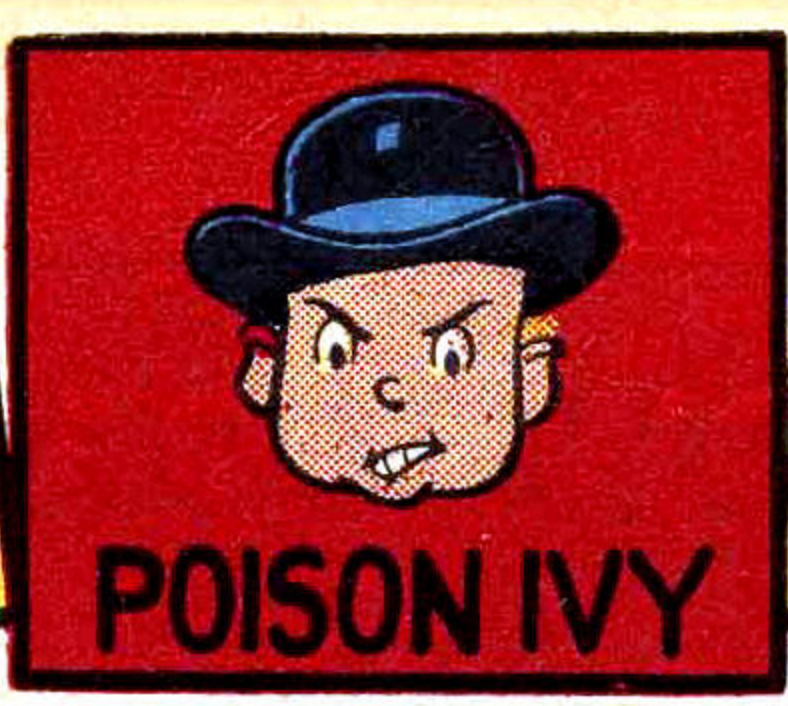




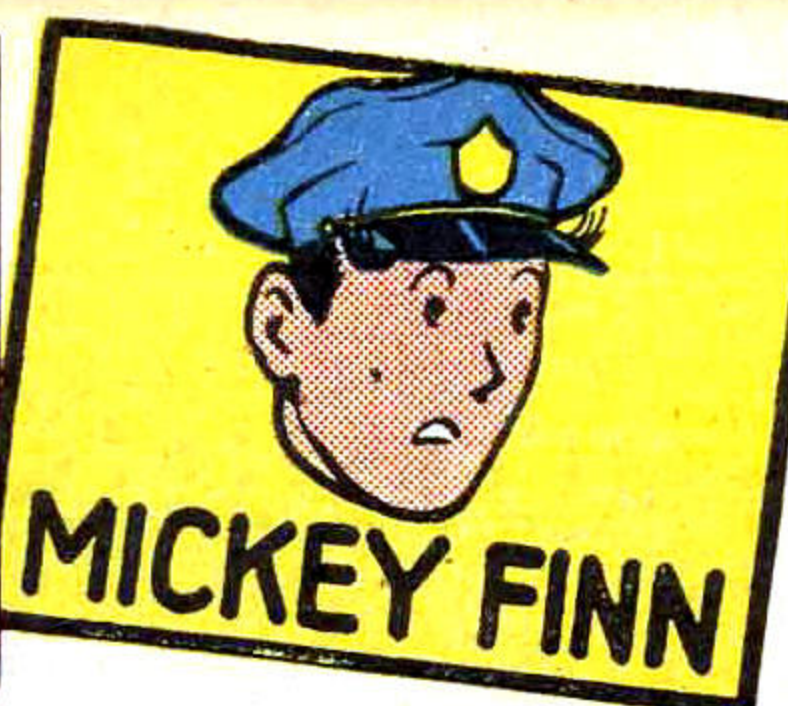
SPIN SHAW



BIG TOP



POISON IVY



MICKEY FINN



SWING SISSON

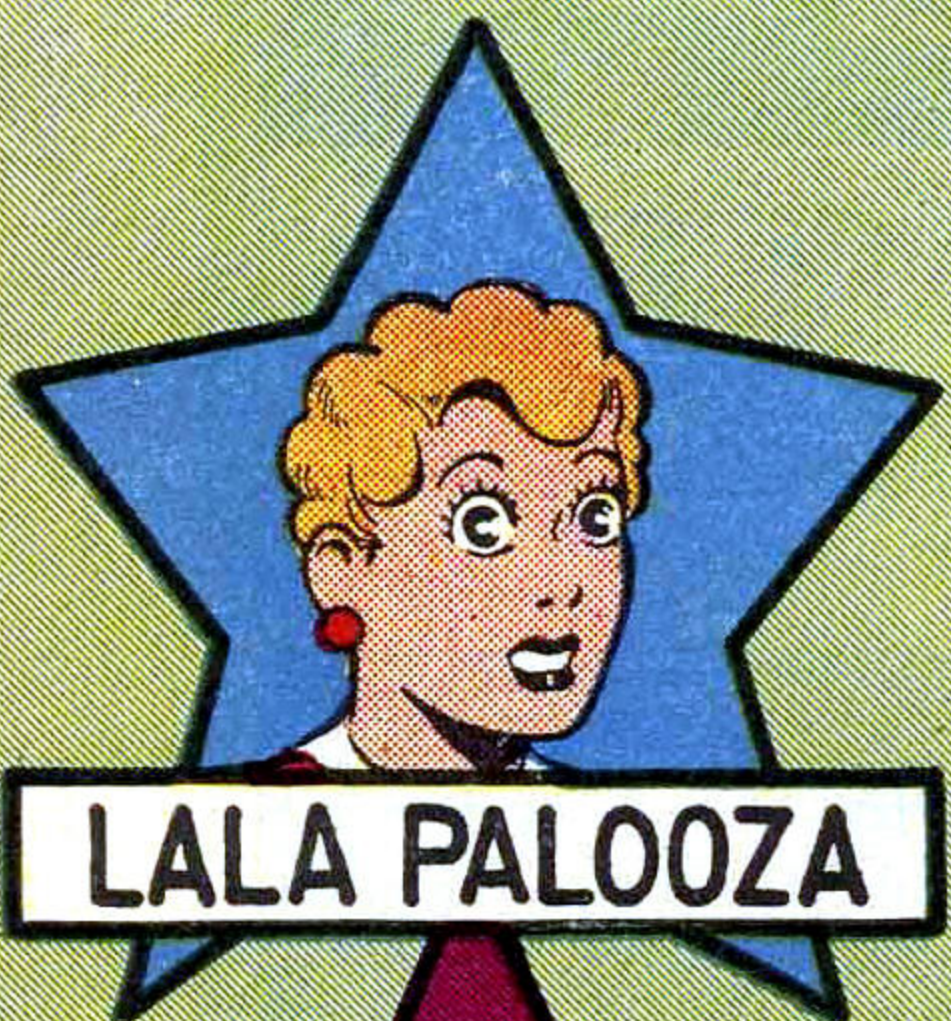
FEATURE

COMICS

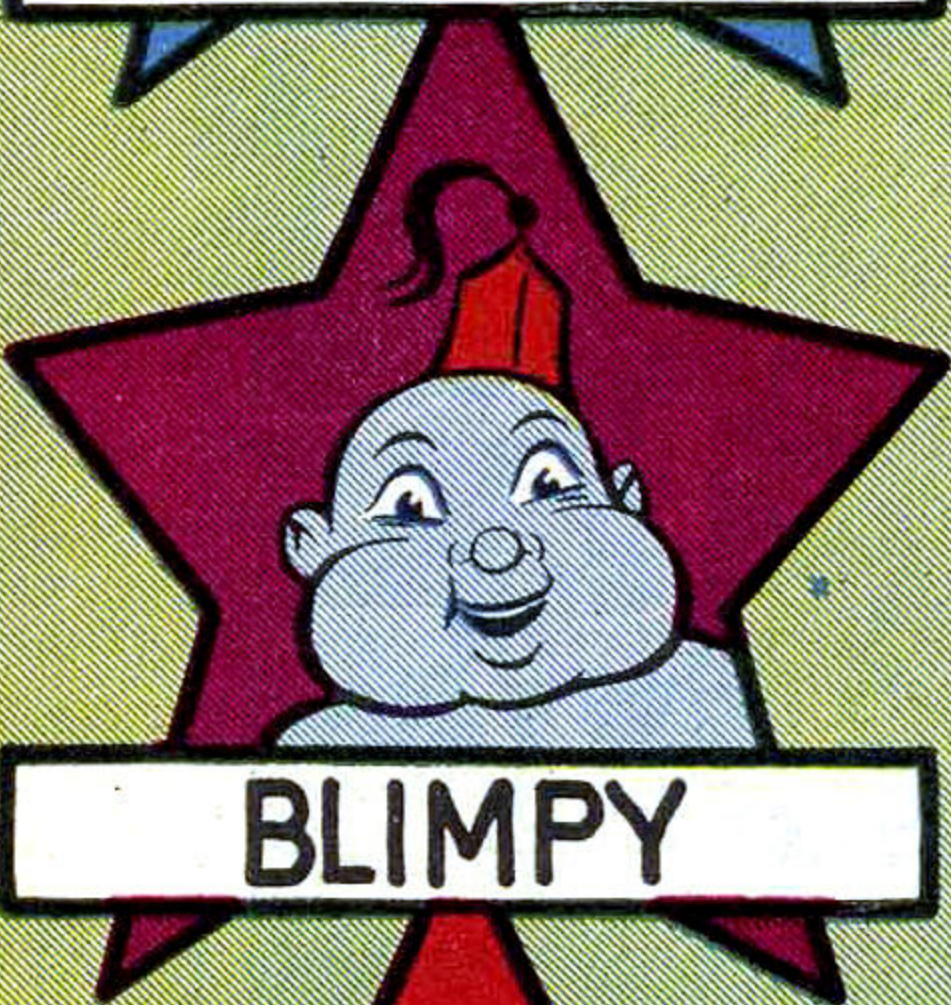
SM
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QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

JULY No. 89

10¢



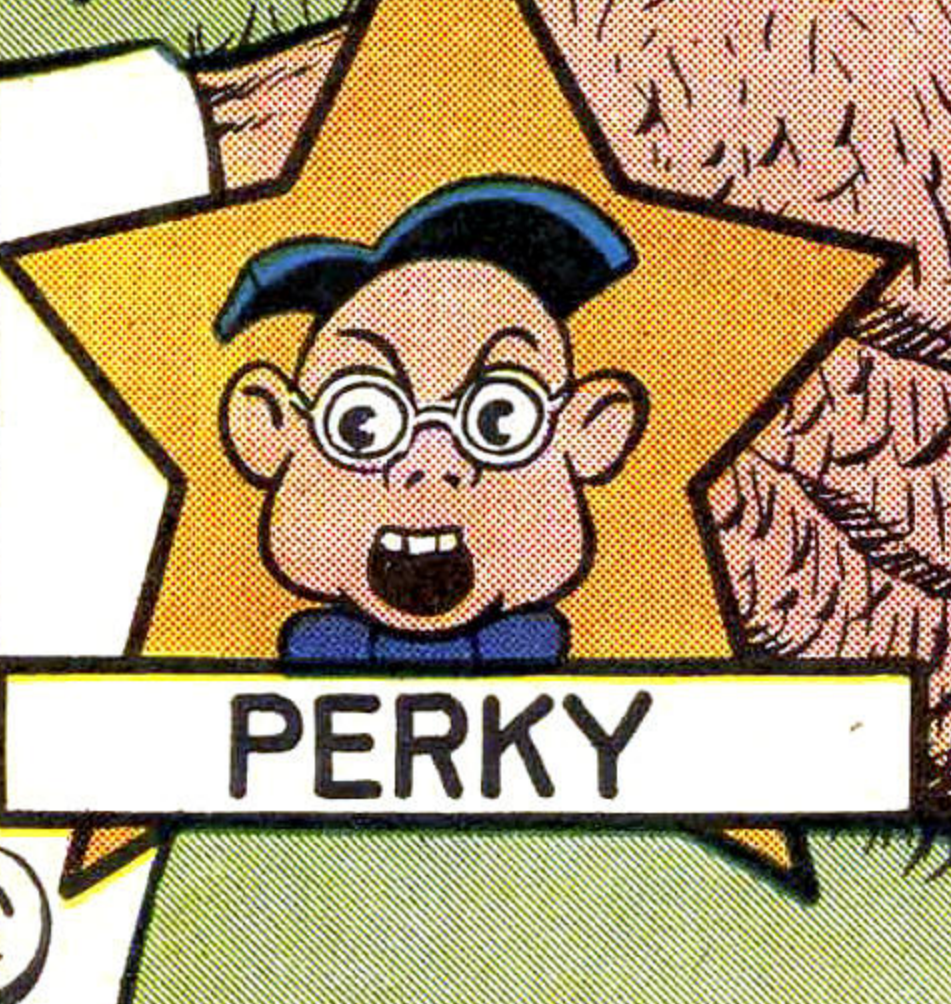
LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY

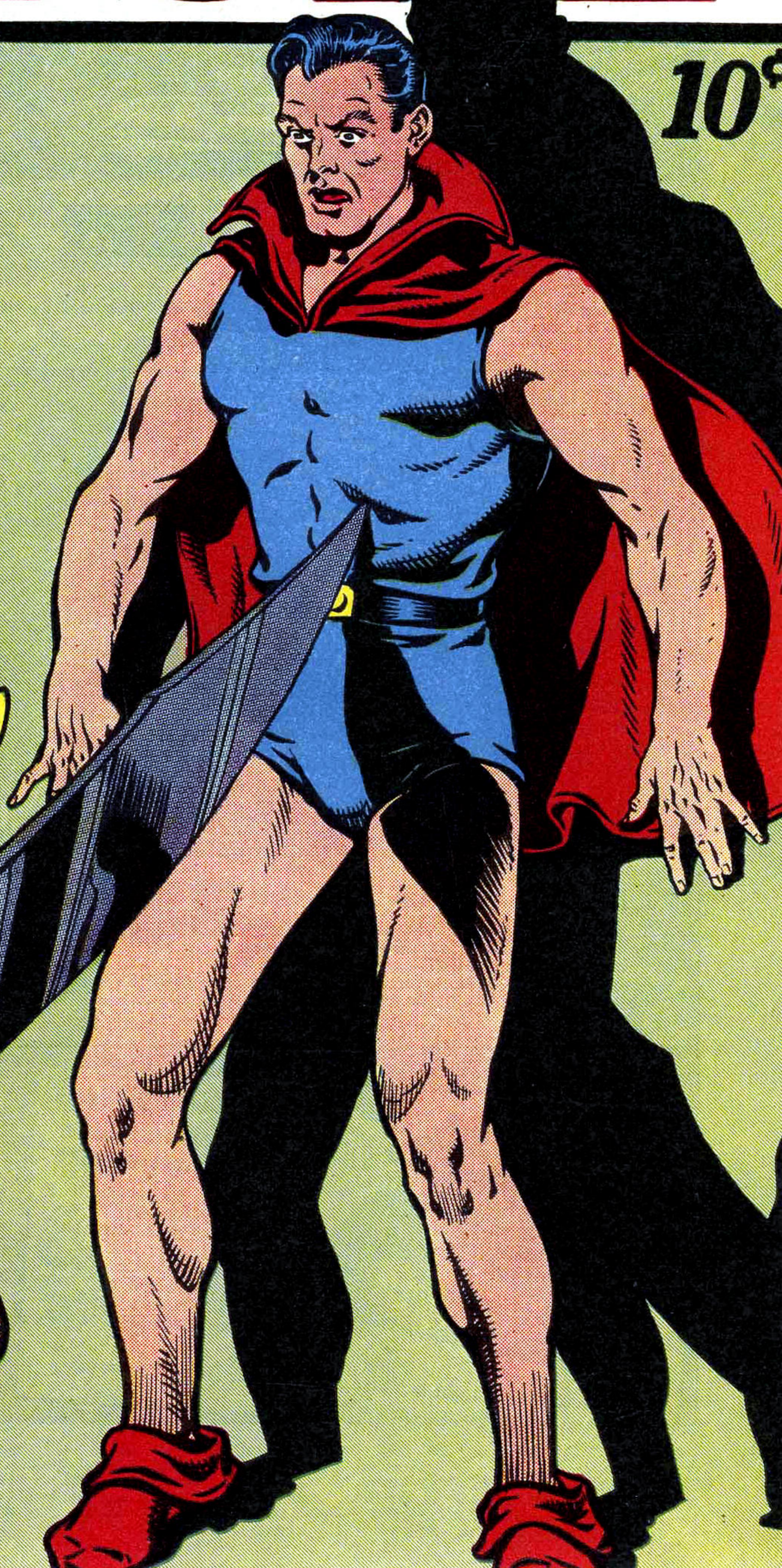


RUSTY RYAN



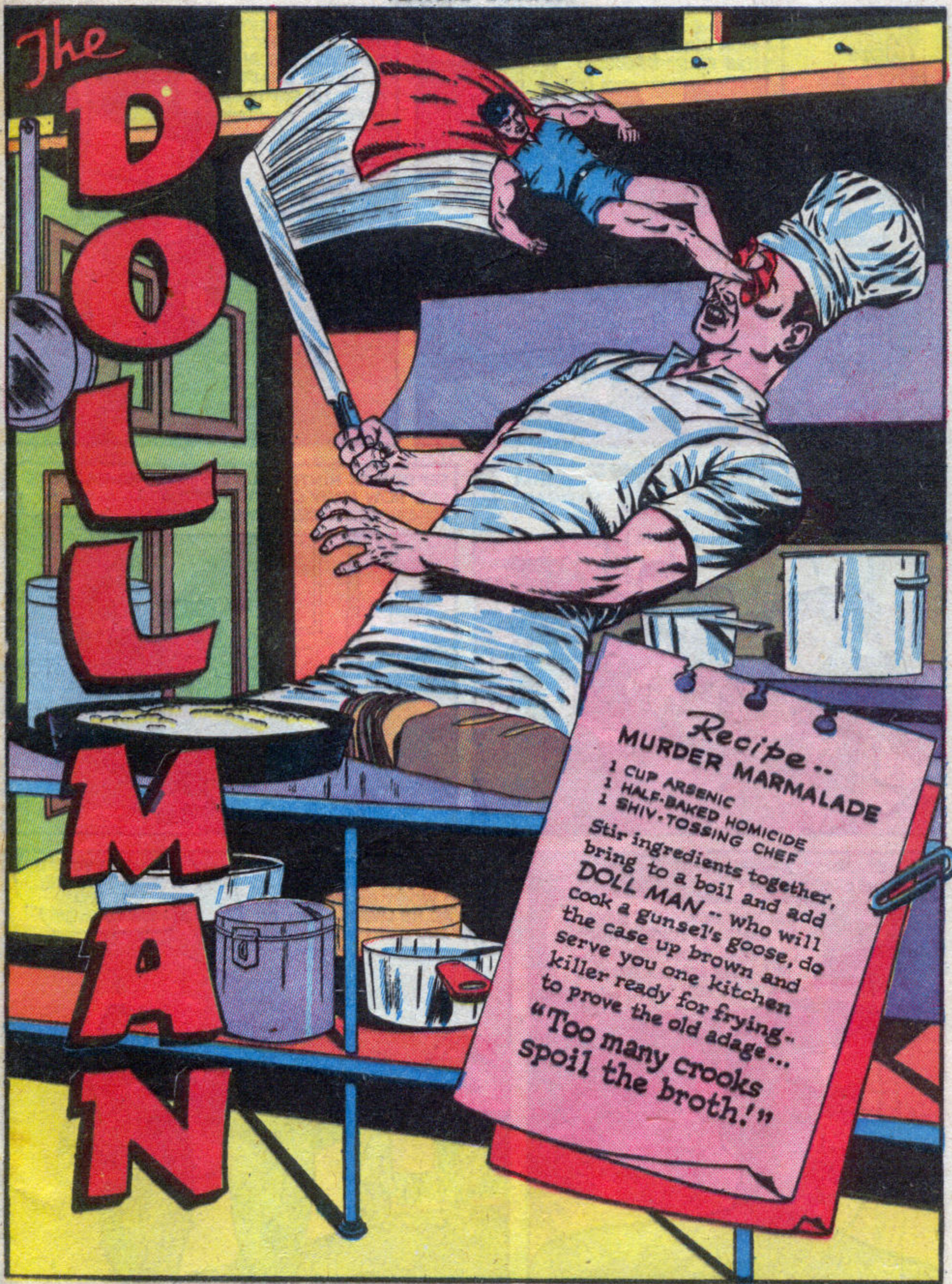
PERKY

The
**DOLL
MAN**
cooks a
**Crook's
Goose!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



The
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Recipe.. MURDER MARMALADE

- 1 CUP ARSENIC
- 1 HALF-BAKED HOMICIDE
- 1 SHIV-TOSSING CHEF

Stir ingredients together, bring to a boil and add DOLL MAN -- who will cook a gunsels goose, do the case up brown and serve you one kitchen killer ready for frying.. to prove the old adage...
"Too many crooks spoil the broth!"

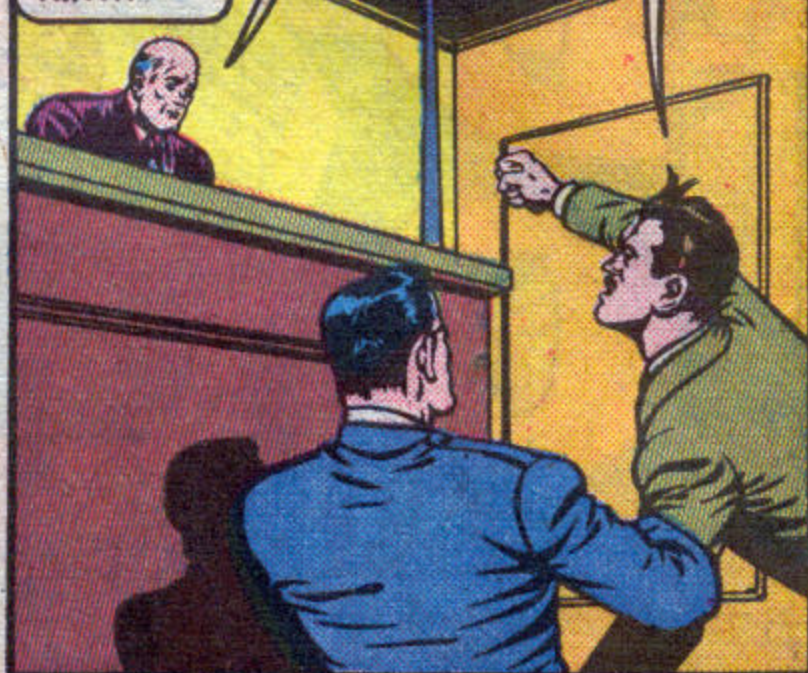
More than a year ago, **DARREL DANE**, like all good citizens, was serving his turn at jury duty!

WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT, NICK RUSSO, GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!



IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT, NICK RUSSO, THAT YOU DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER NINTH ---

© 1964 ***
#0%***



GO AHEAD AND BURN ME, BLAST YOU! BUT I'LL COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE AND GET YOU --EVERY ONE OF YOU!

TAKE THAT MADMAN OUT!



SEPTEMBER NINTH -- HUH? YEEAH-HA-HA! LET'S SEE HOW MANY OF YOU ARE STILL ALIVE A YEAR FROM SEPTEMBER NINTH!



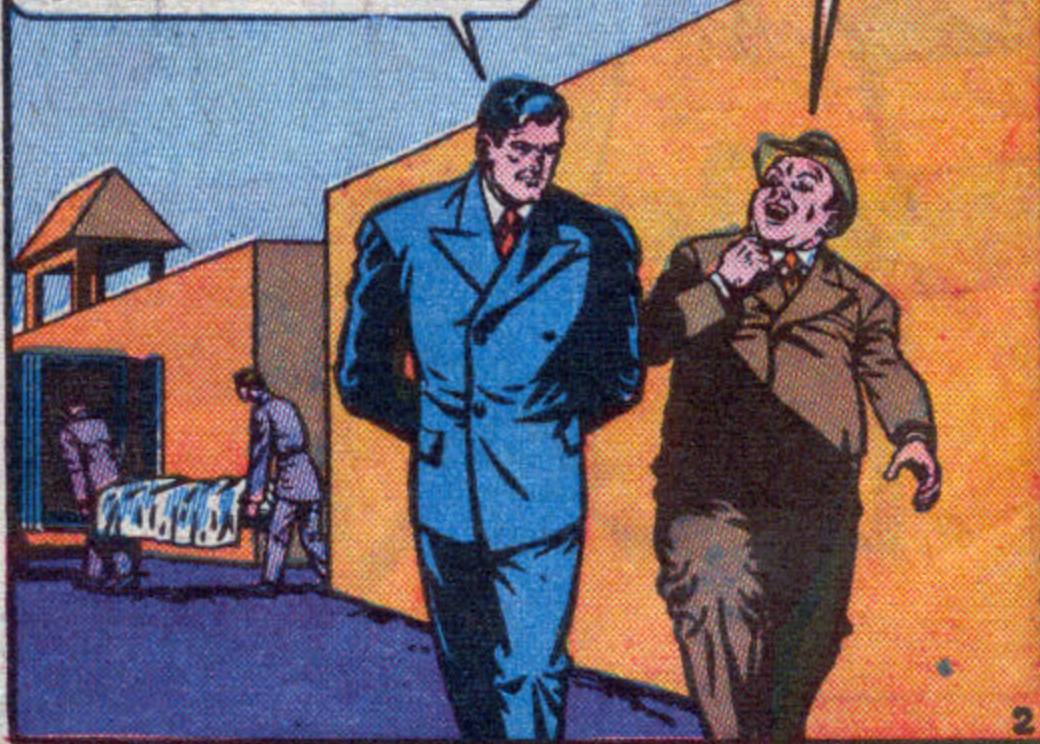
SEPTEMBER NINTH -- THE NIGHT OF THE EXECUTION ---

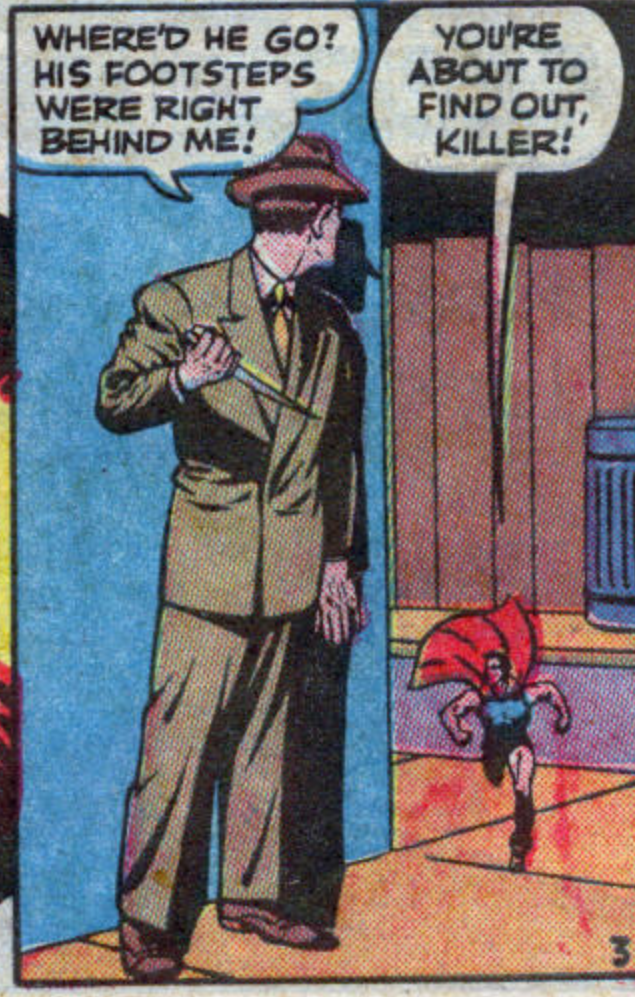
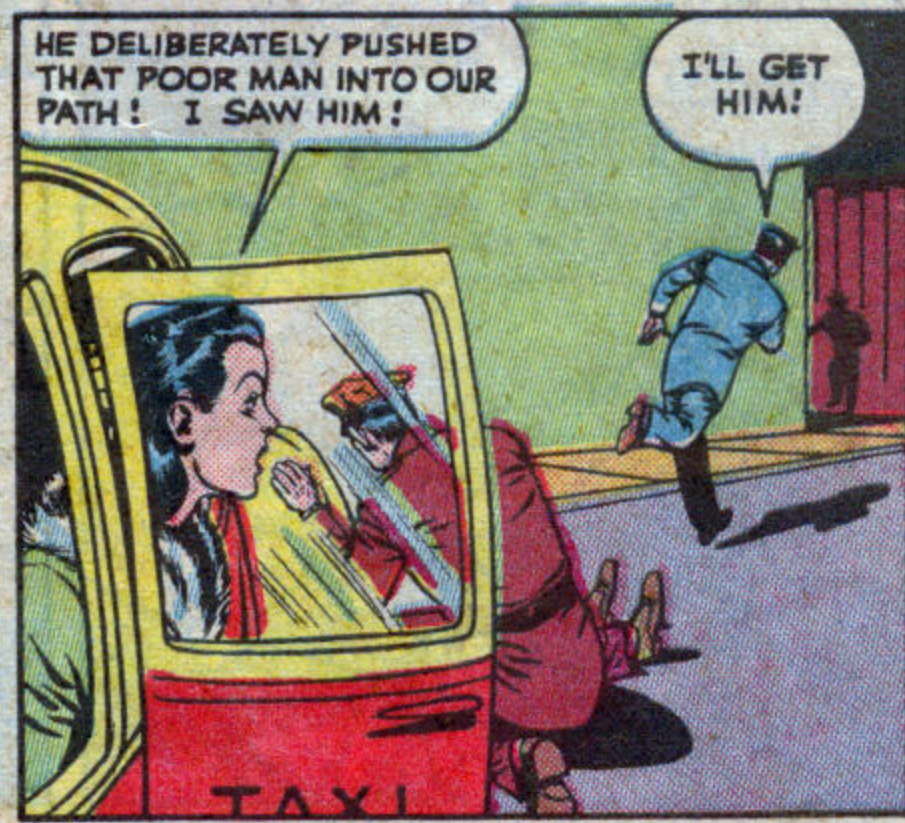
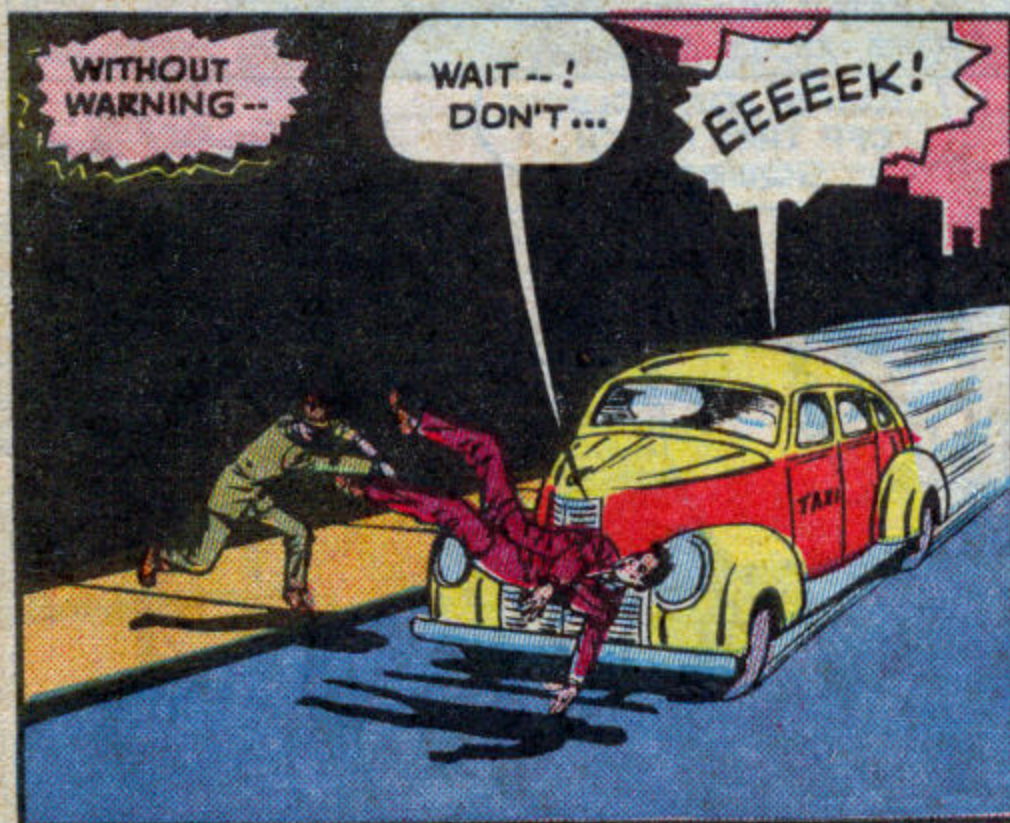
REMEMBER WHAT I SAY! BY NEXT SEPTEMBER NINTH-- ONE YEAR FROM TONIGHT-- I'LL HAVE MY VENGEANCE ON YOU ALL!

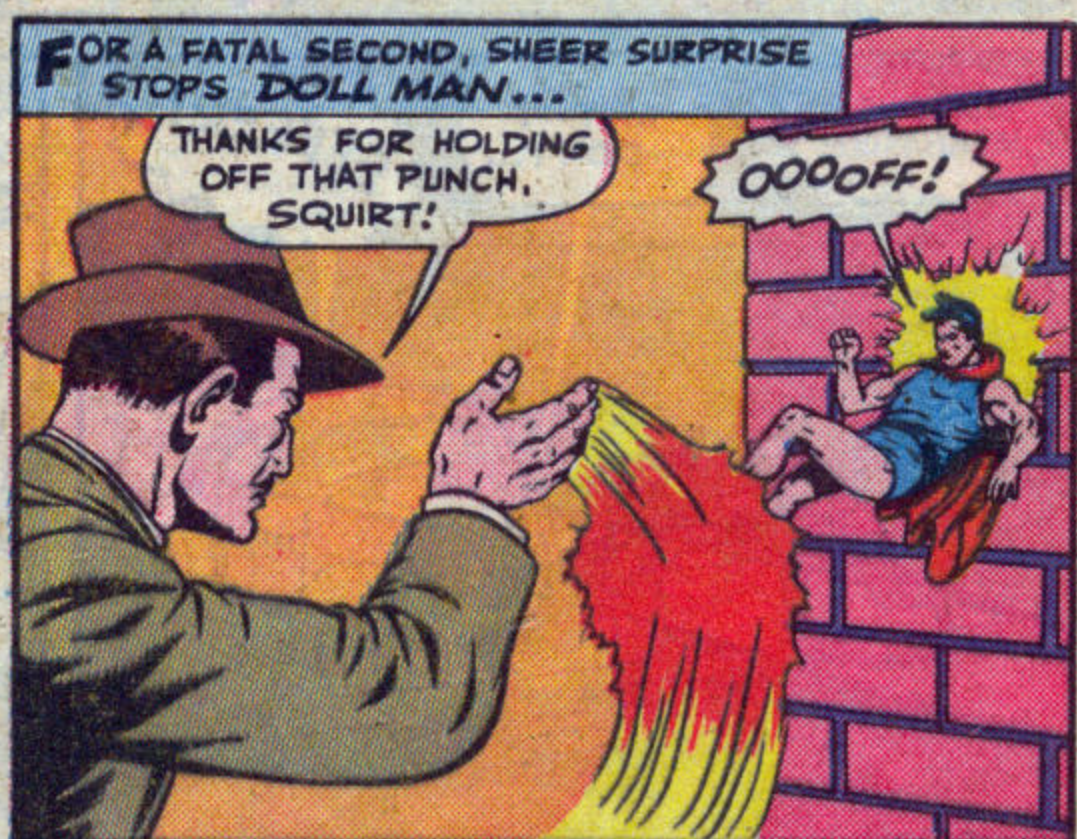


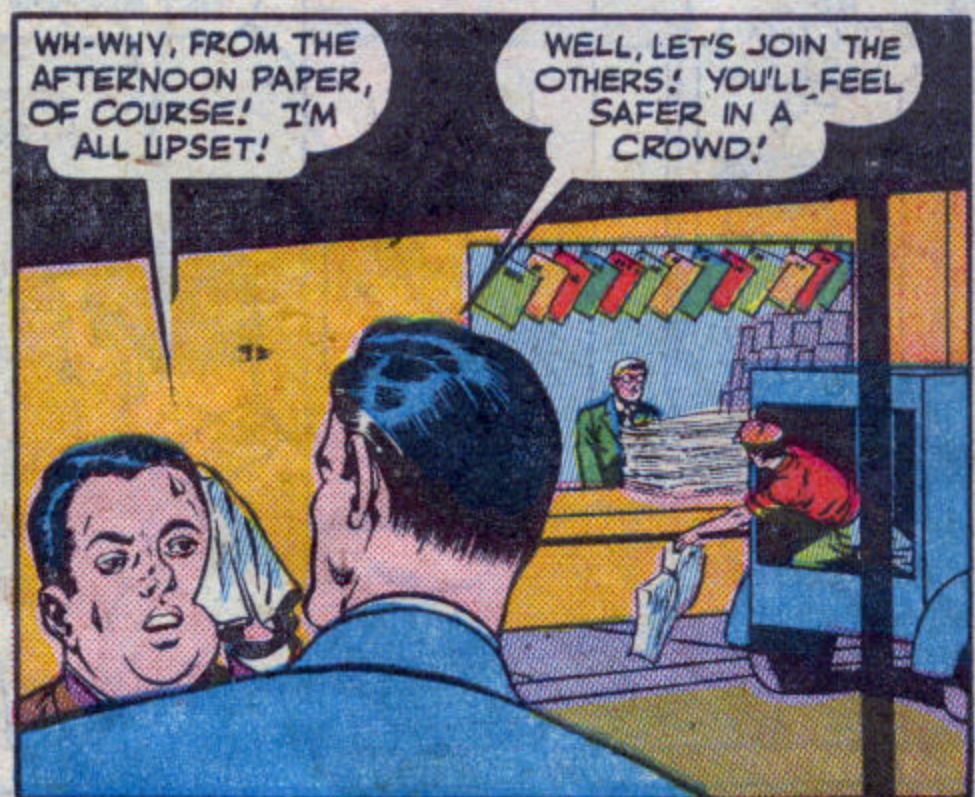
THAT'S THAT! I'VE EXAMINED THE BODY AND I KNOW THAT RUSSO WON'T BE BACK! HE DIED AS HE LIVED -- FULL OF LOUD AND EMPTY THREATS!

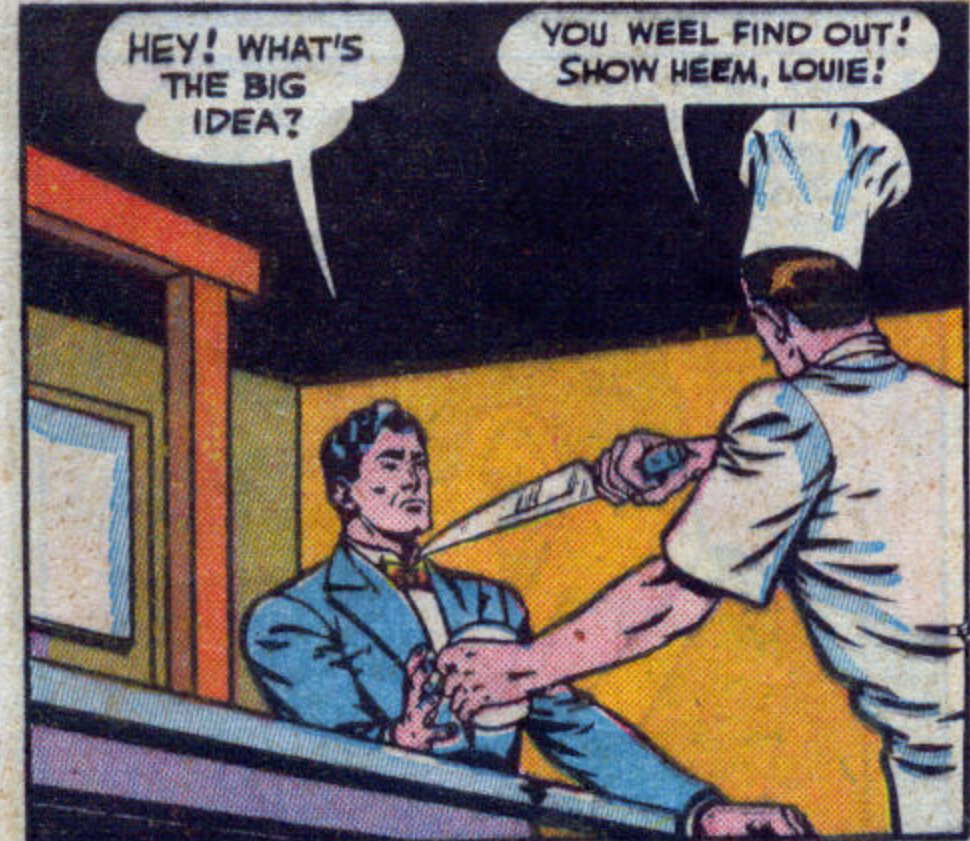
I H-HOPE YOU'RE R-RIGHT, DARREL, BUT I'M W-WORRIED!



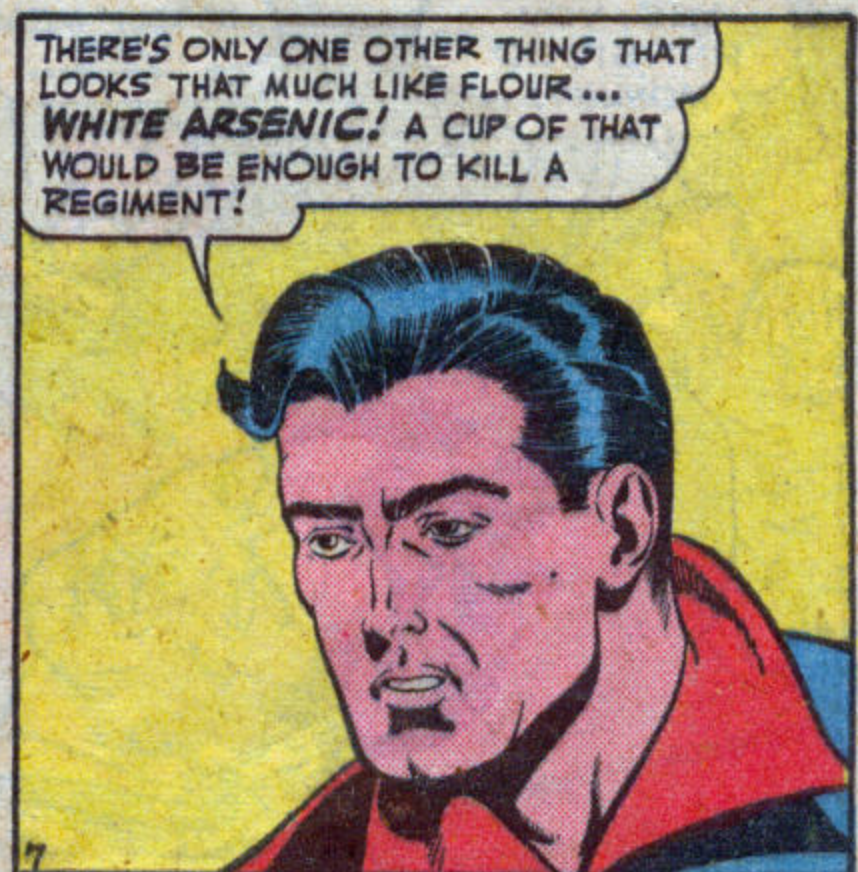
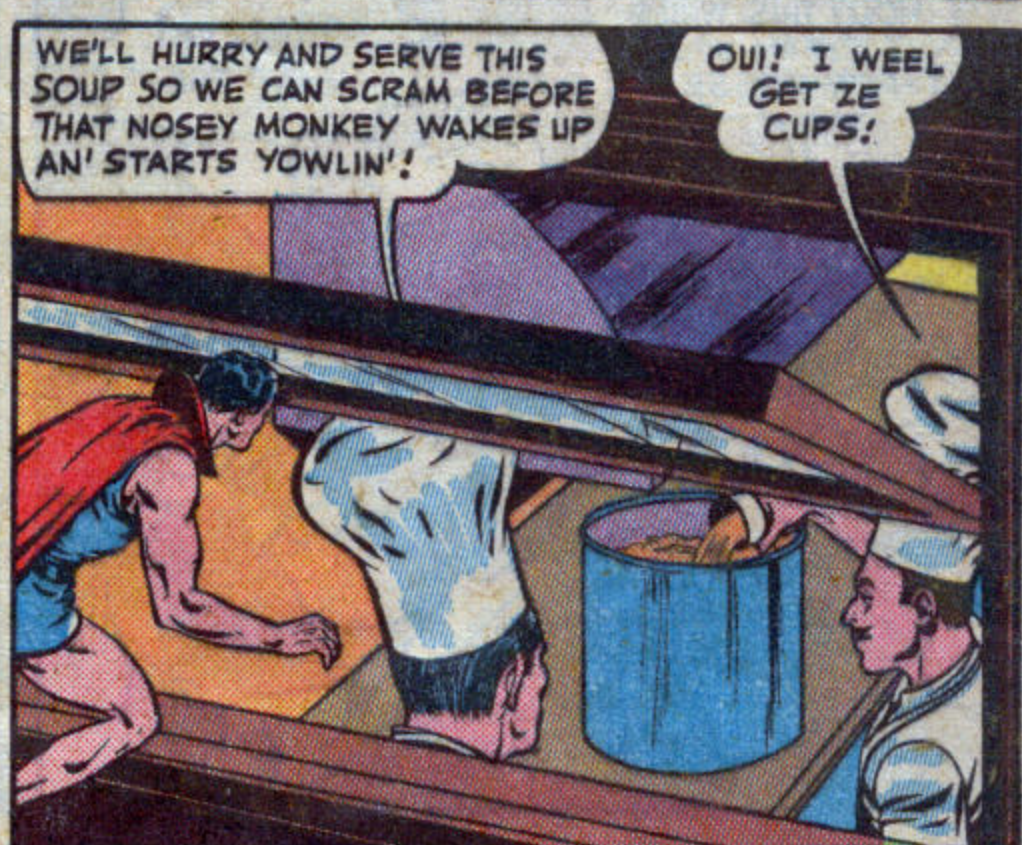
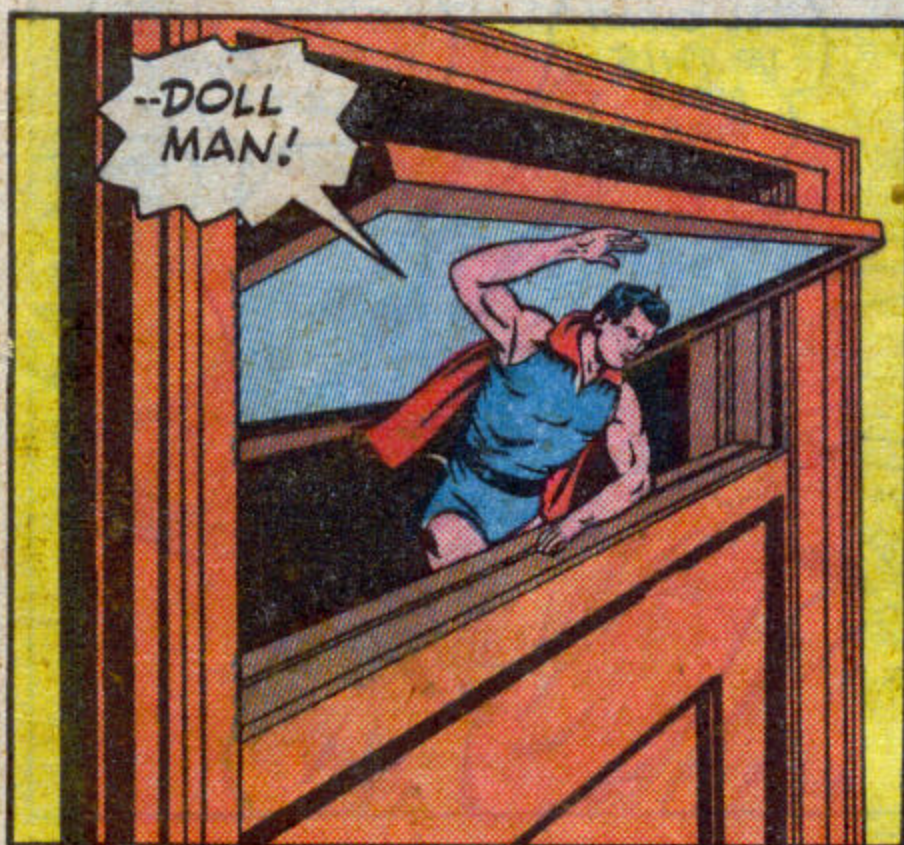


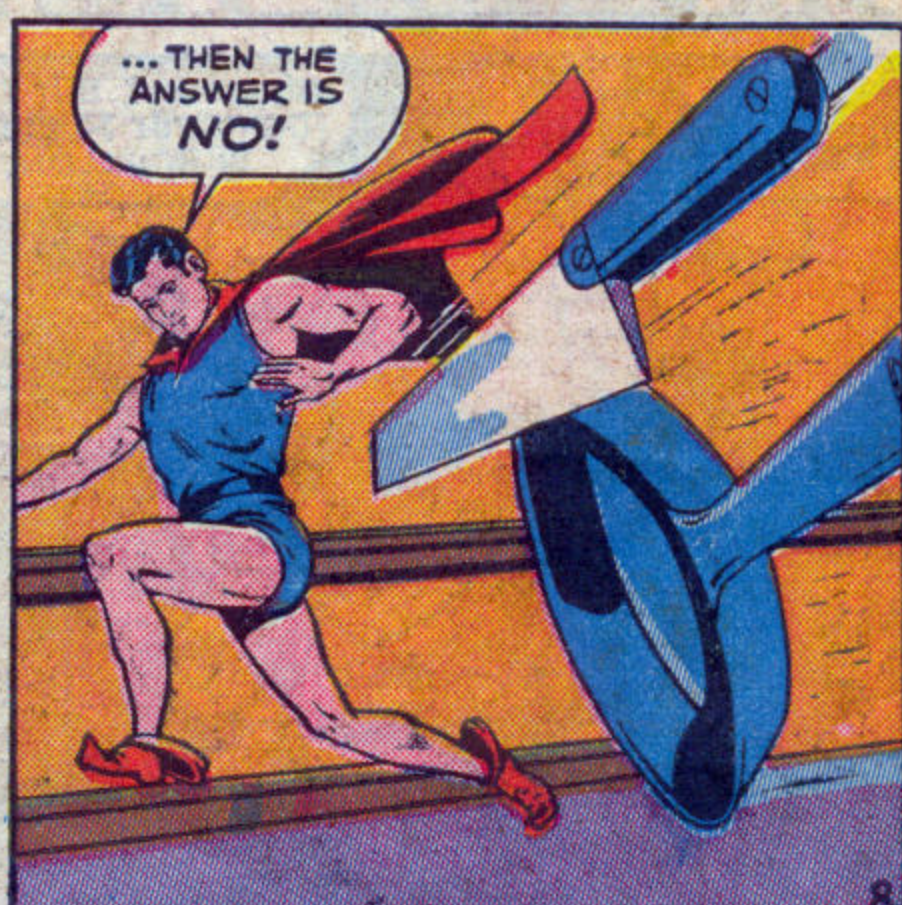
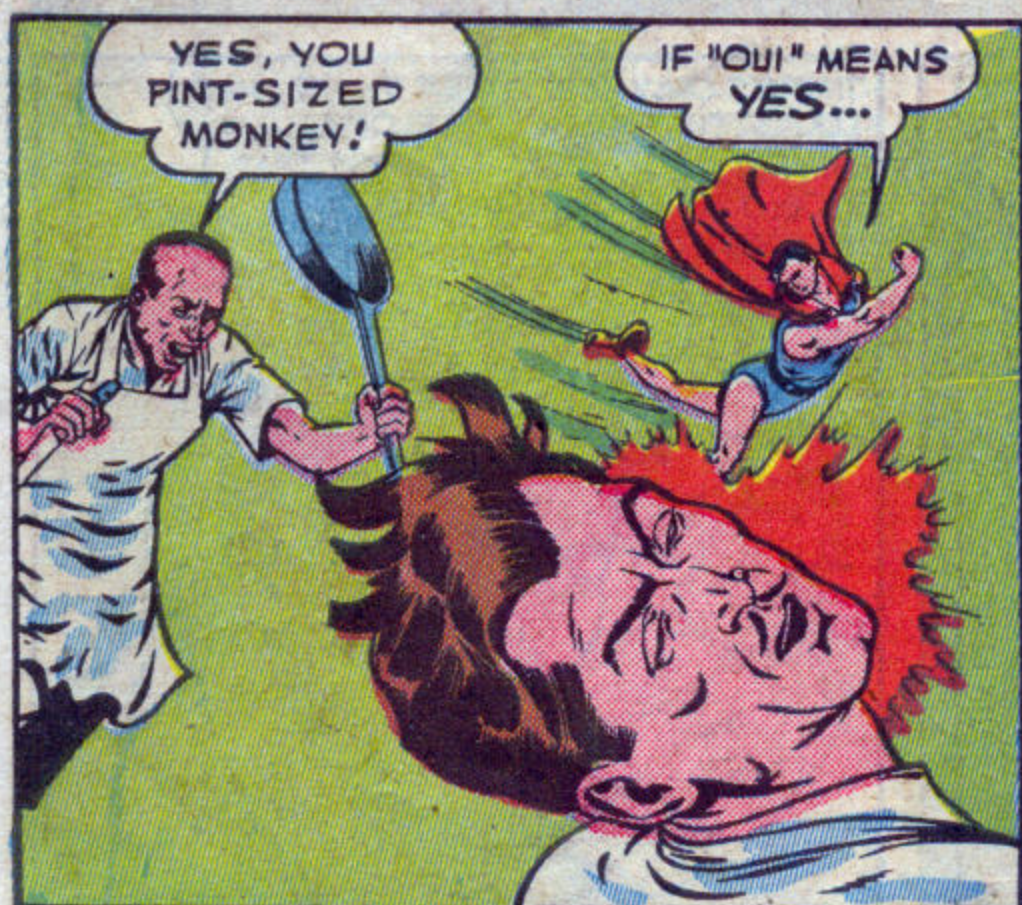
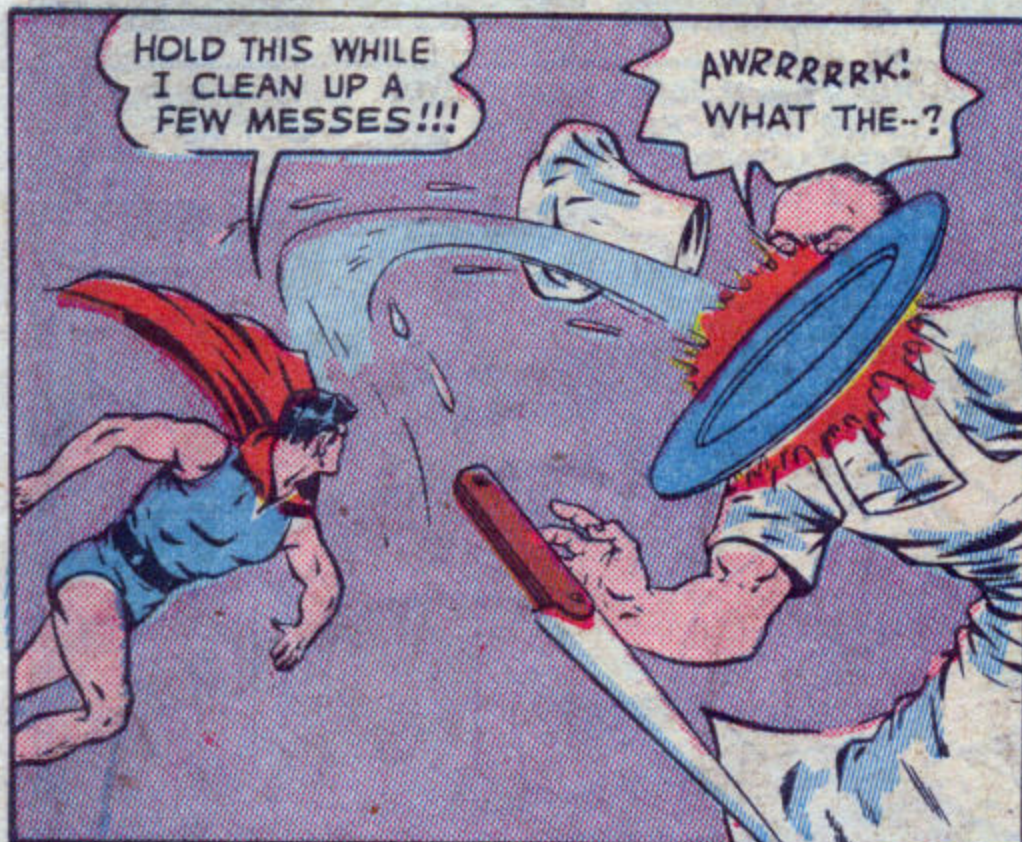
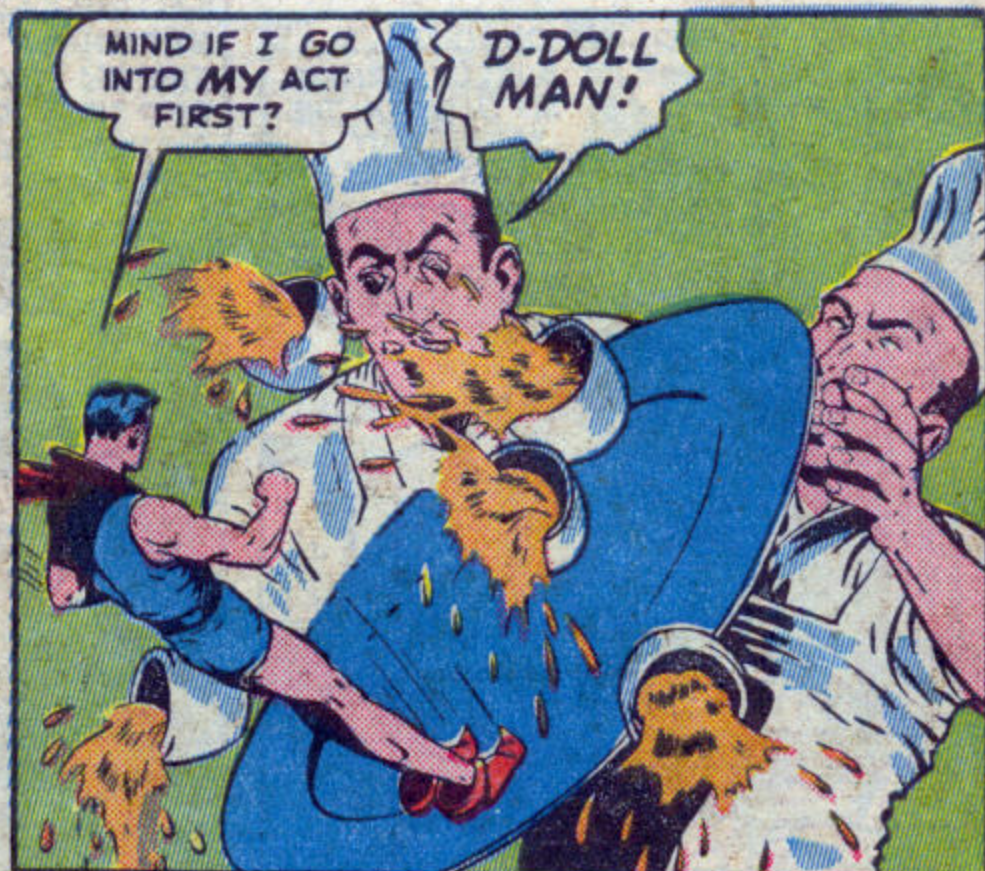


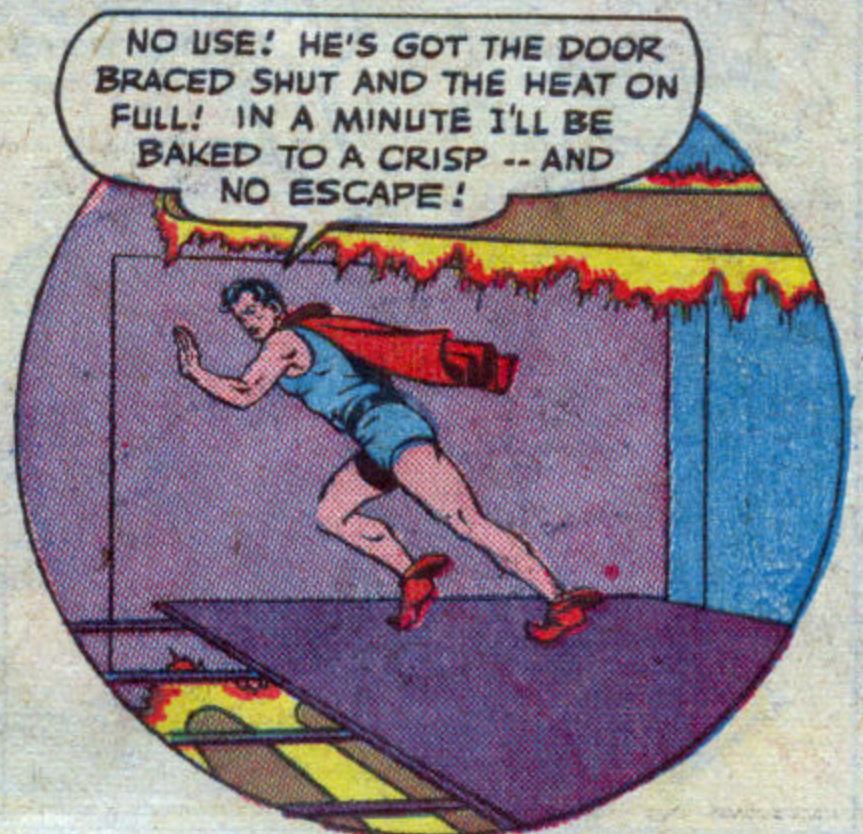
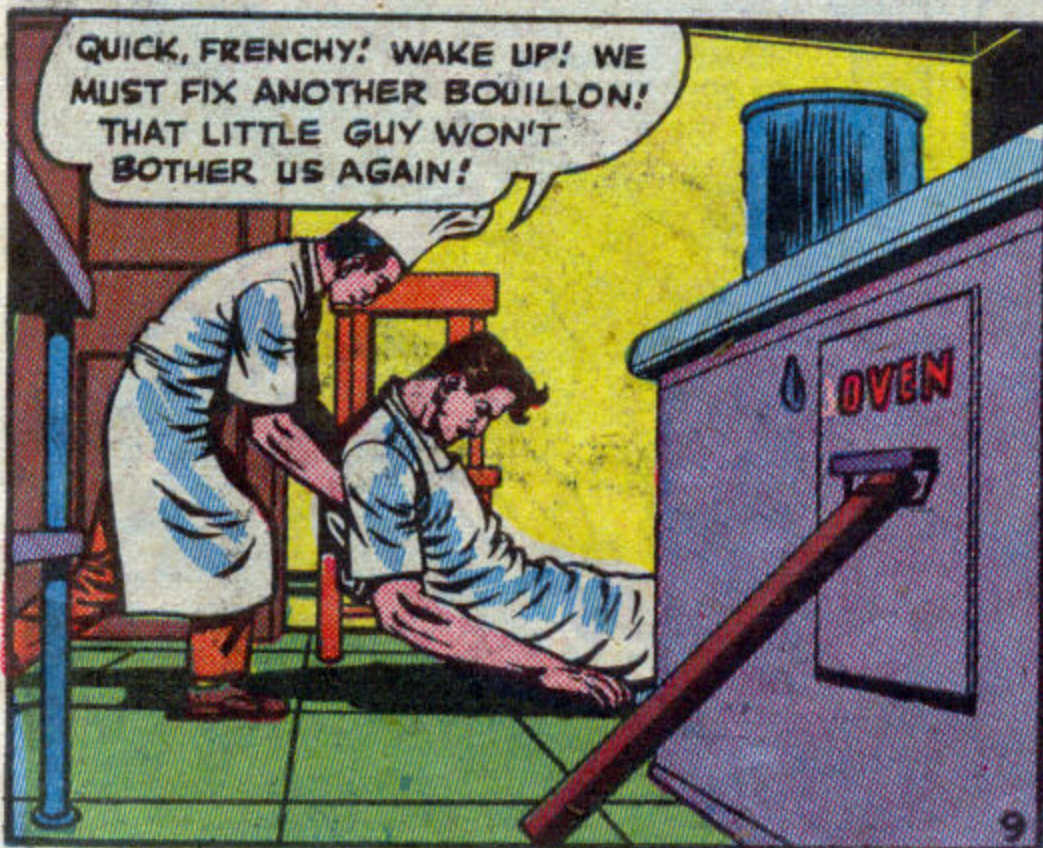
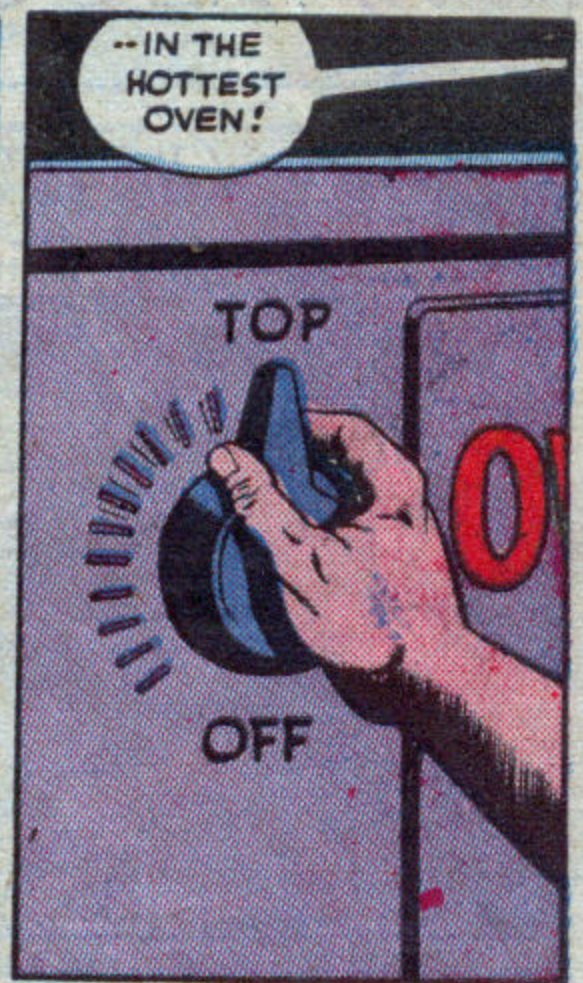
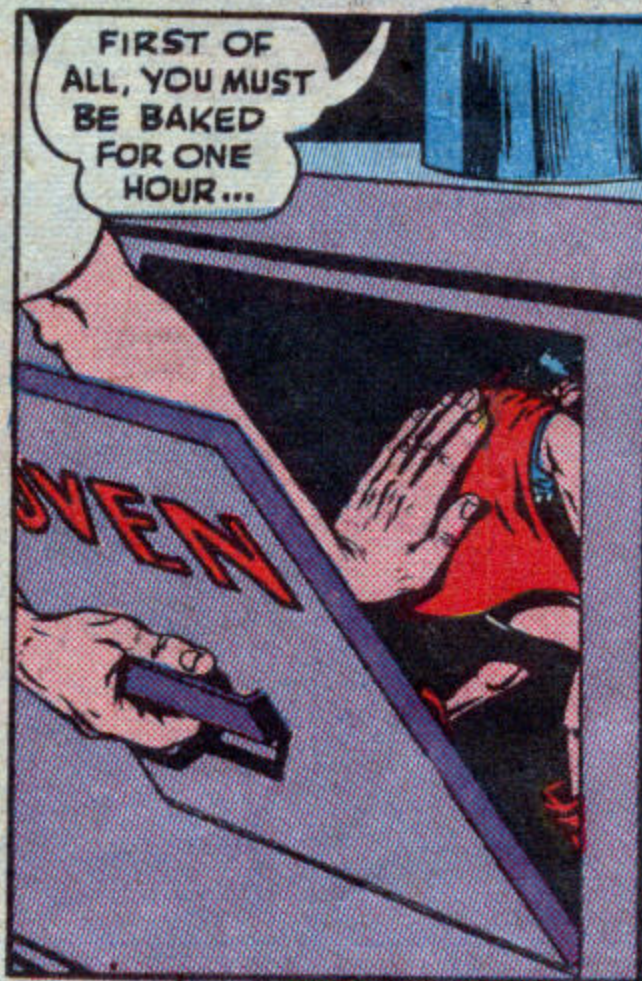
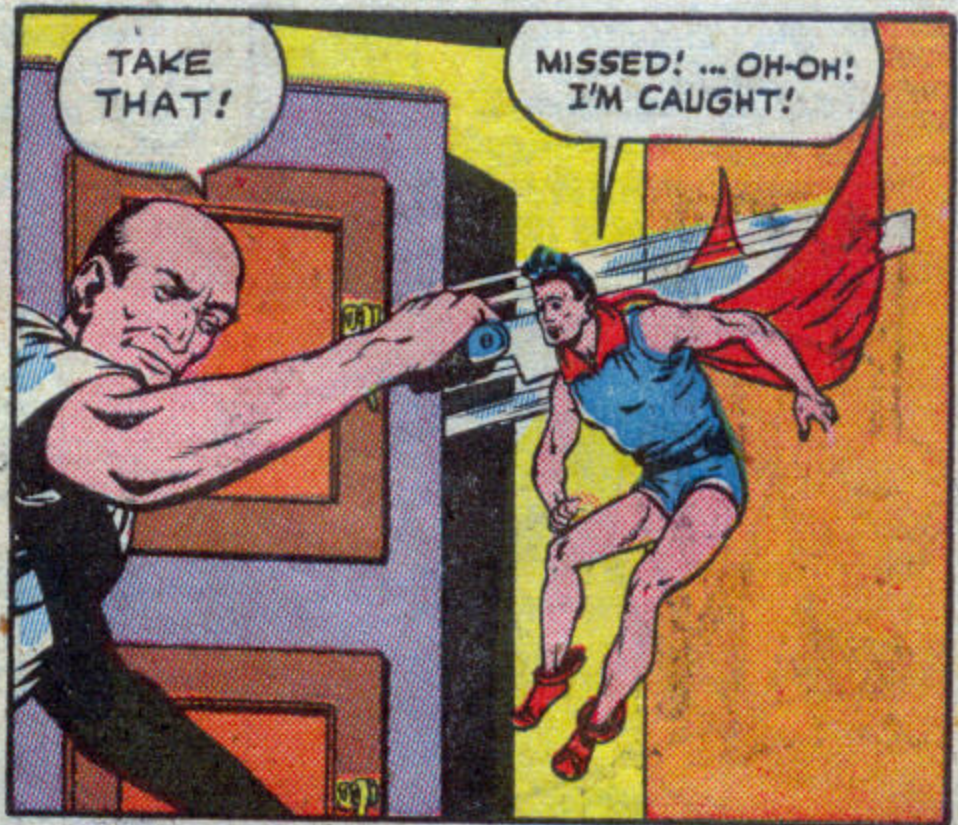
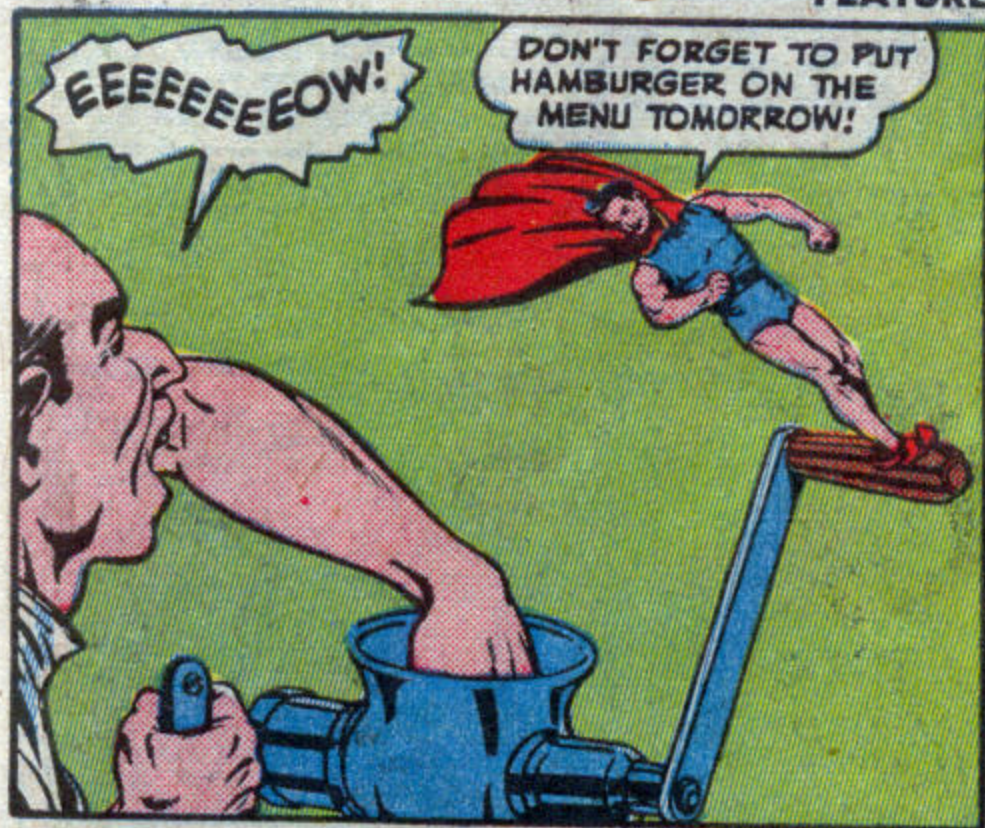




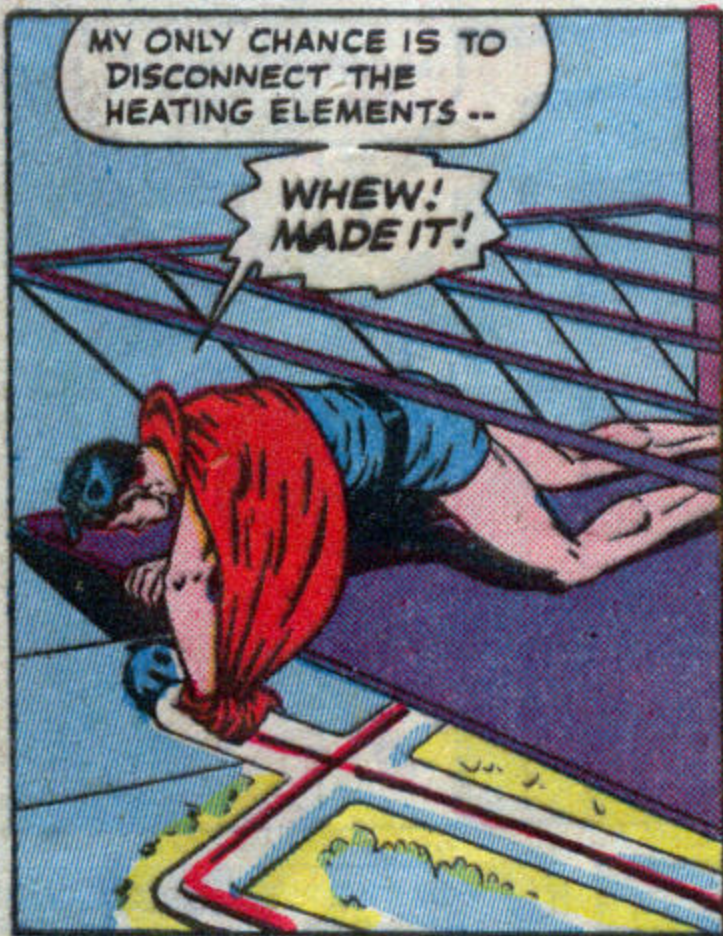
FEATURE COMICS







FEATURE COMICS



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO DISCONNECT THE HEATING ELEMENTS --

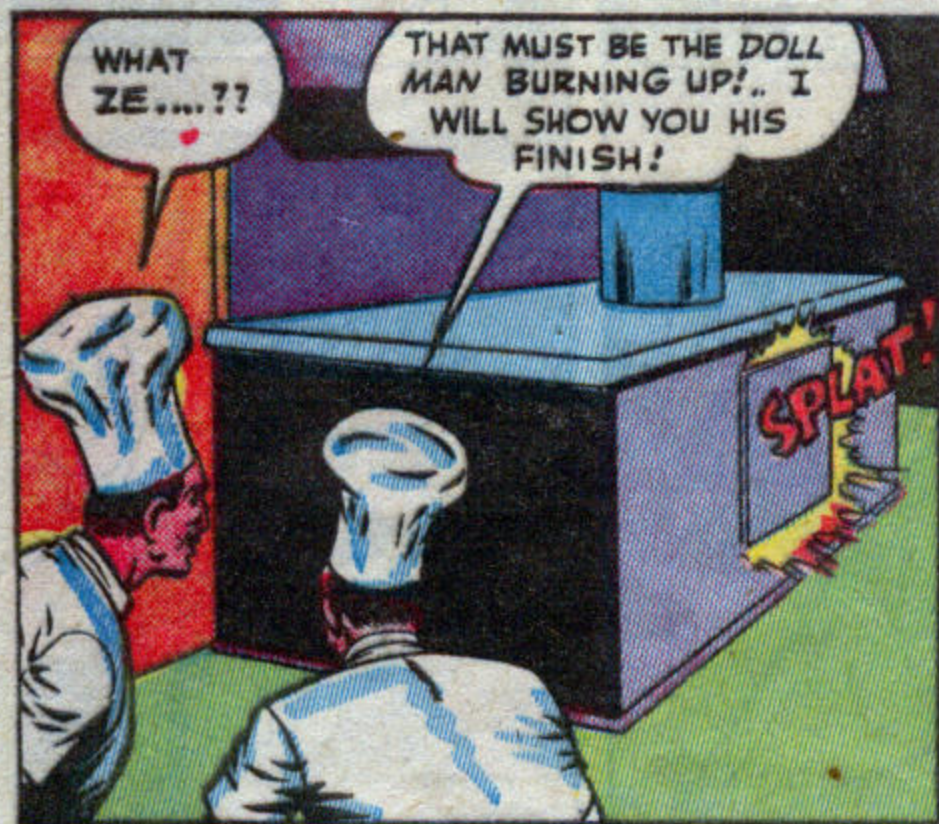
WHEW! MADE IT!



THAT ONE'S TOO HOT TO TOUCH! BUT A SHORT CIRCUIT MIGHT BLOW IT OUT...



... IF I DON'T BLOW MYSELF UP IN THE PROCESS!



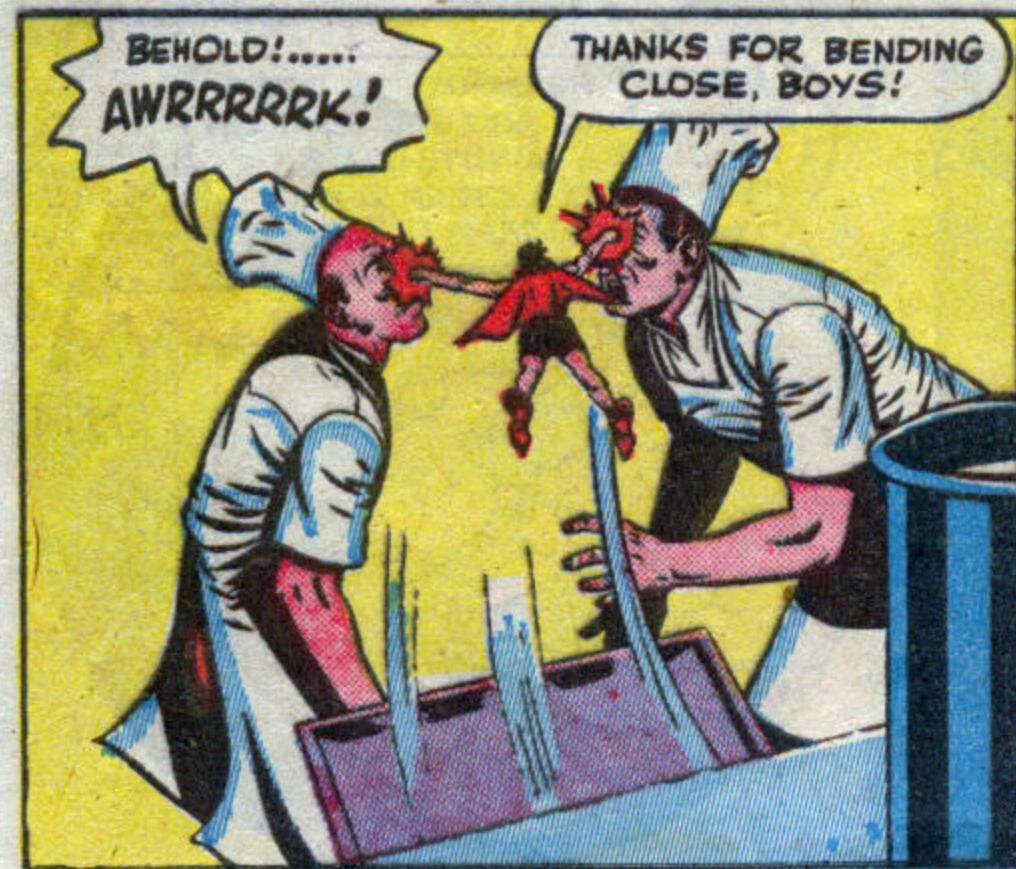
WHAT ZE....??

THAT MUST BE THE DOLL MAN BURNING UP!.. I WILL SHOW YOU HIS FINISH!

SPLAT!

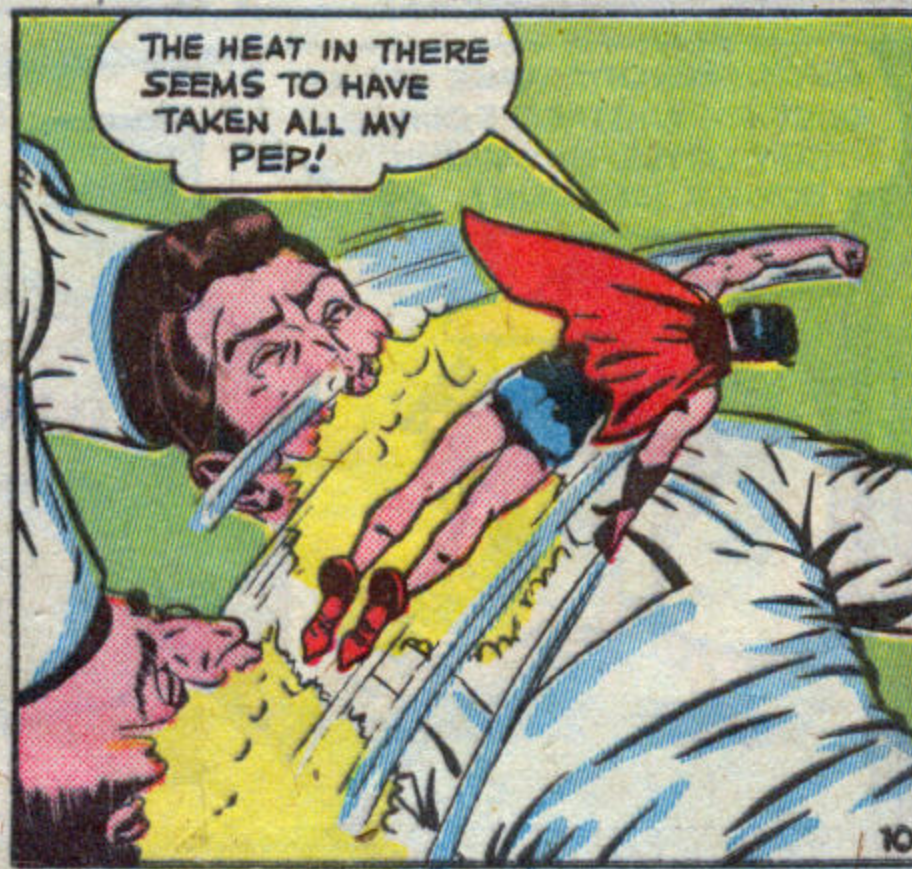


GET HIM OUT, FRENCHY! HIS DEAD BODY'LL BRING PLENTY FROM THE BOYS WHO'VE BEEN WANTING TO KILL DOLL MAN AND COULDN'T!

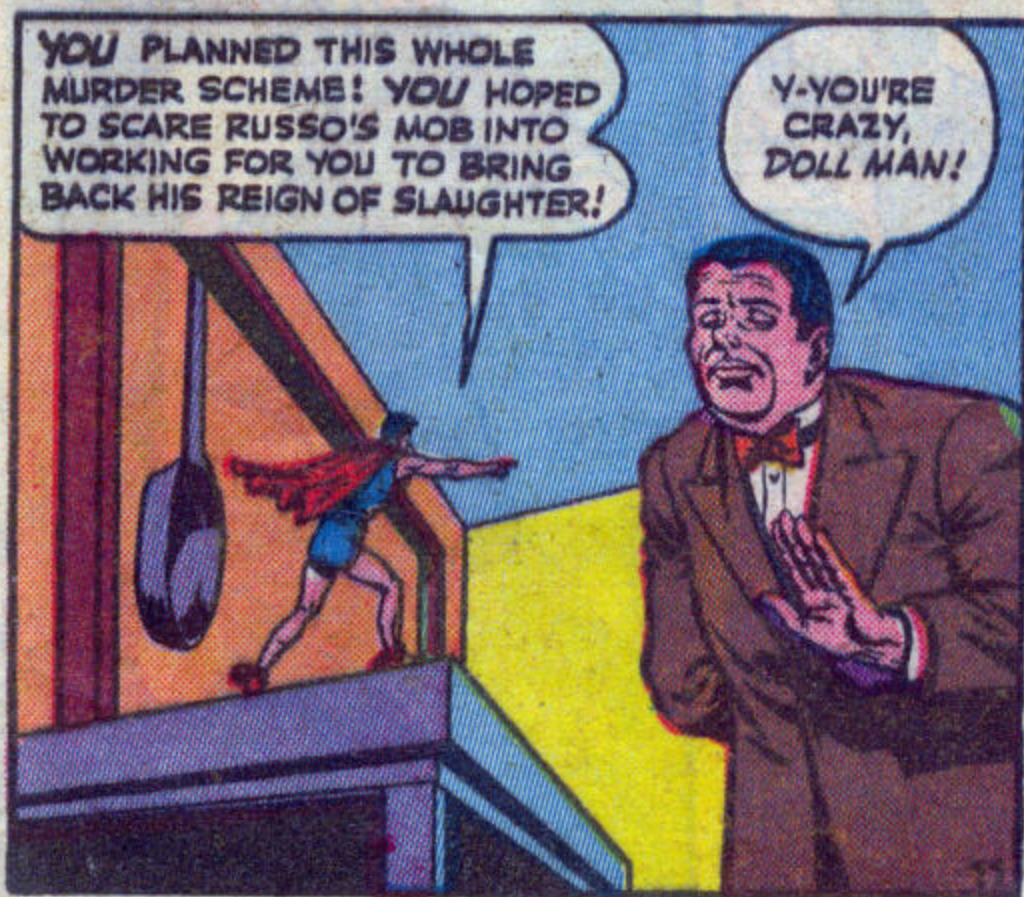
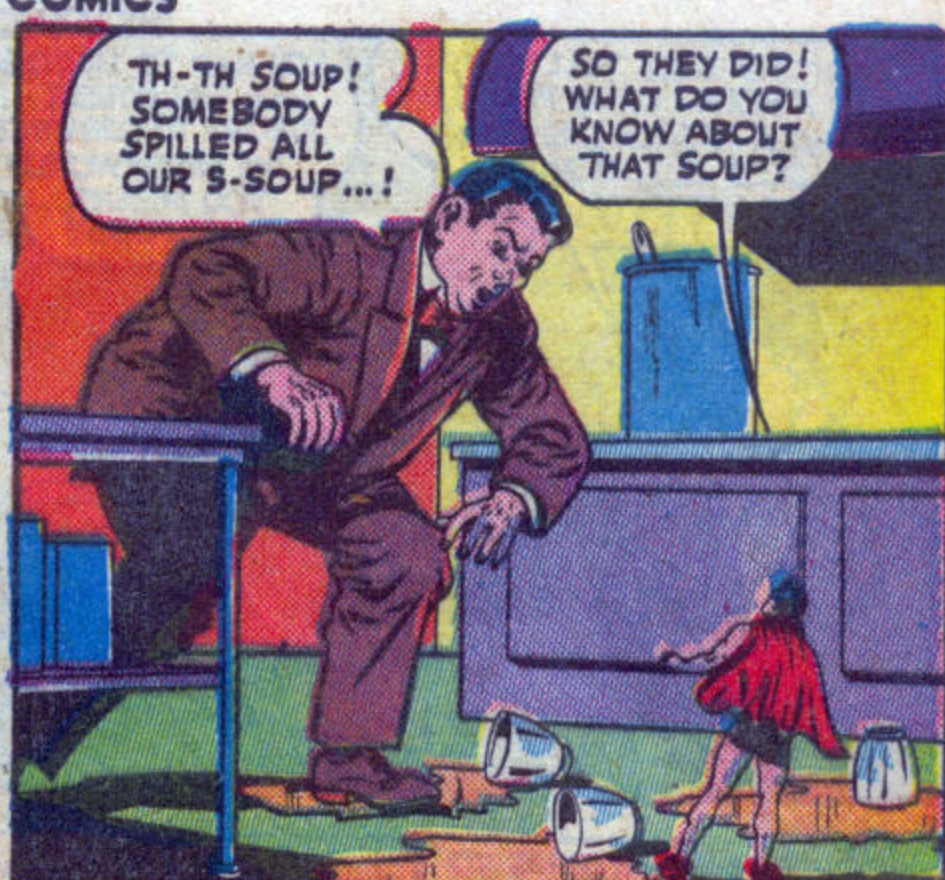
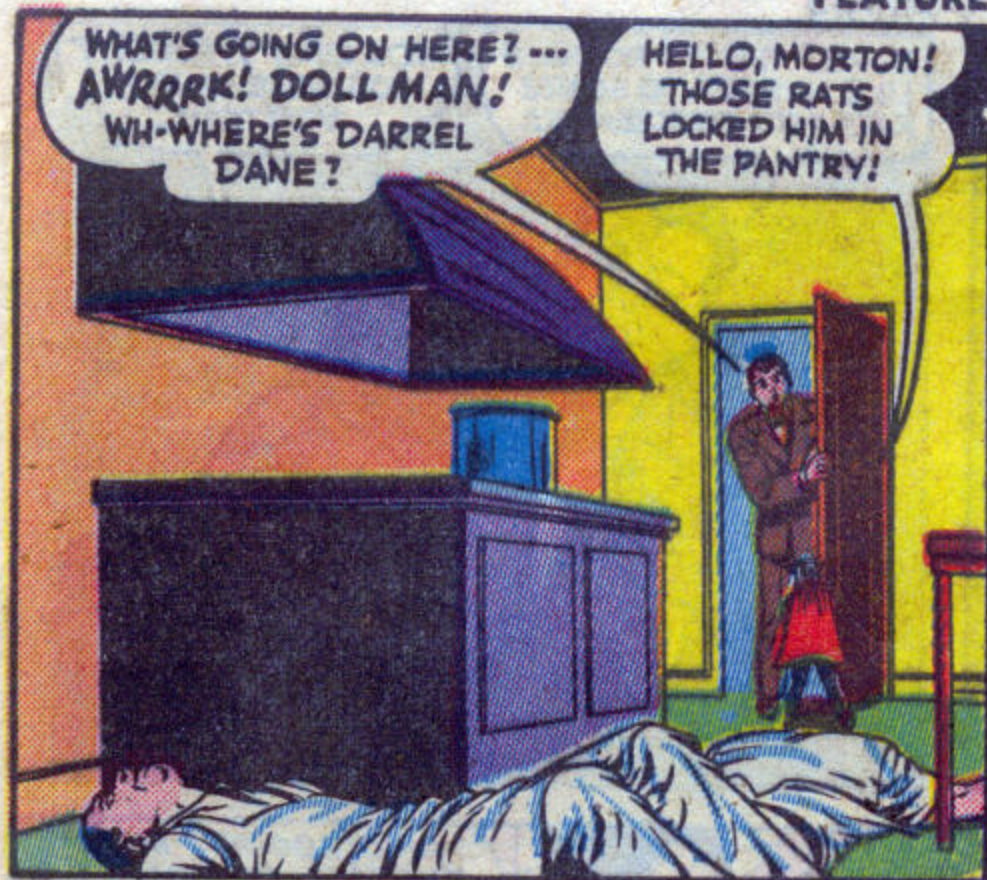


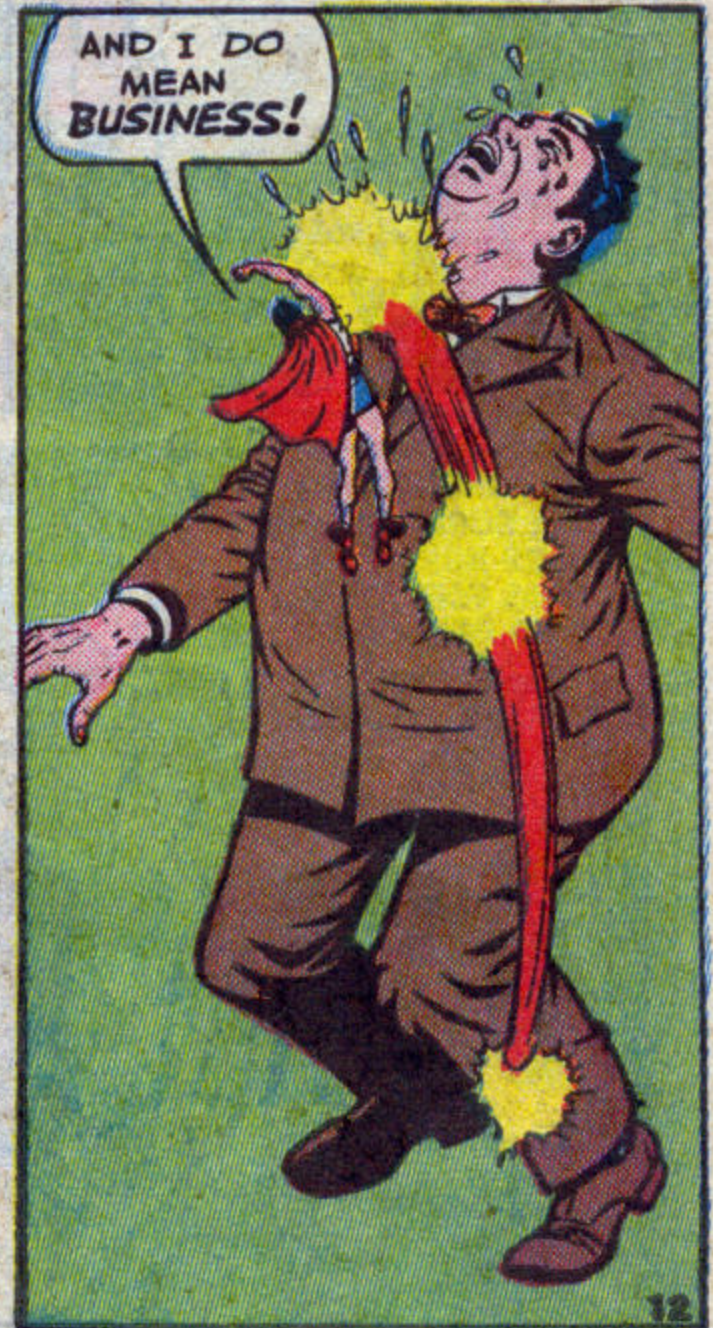
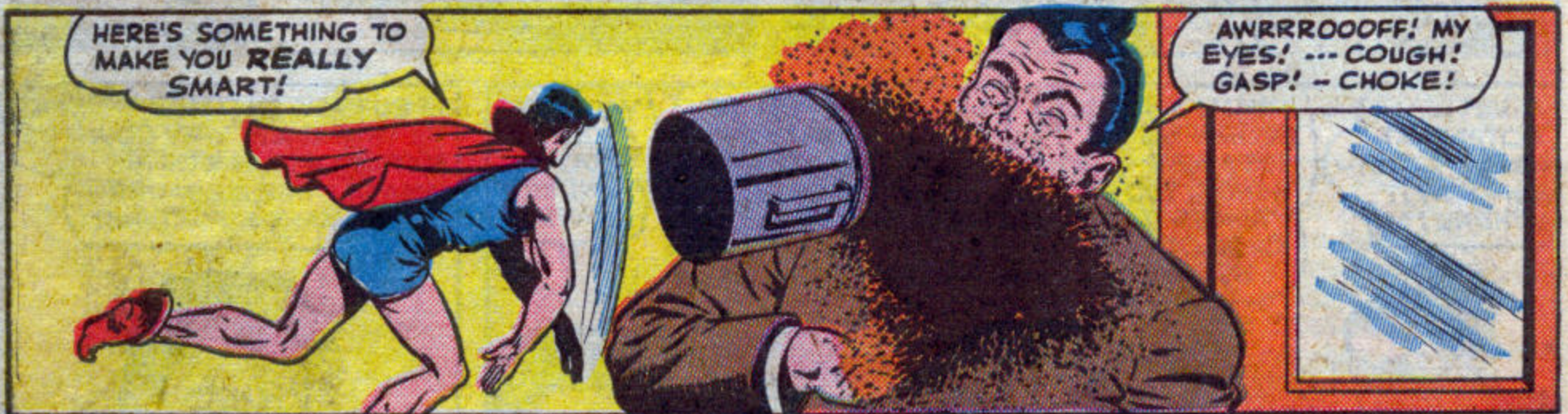
BEHOLD!.....
AWRRRRRK!

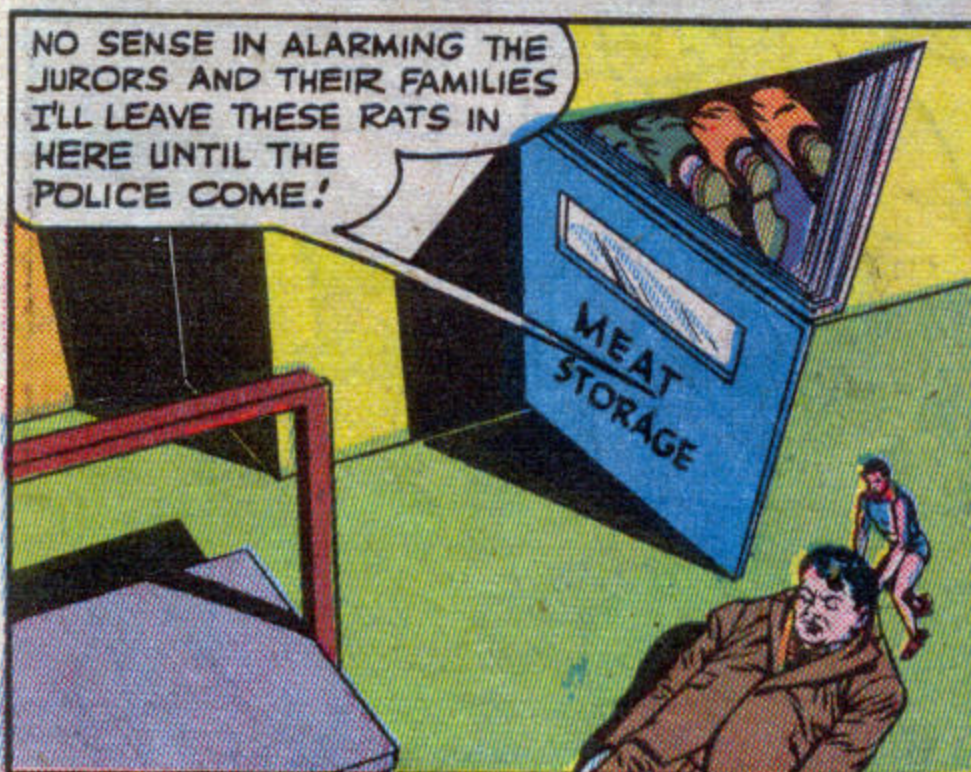
THANKS FOR BENDING CLOSE, BOYS!



THE HEAT IN THERE SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN ALL MY PEP!

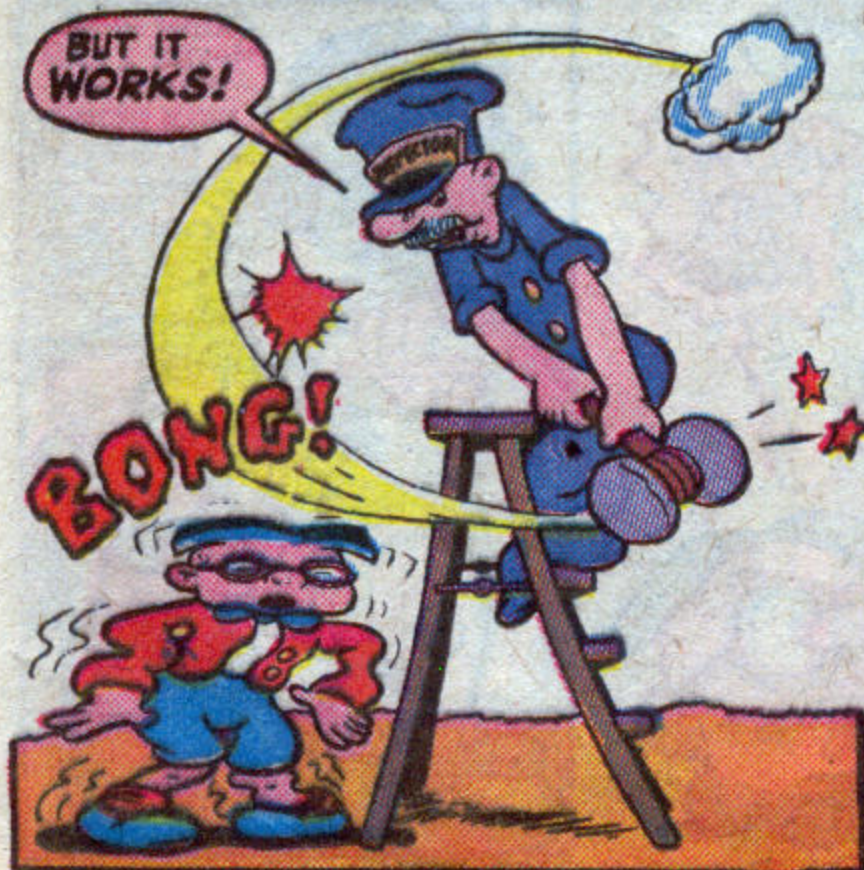
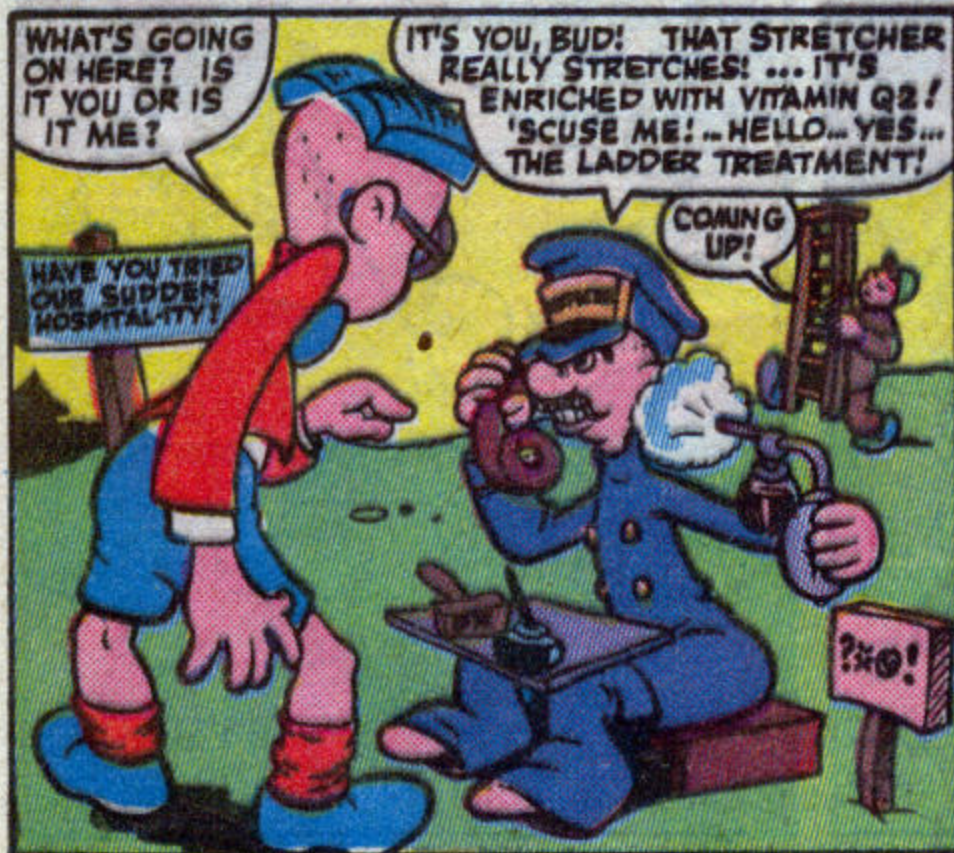
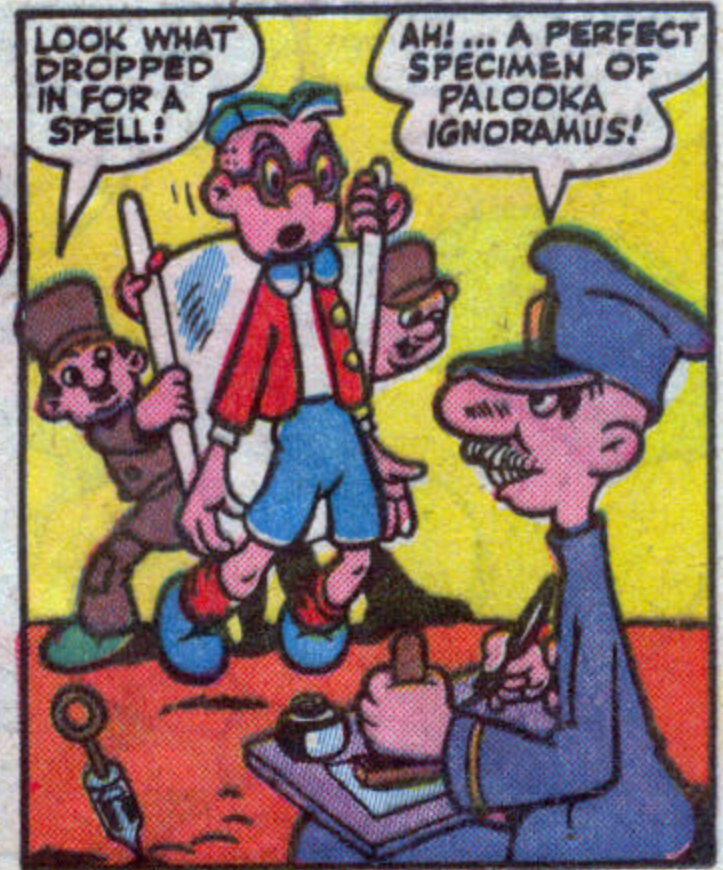


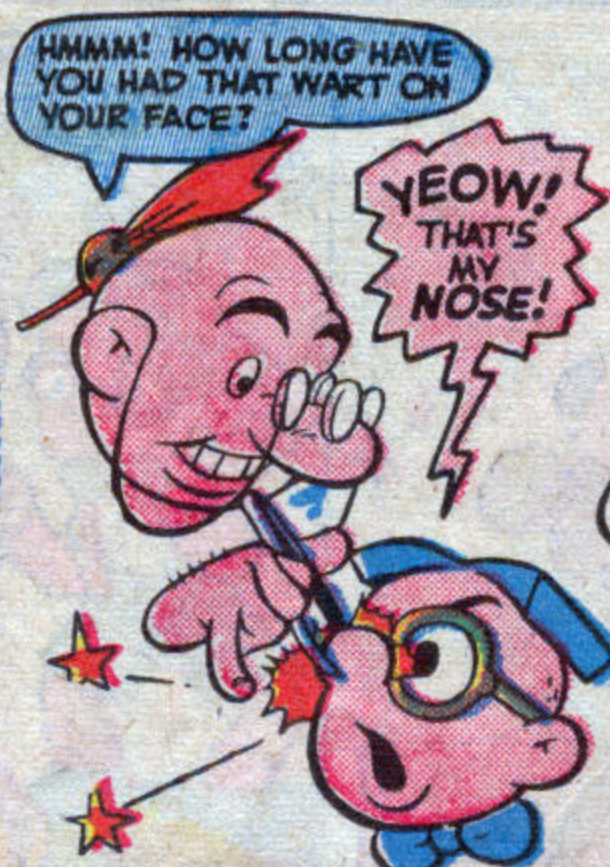
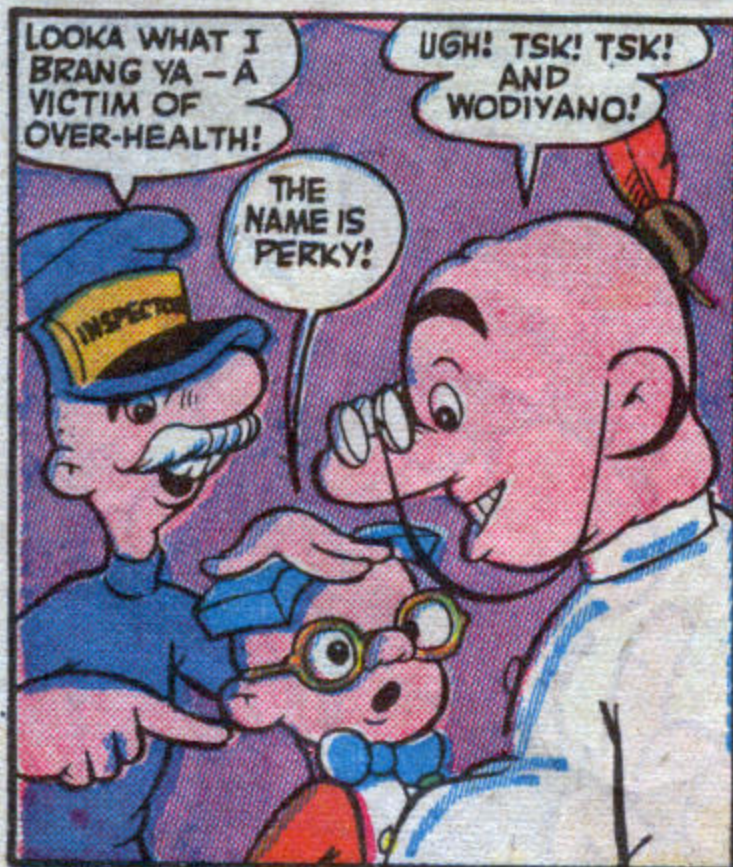
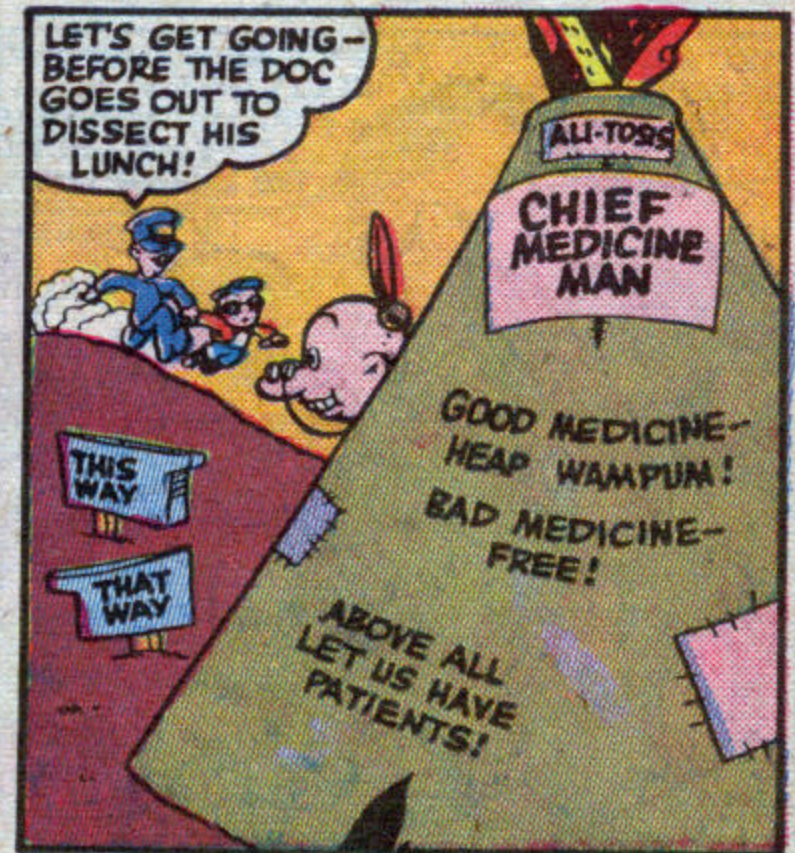
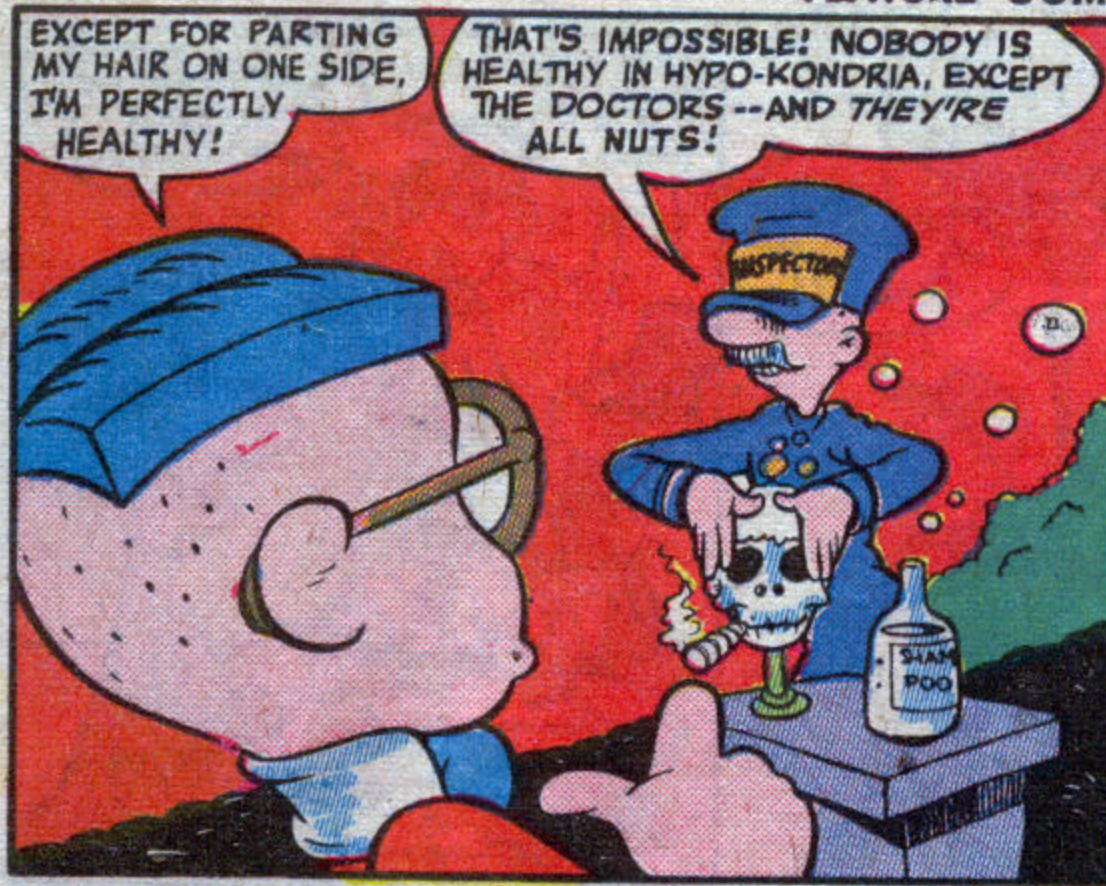


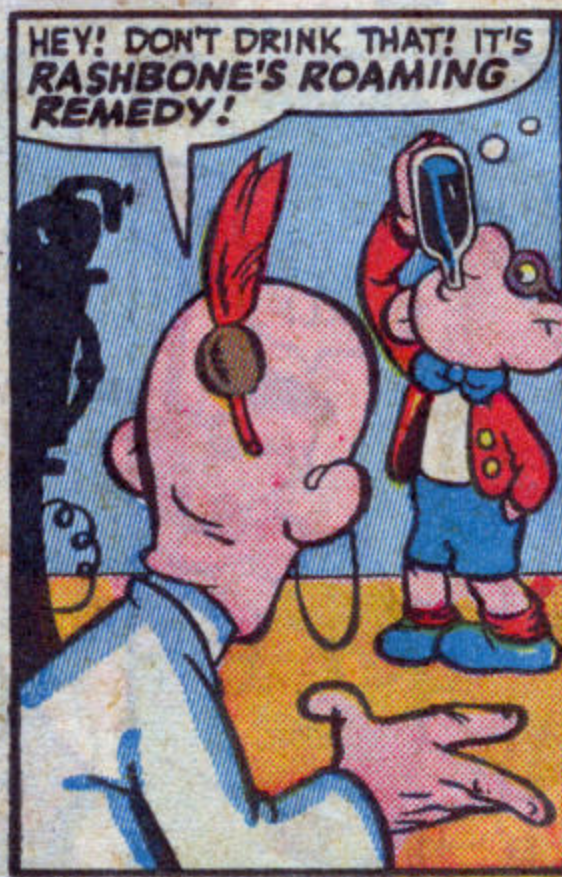
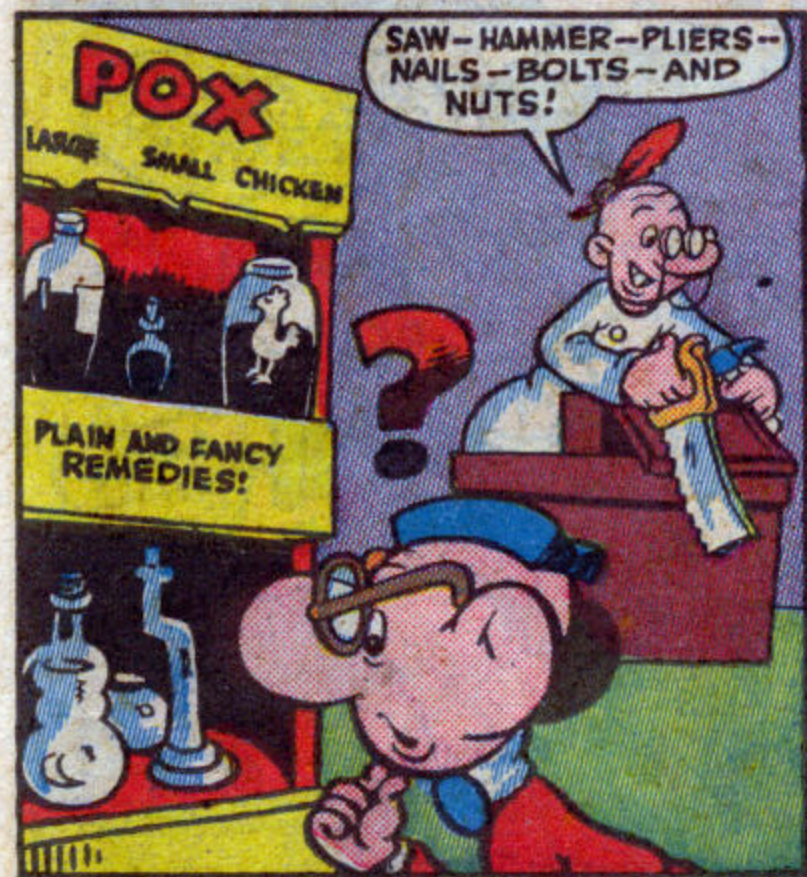
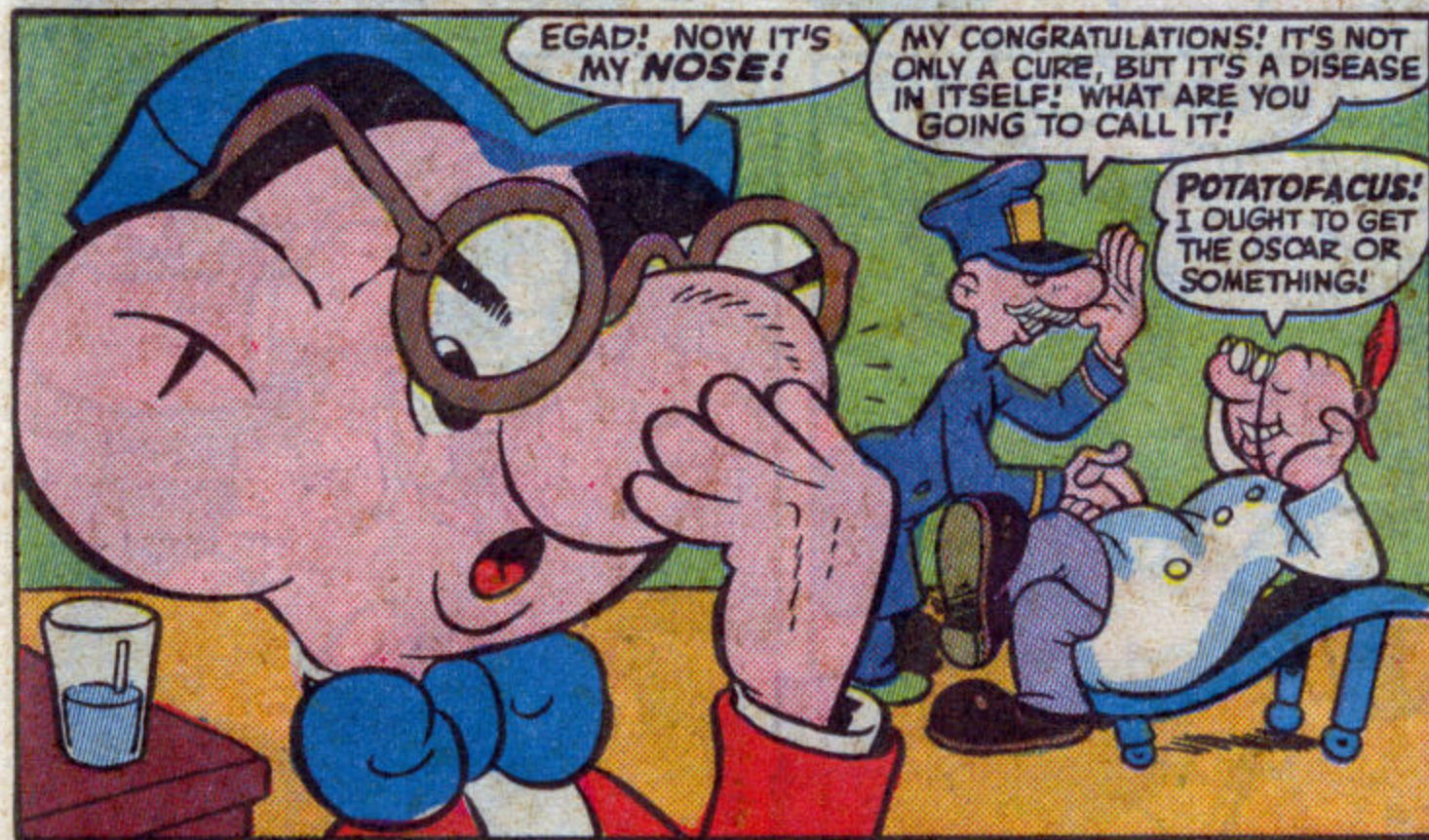
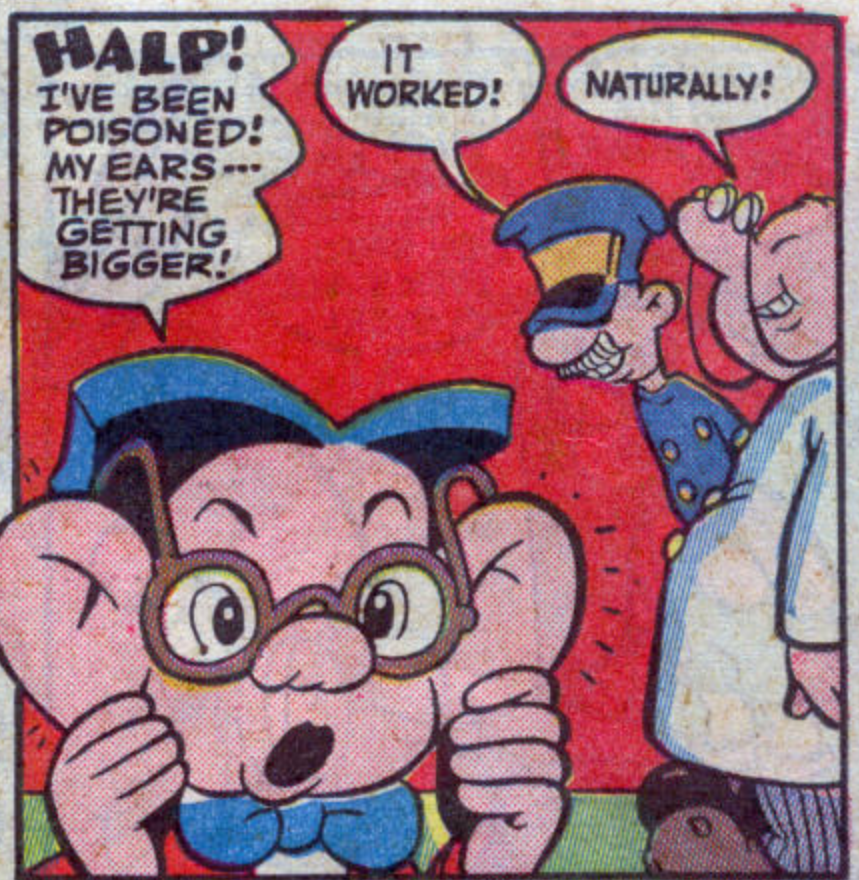
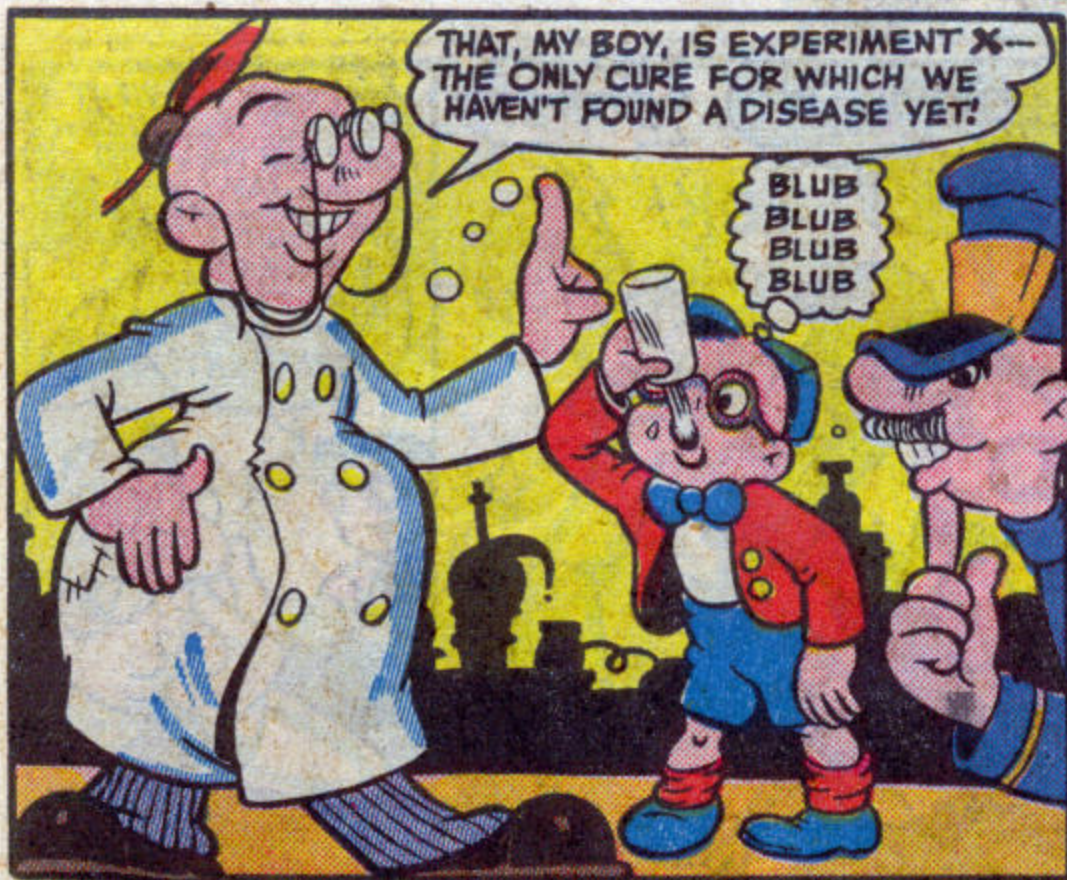




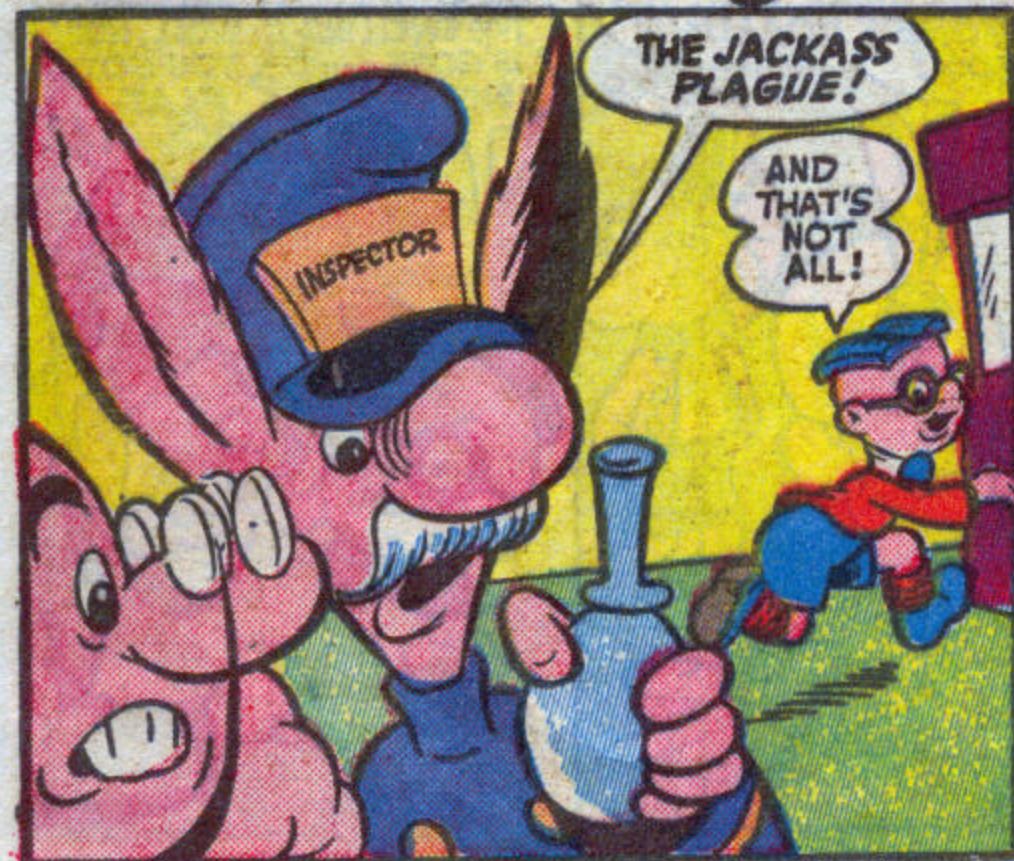
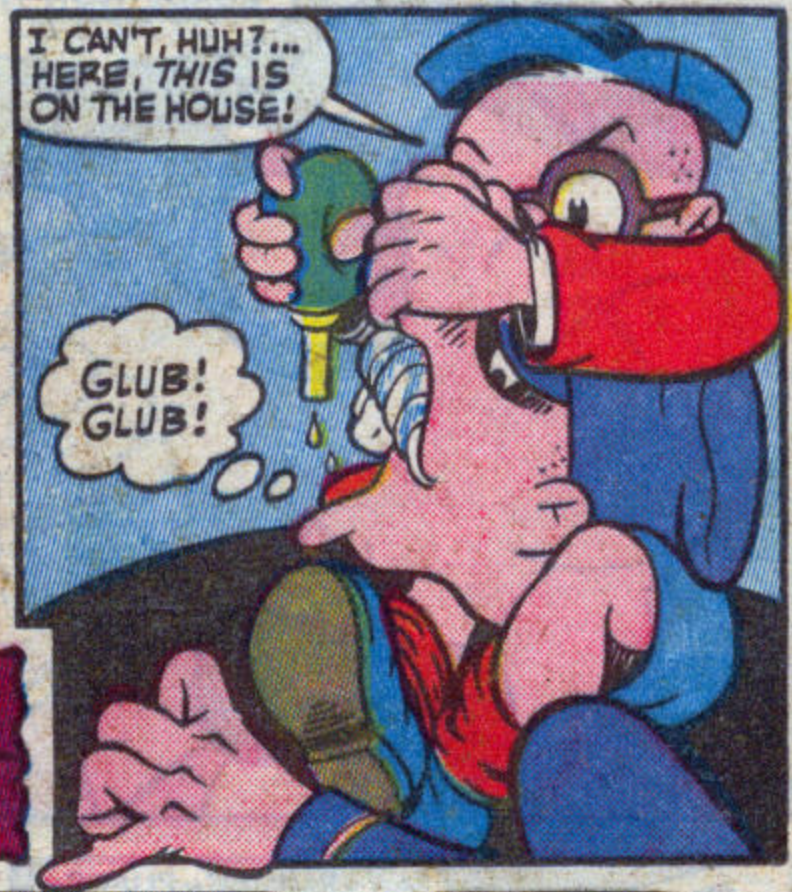
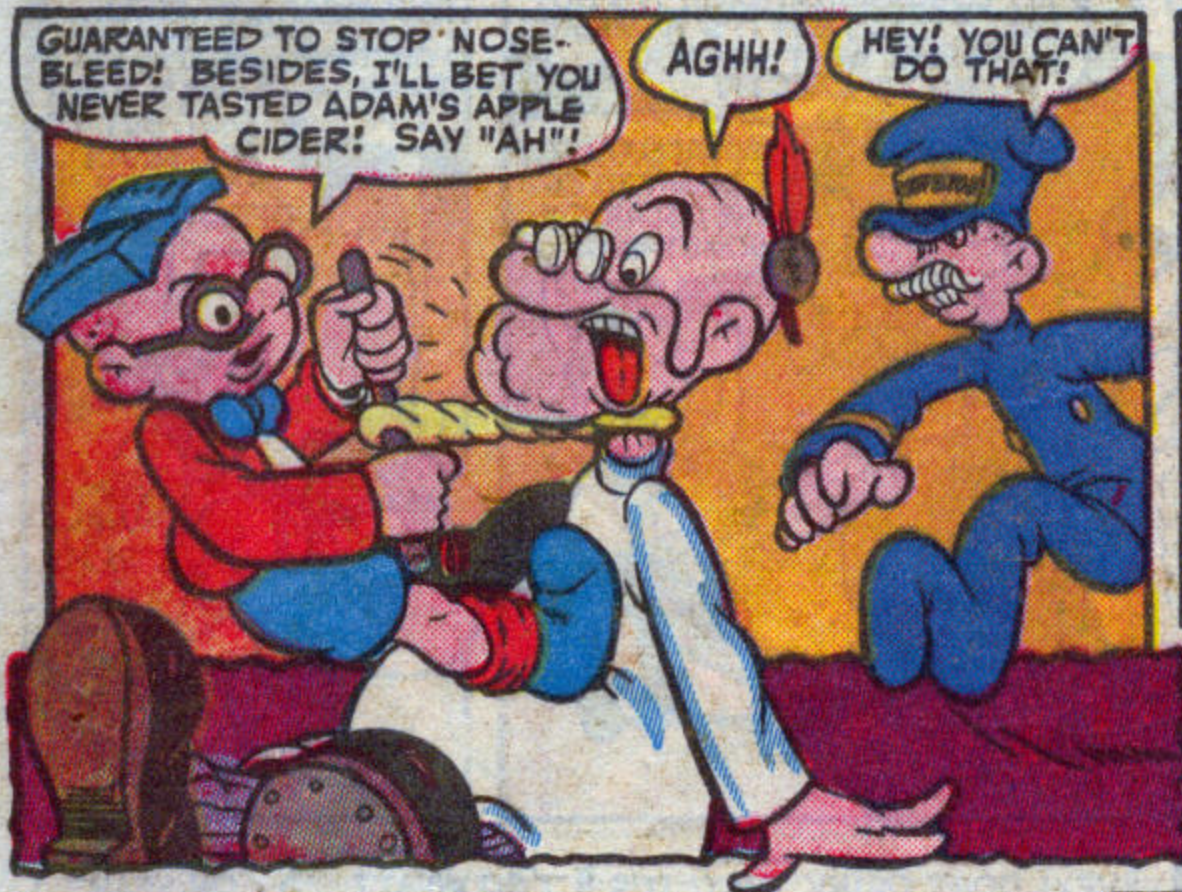
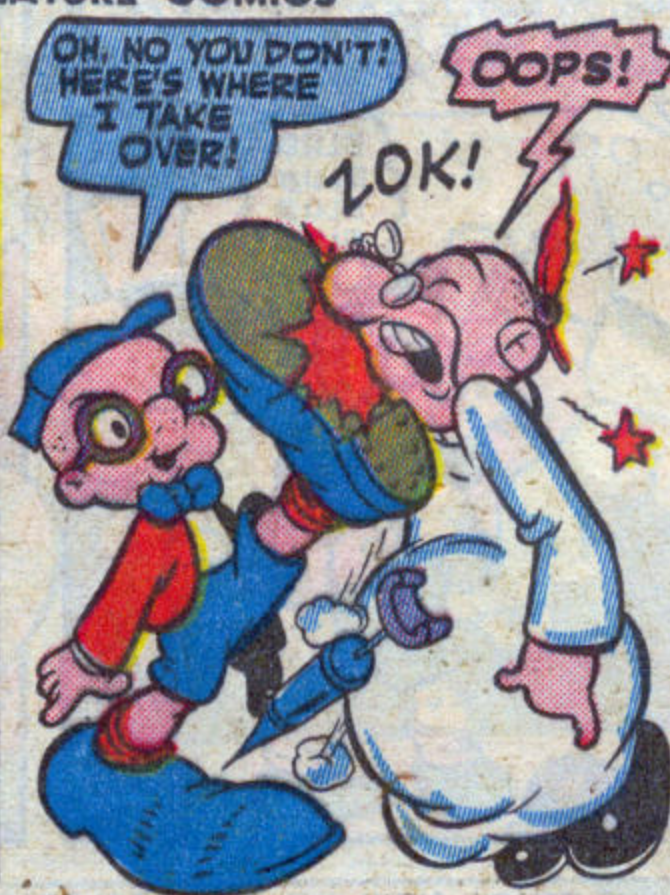
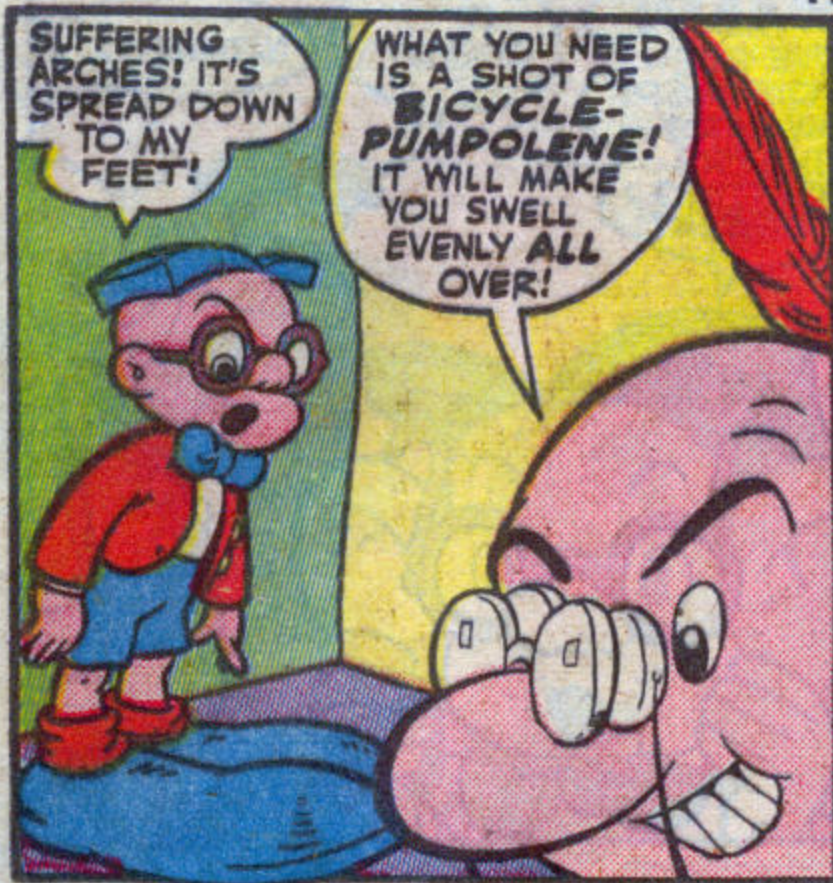
FEATURE COMICS

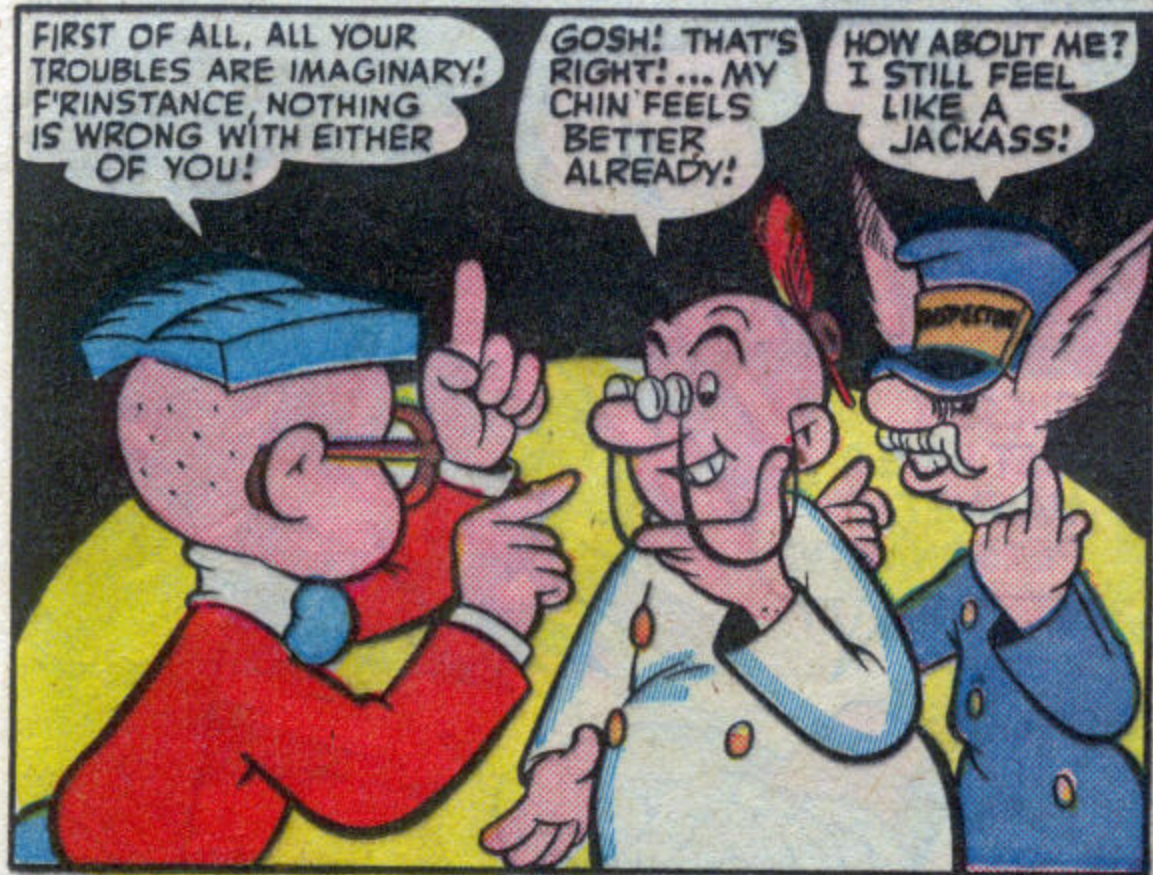


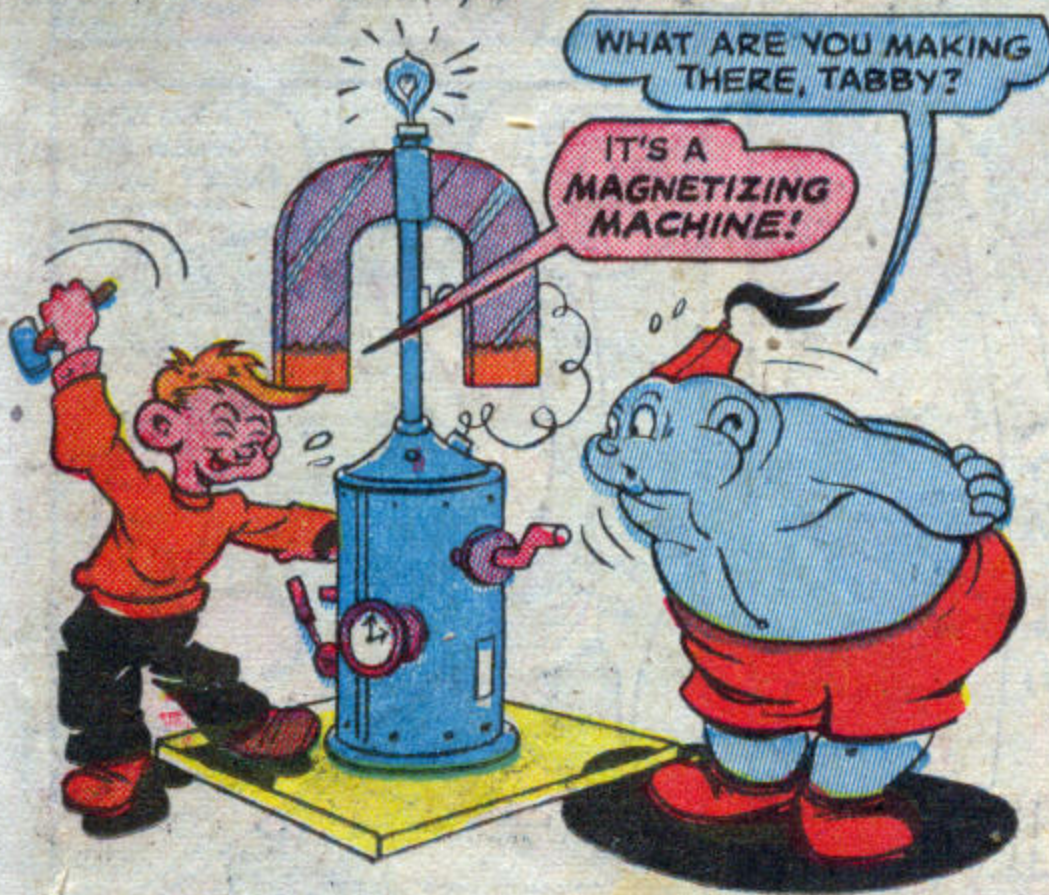
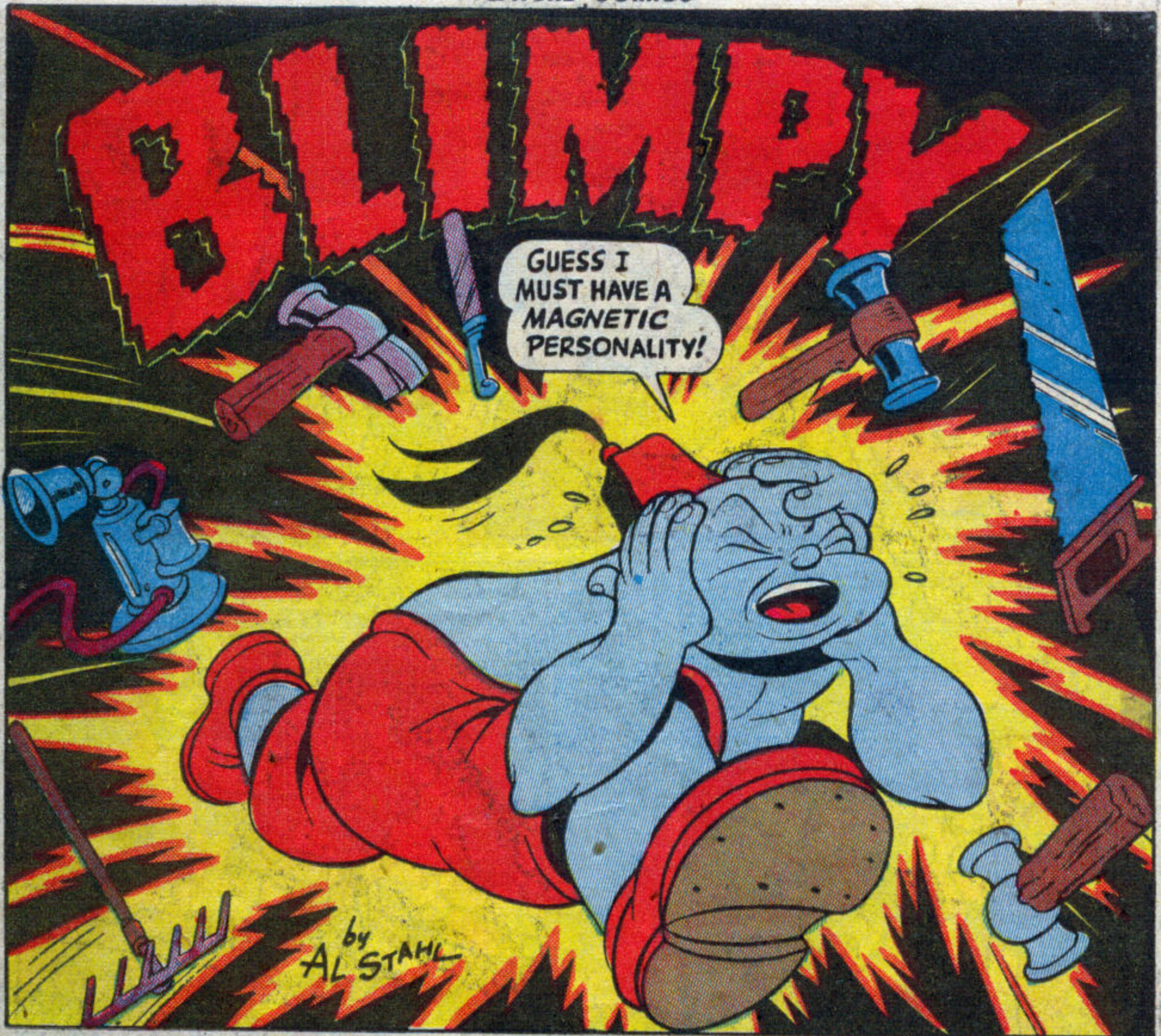


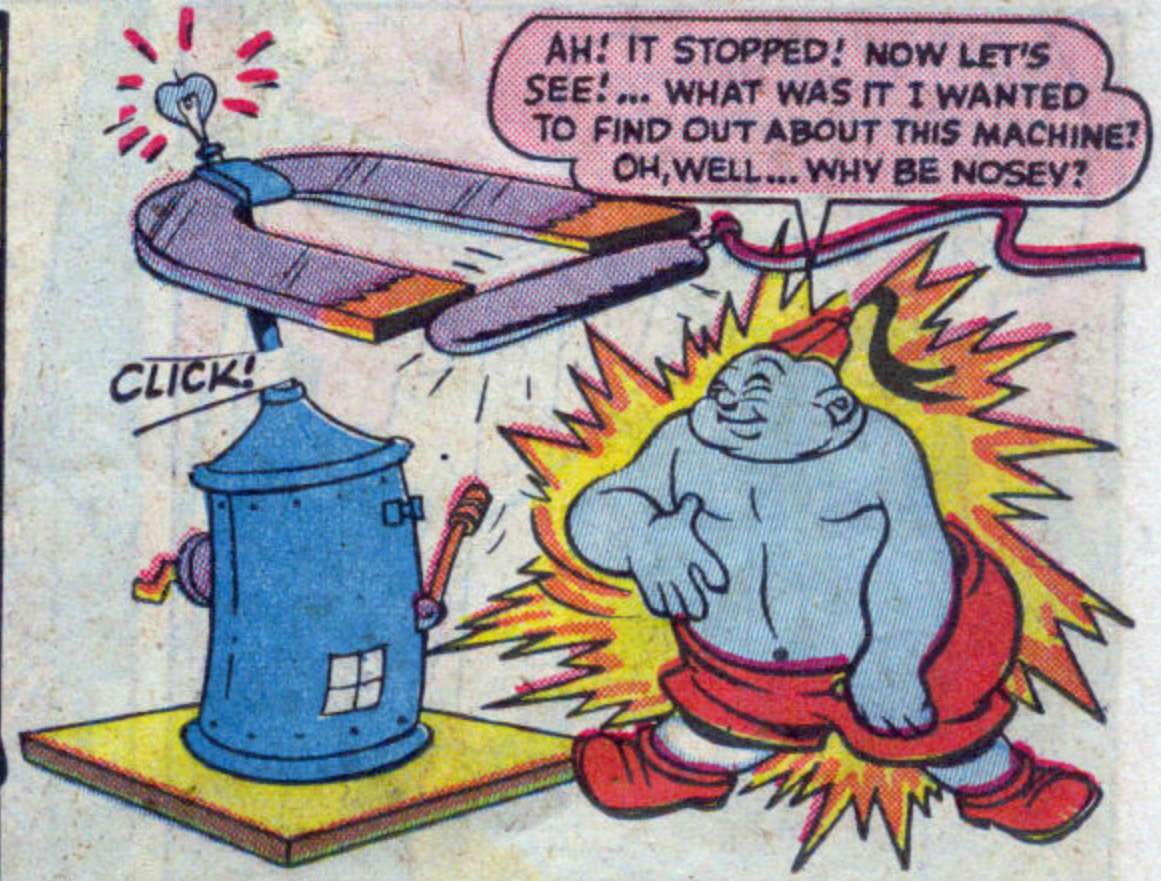
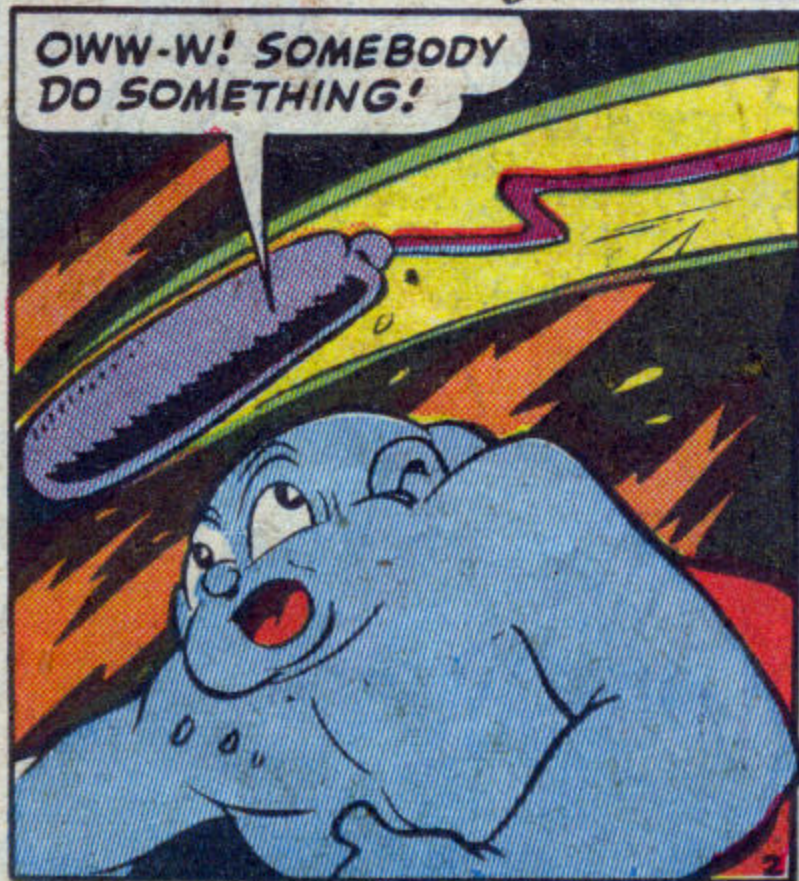
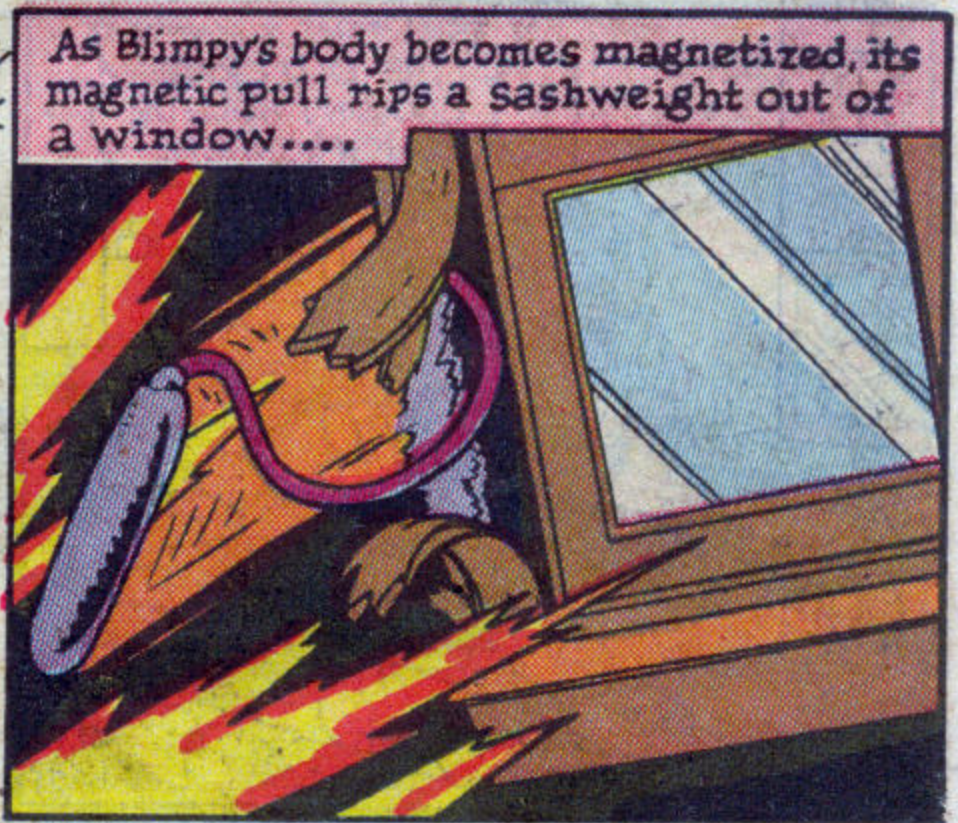
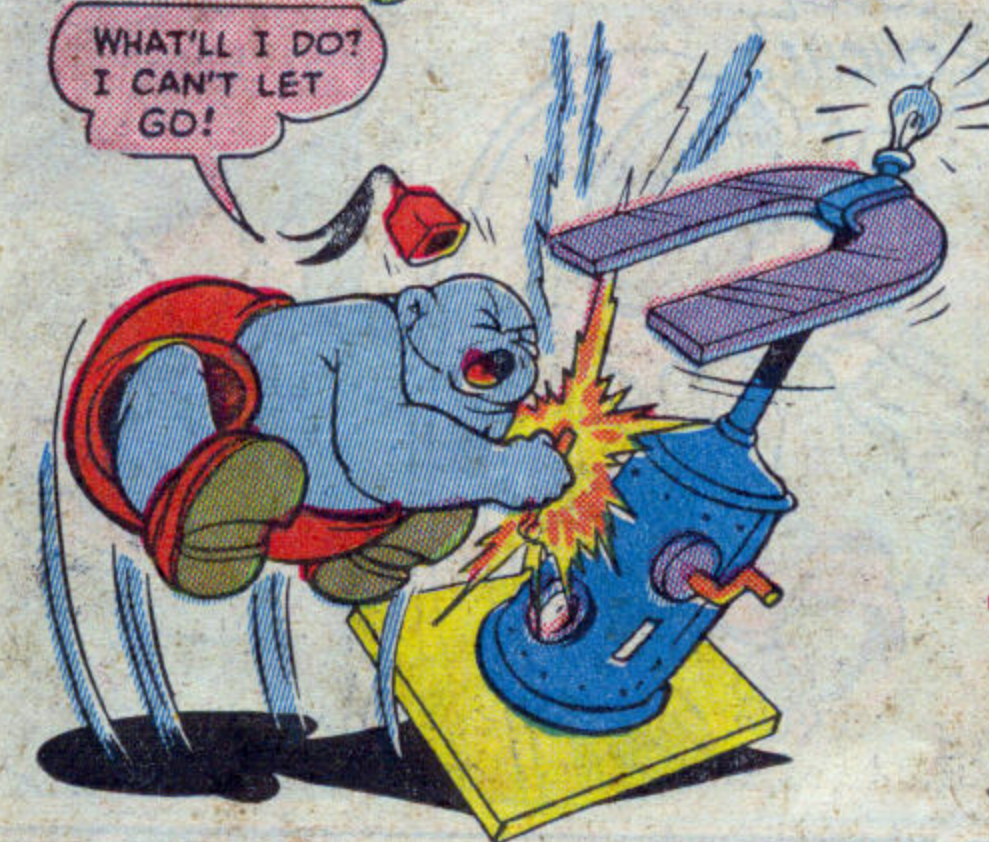
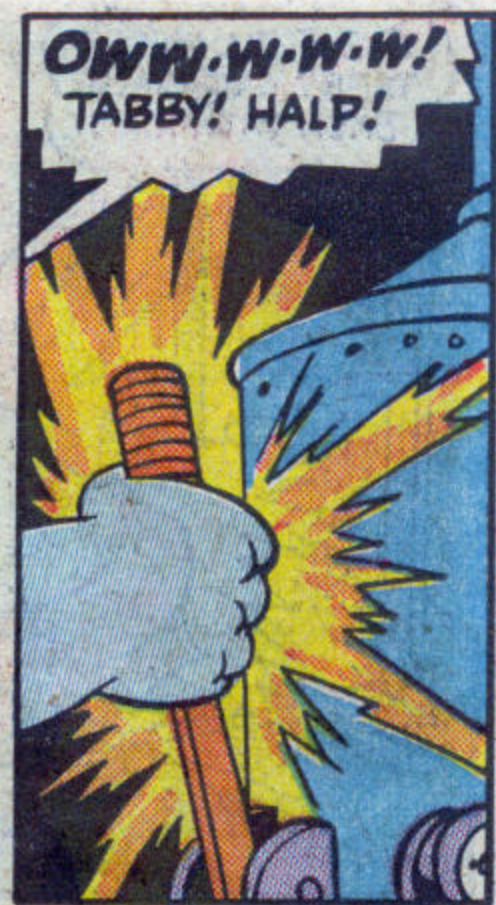
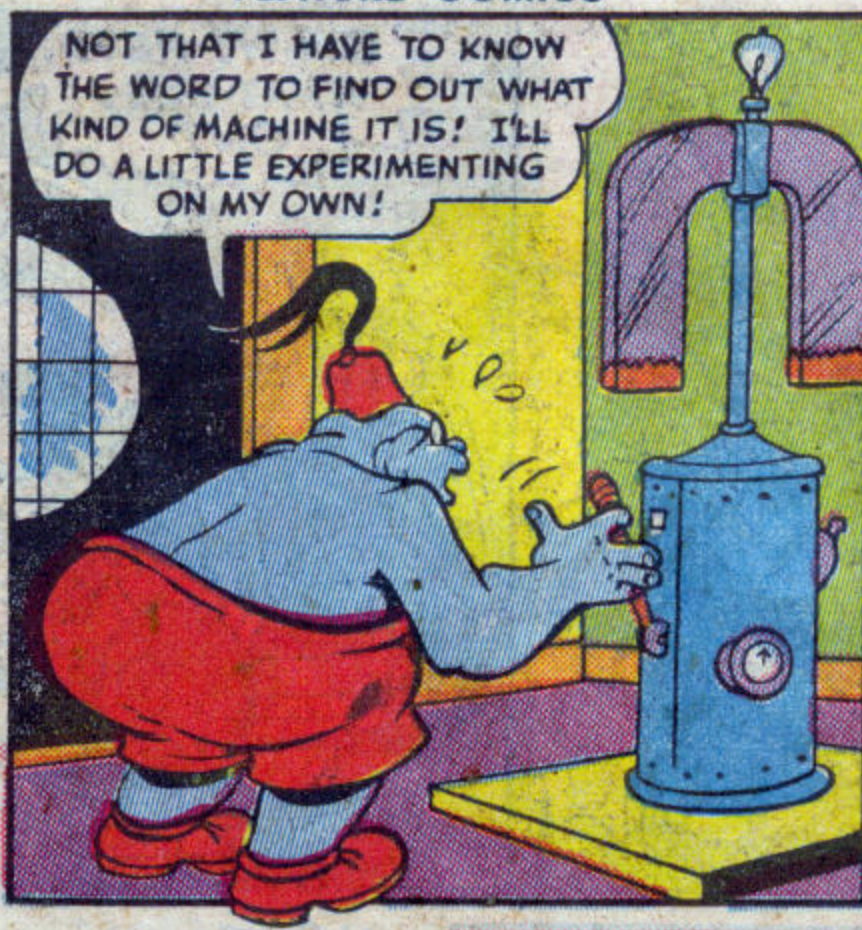
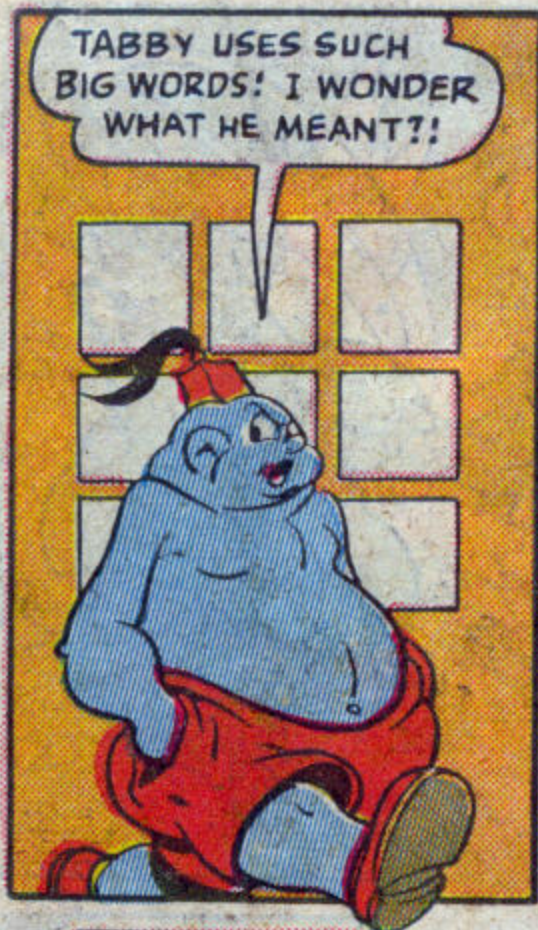


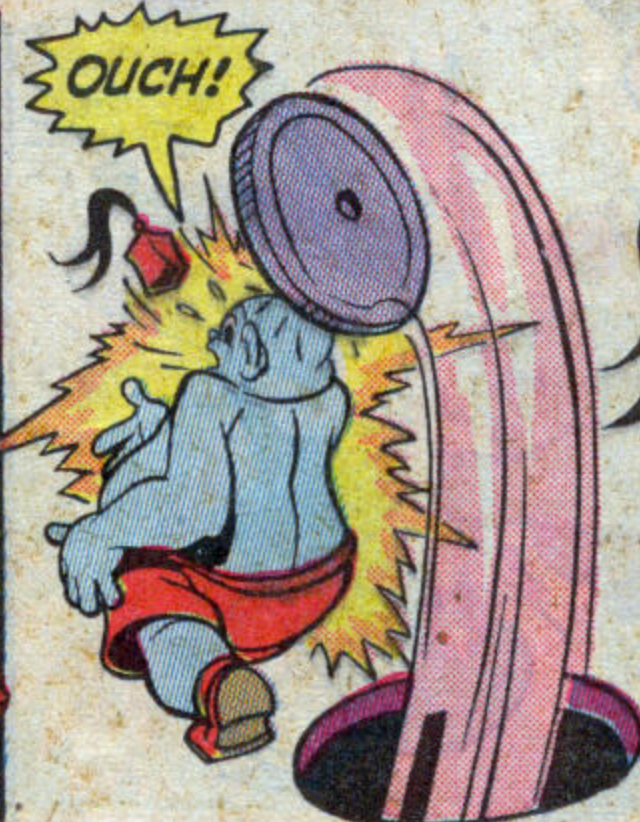
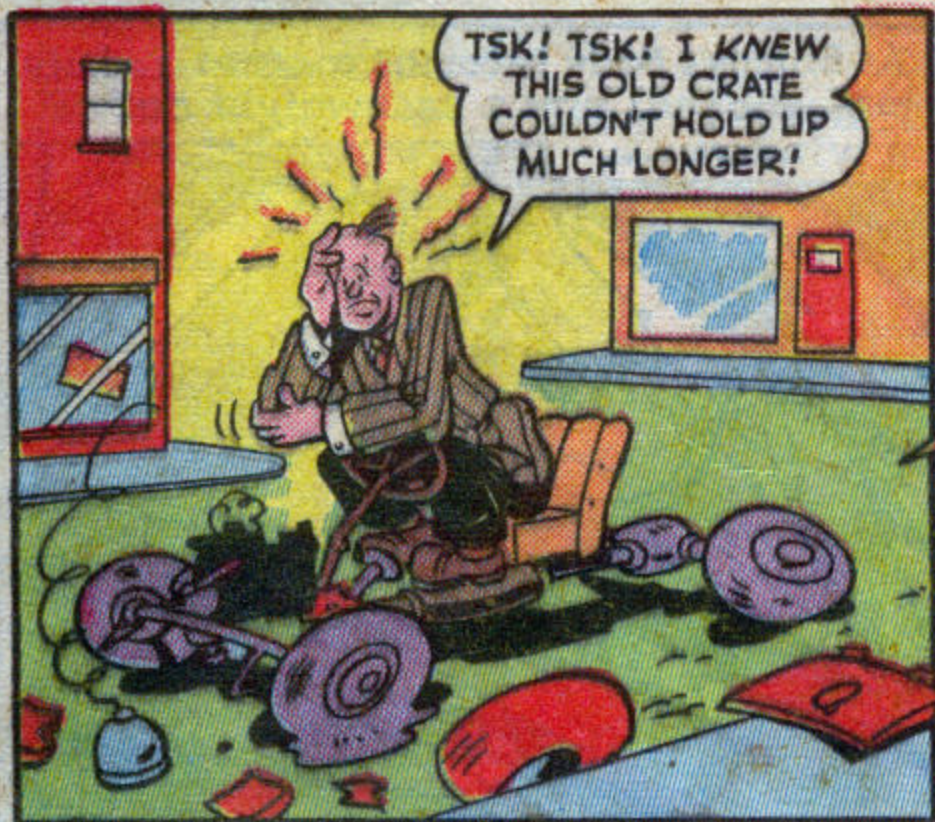
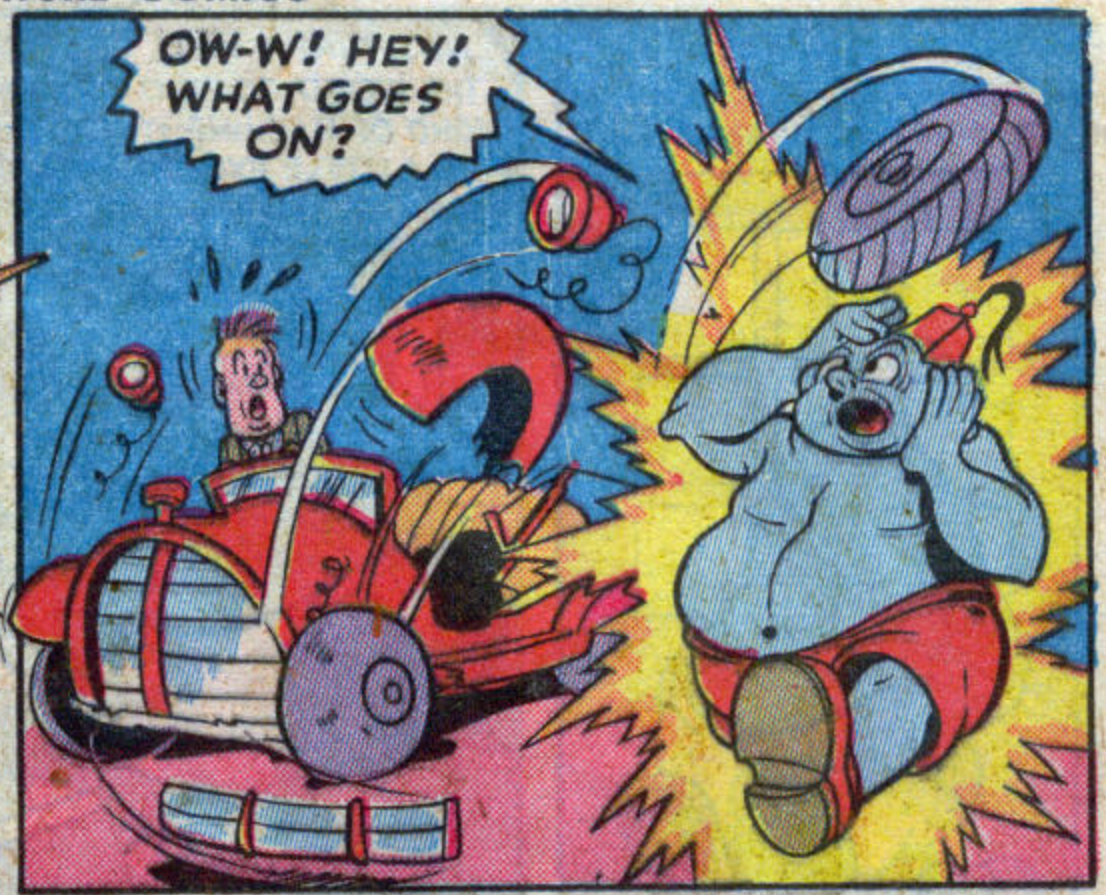
FEATURE COMICS

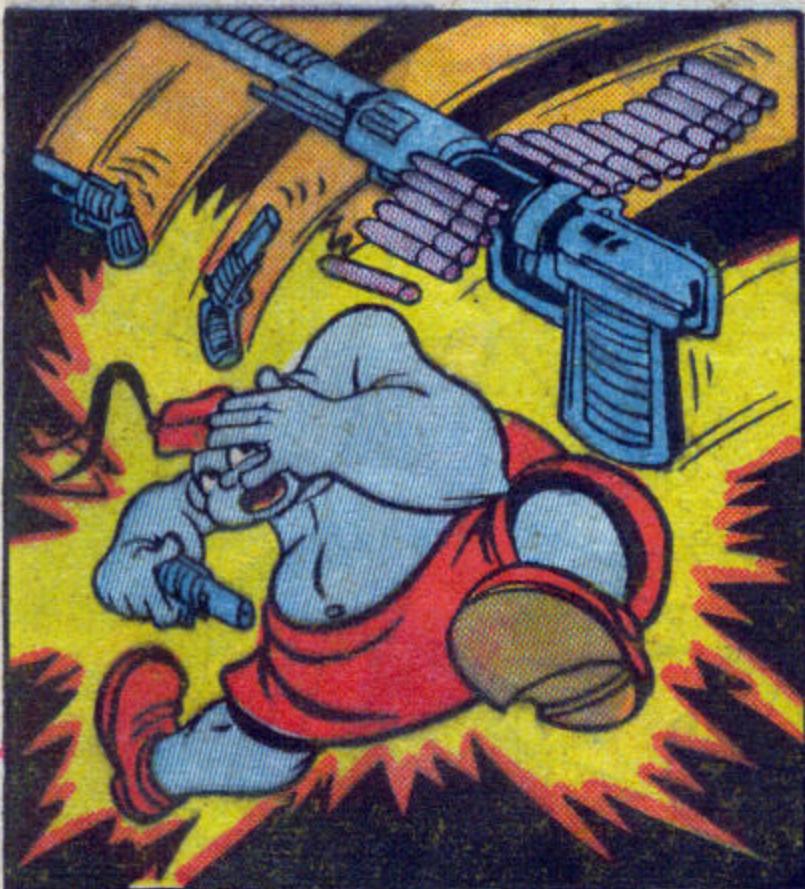
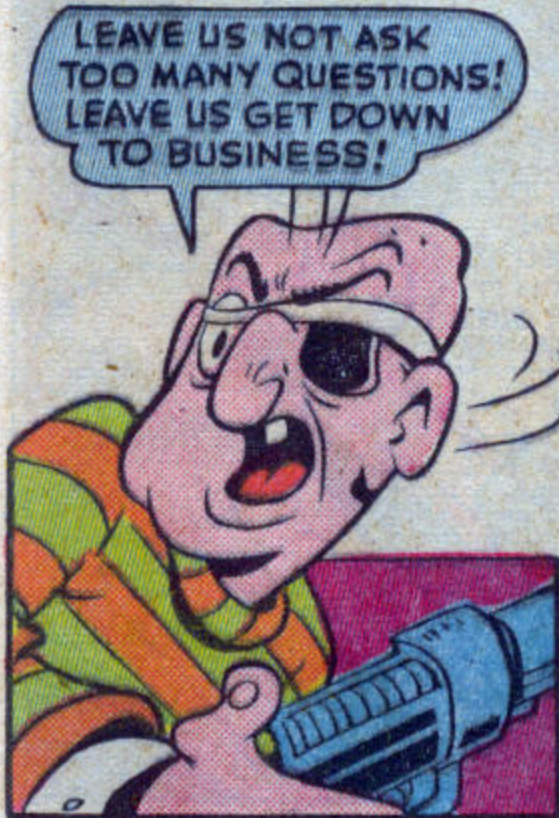
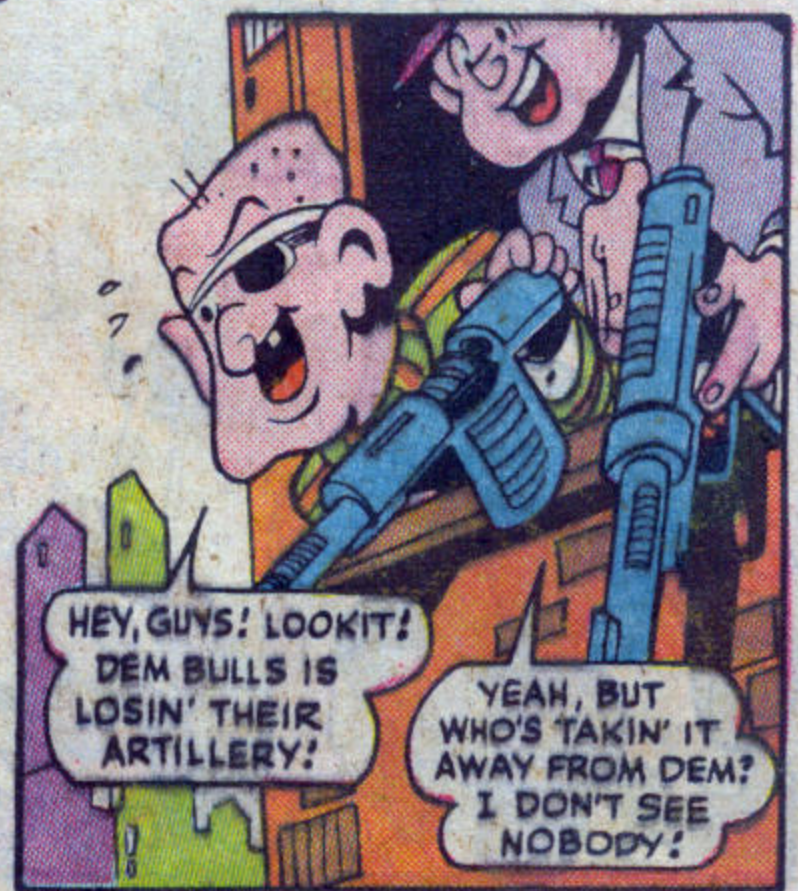
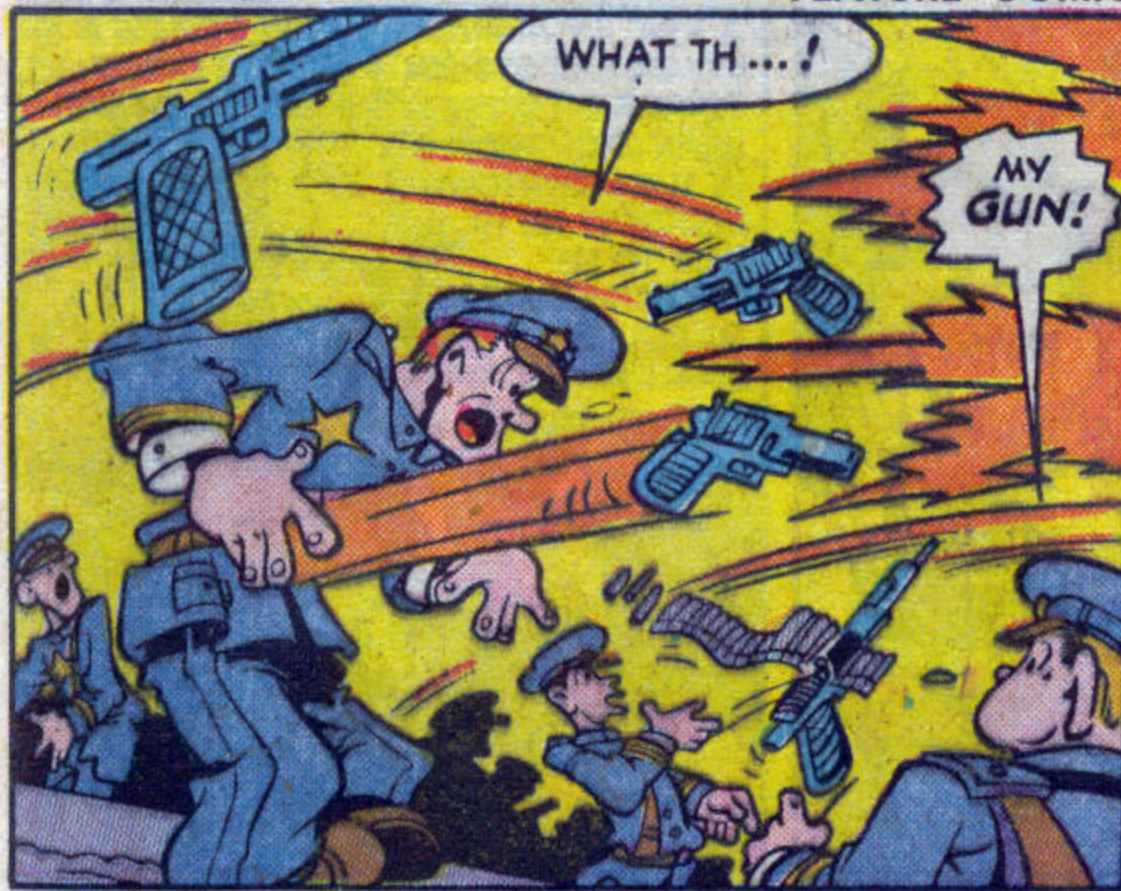


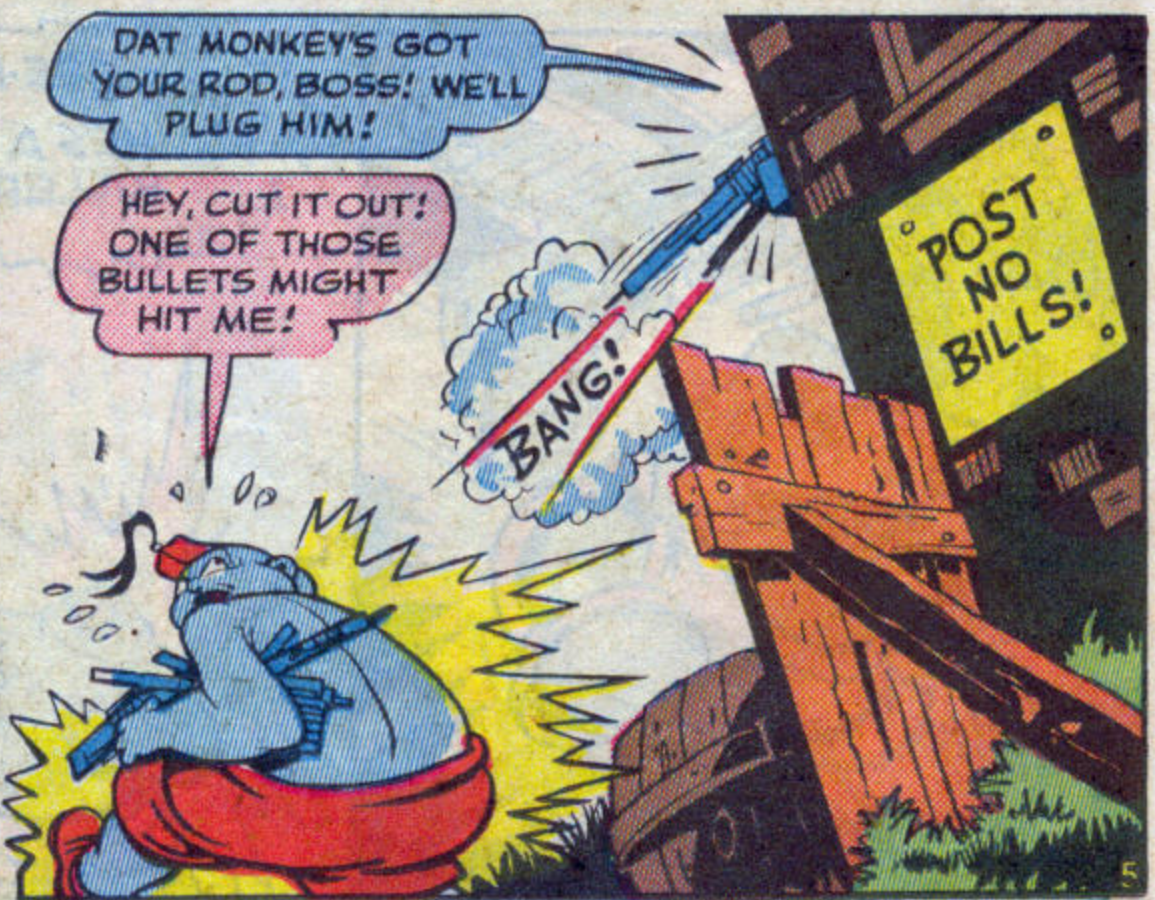
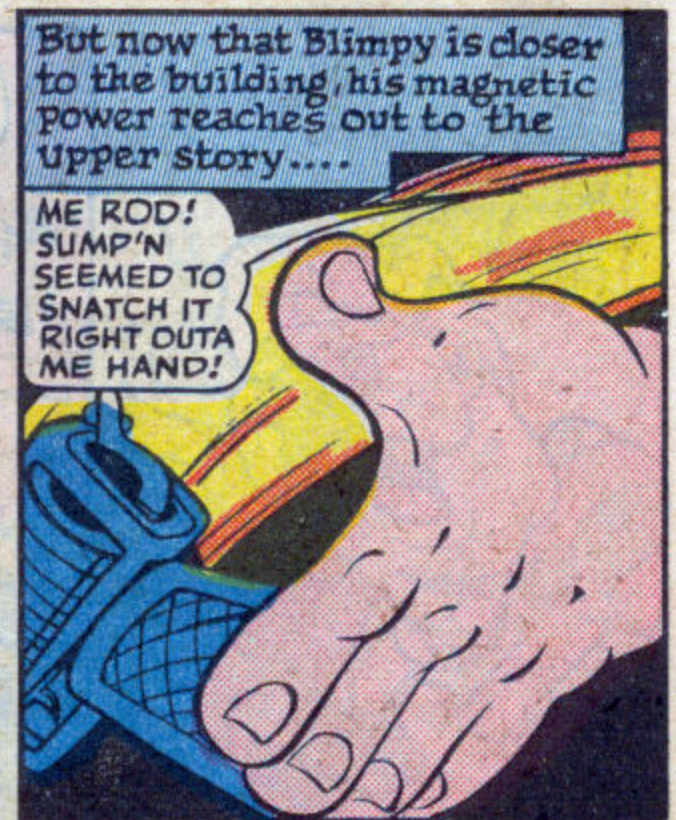
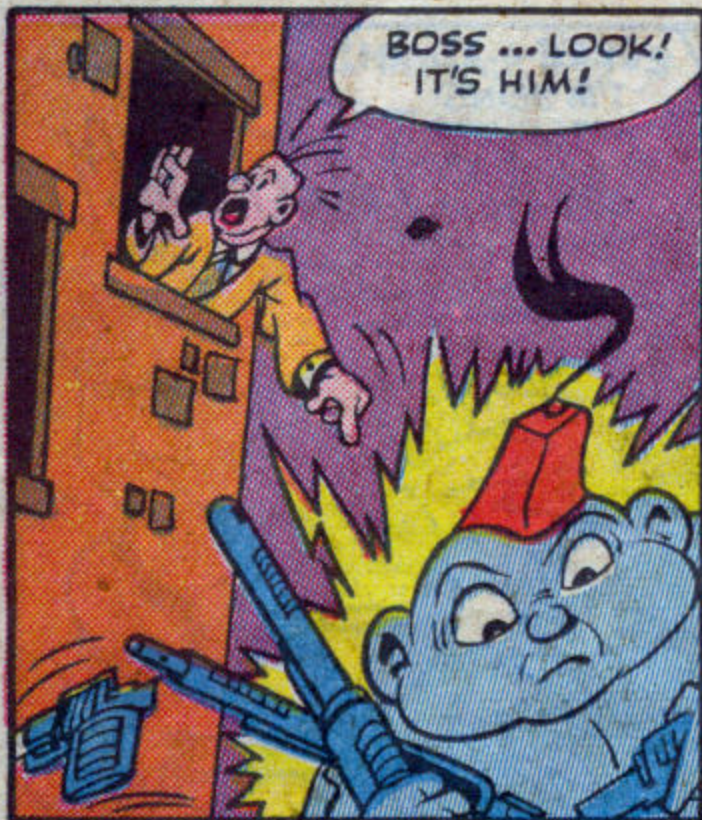
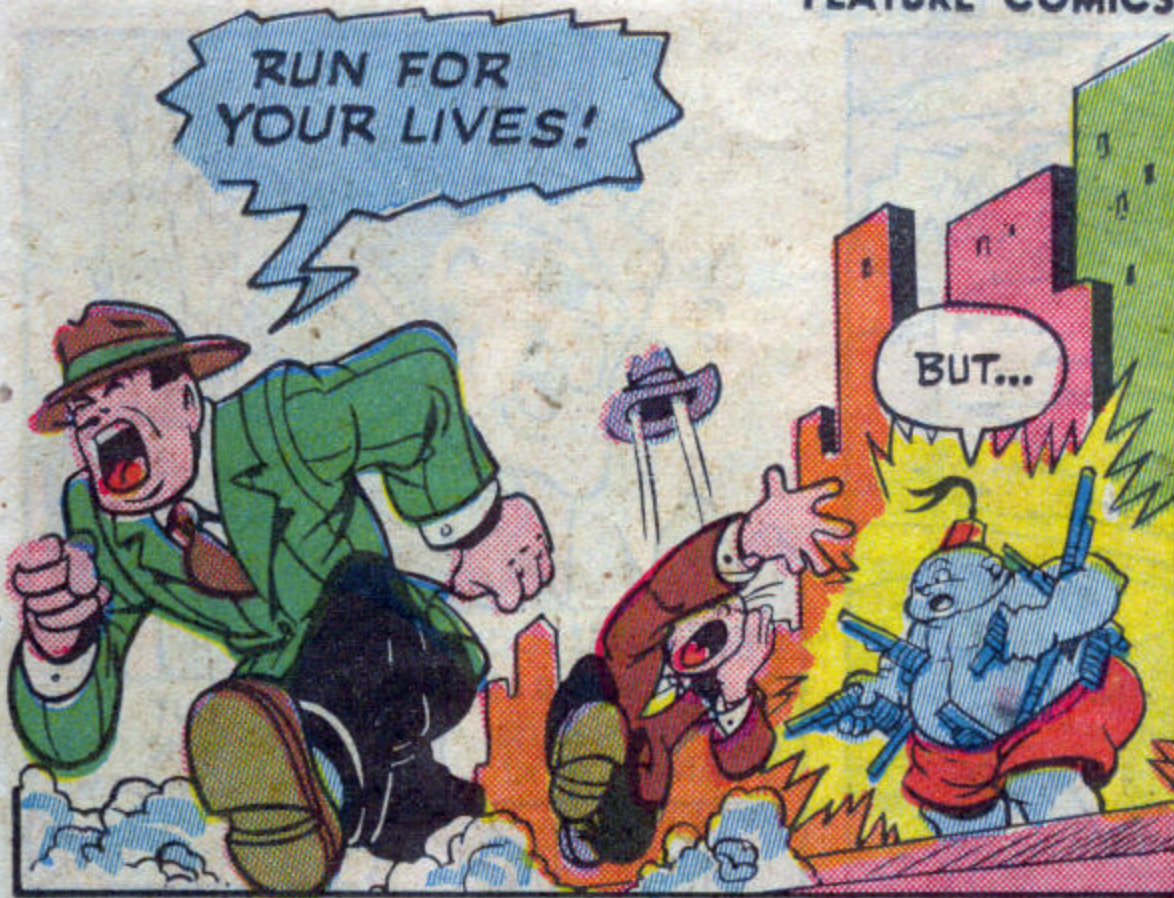


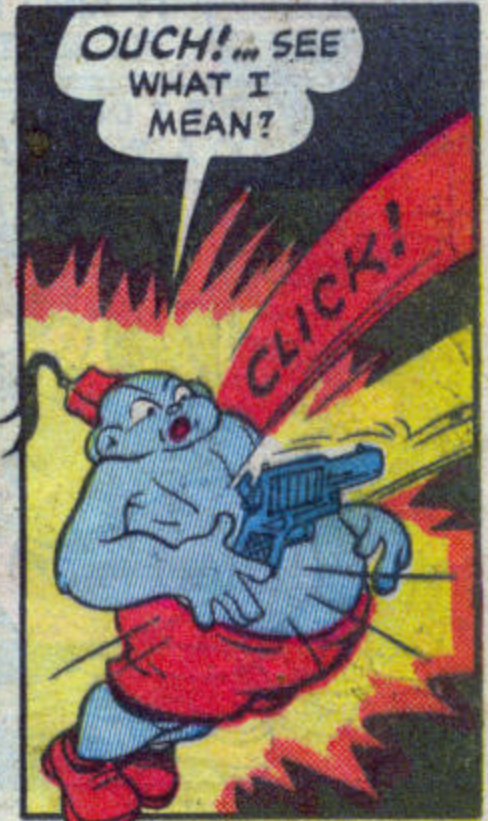
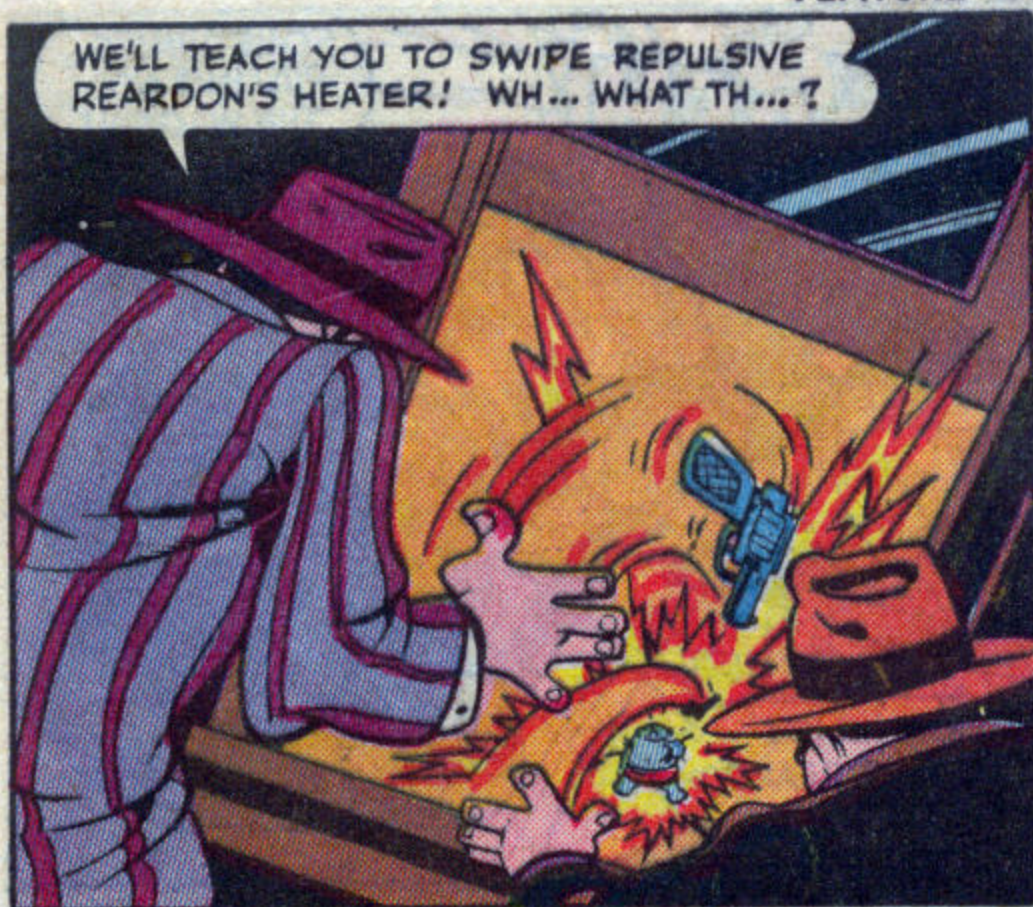


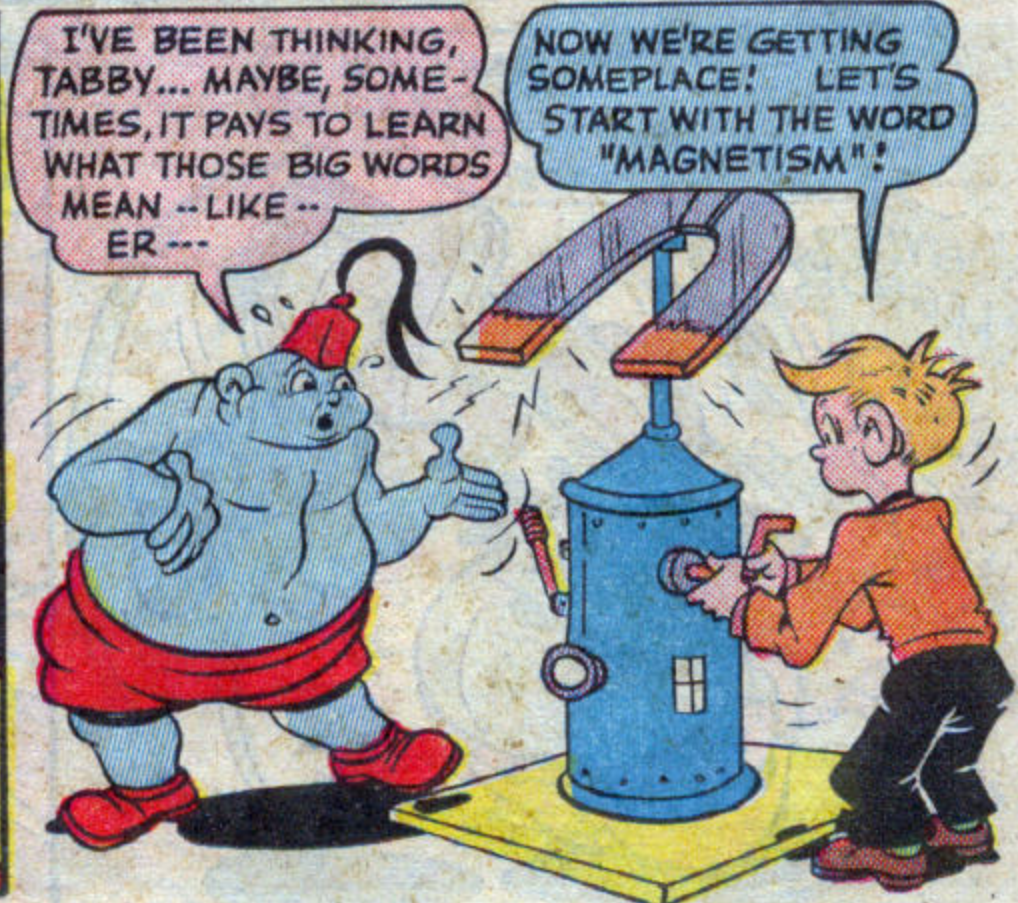
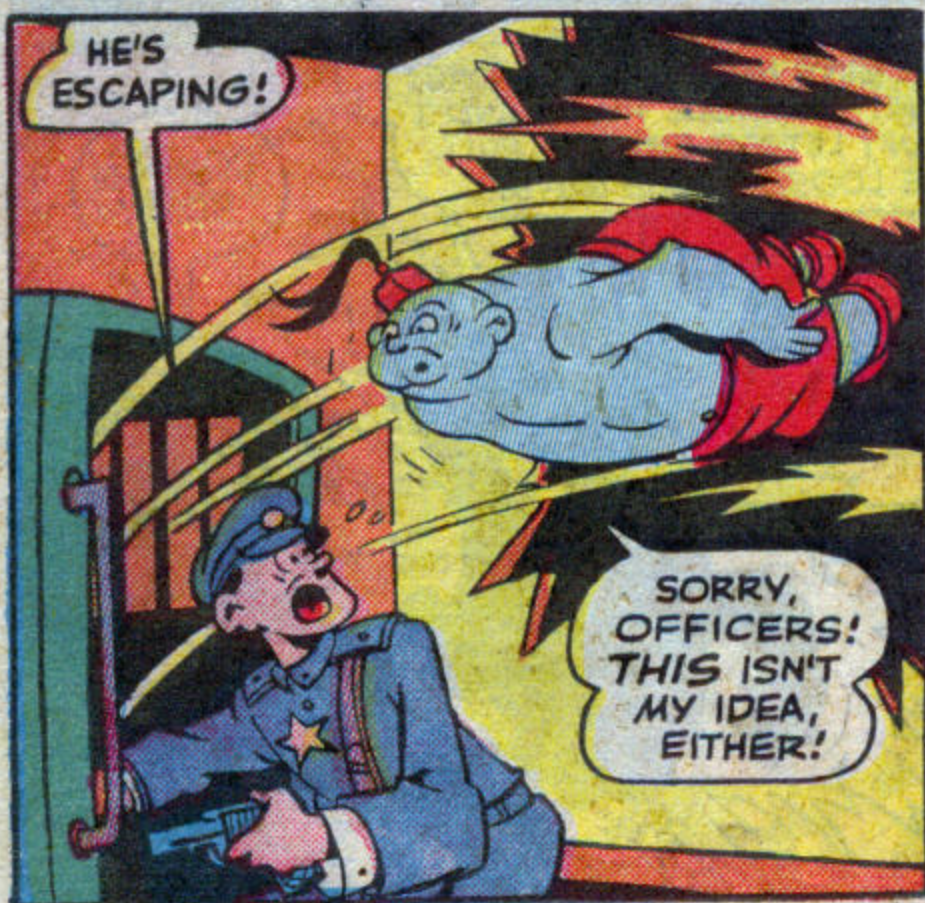
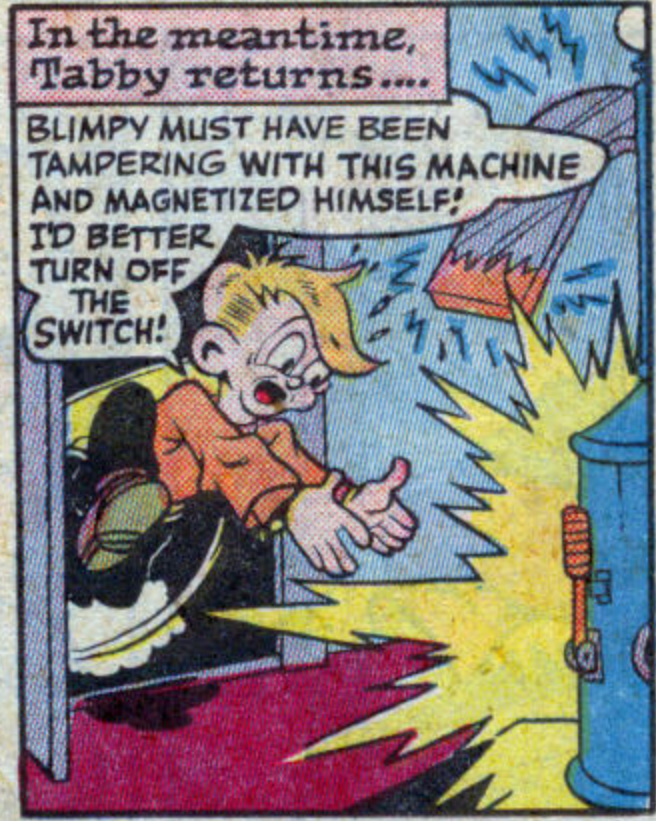
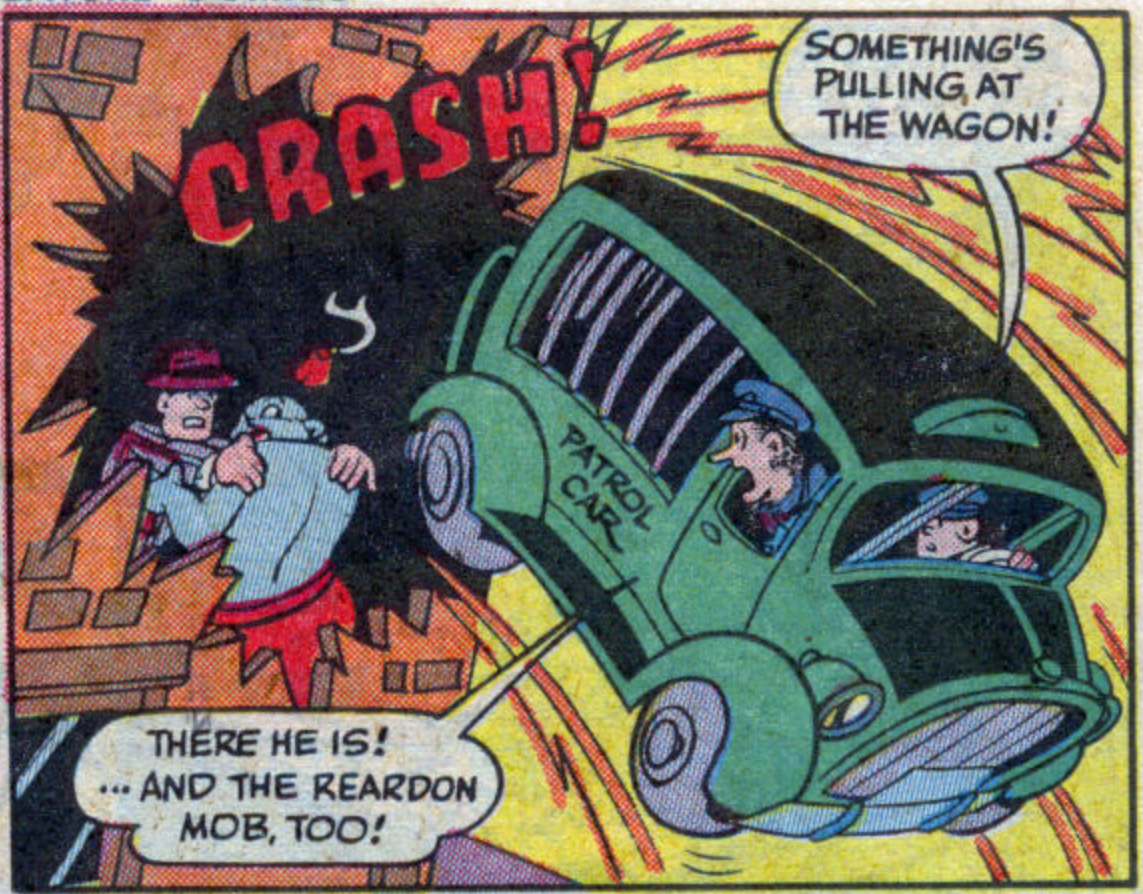
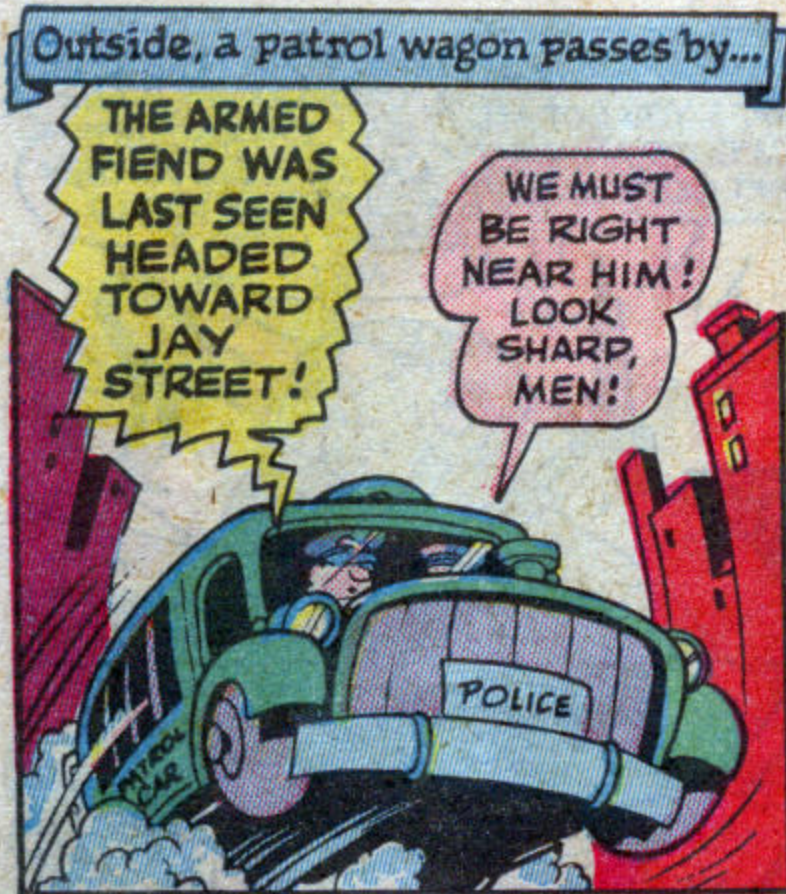












LALA PLODZA

HO! HO! NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING--- AND I BELIEVE THAT'S THE SILLIEST!

IT AIN'T SILLY--- IT'S A GREAT HONOR!

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BIG PATRIOTIC PARADE HIMSELF SAYS THEY GOTTA HAVE ME IN THE LINE-UP!

AND FURTHERMORE, HE SAID I'M THE ONE MAN TO BE THE CENTRAL, LEADING FIGURE IN THE BIGGEST FLOAT-- LAUGH THAT OFF!

GUESS THEY PICKED ME 'CAUSE I'M THE RUGGED, PIONEER TYPE -- OR MAYBE I RESEMBLE SOME HISTORICAL FIGURE!

COULDN'T BE MACARTHUR OR PERHAPS PAUL REVERE?

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE KIDDED VINCENT... IT *IS* AN HONOR, AT THAT!

LATER

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MRS. BRUMPF, IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE BIGGEST FLOAT, I HEAR, VINCENT IS THE LEADING FIGURE!

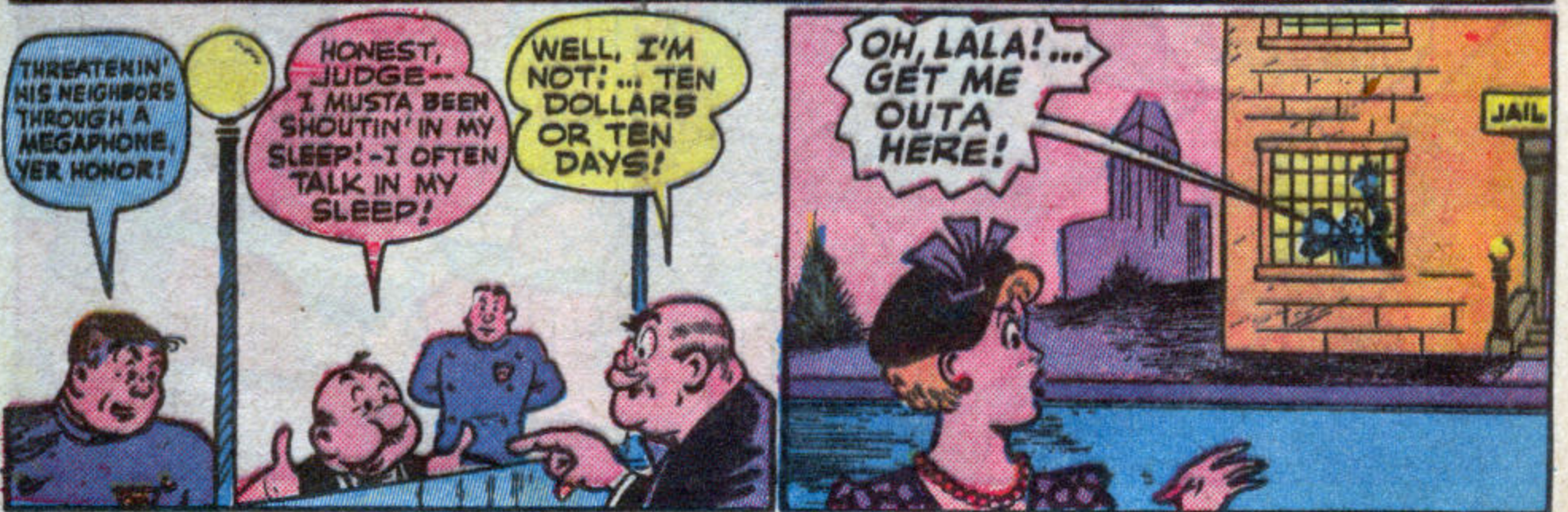
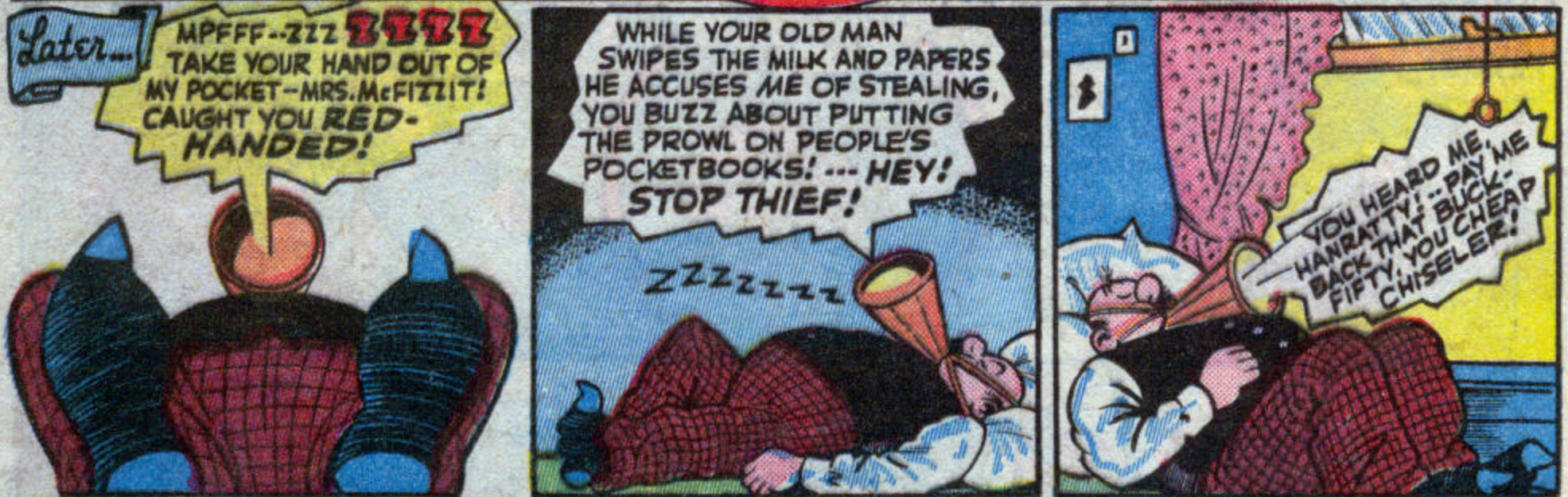
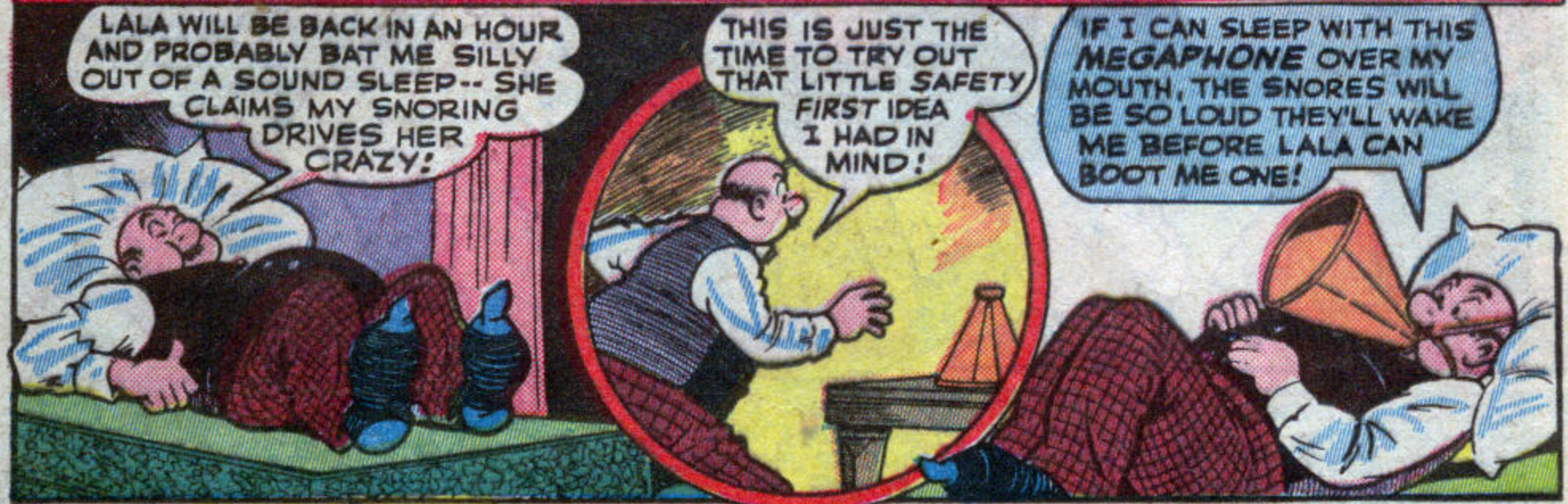
HMPF!

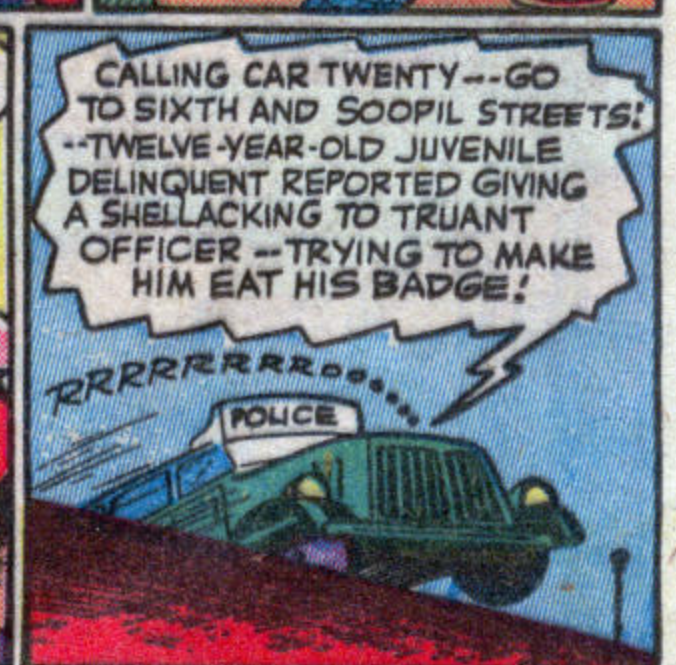
LEADING FIGURE INDEED!

BLACK MARKETEEER

VICTORY!

LALA PALOOZA





SWING SISSON

by
VERNON
HENKEL

The
Clover Club
was deserted...

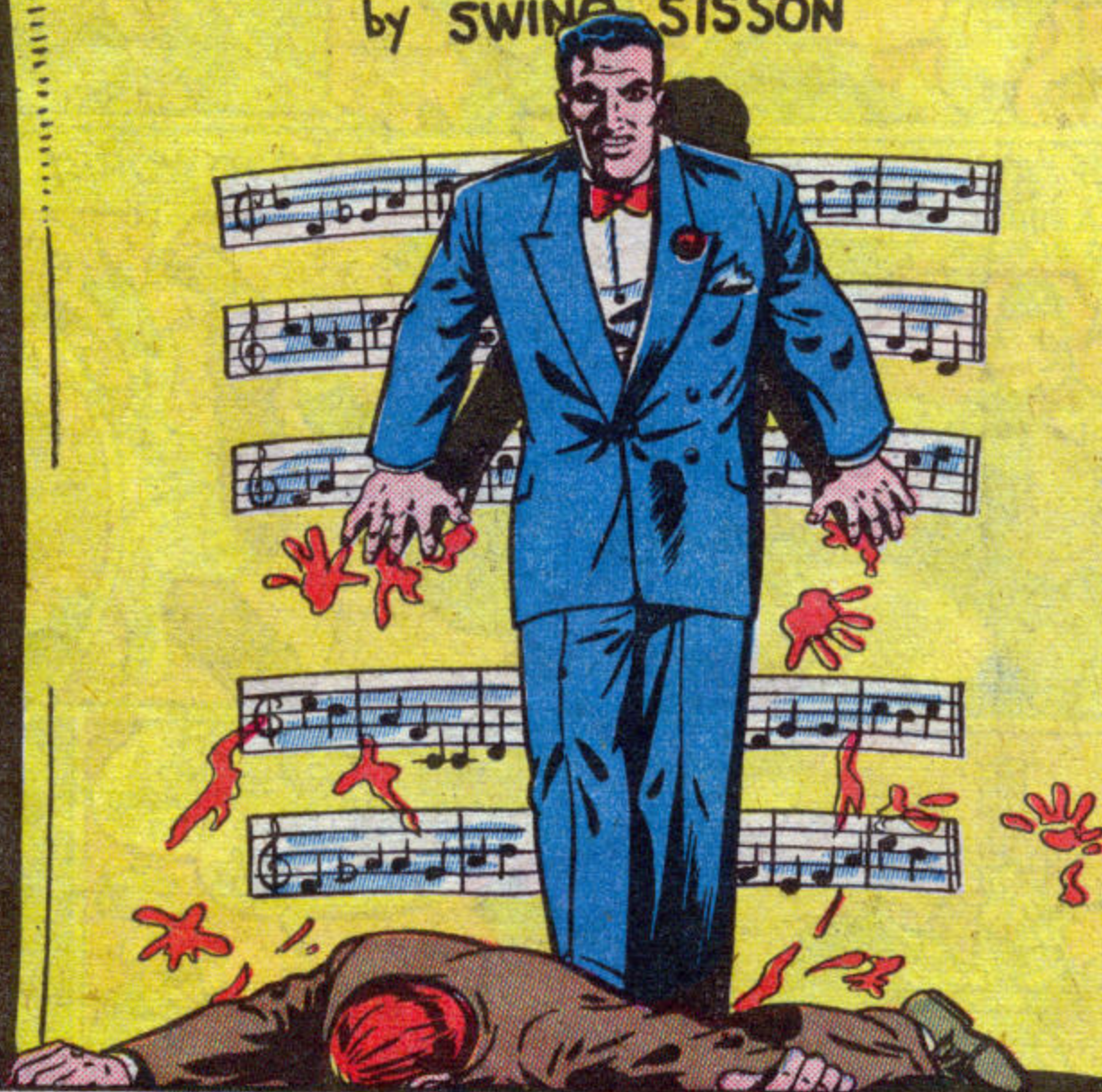
But in the
wasteland of
tables and
chairs a
single figure
stirred!

He knew his
name ---

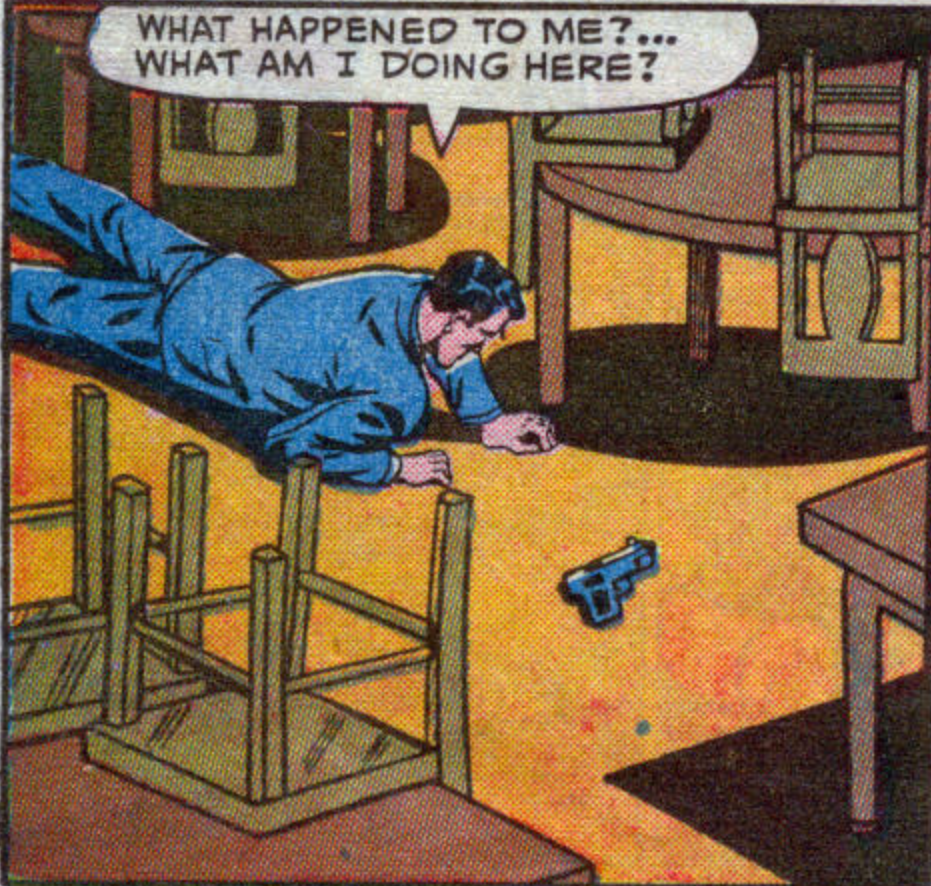
Swing
Sisson,
band leader...

Everything
else was lost
in the
throbbing
ache of
his brain!...

"MURDER IN JAZZ TEMPO"
by SWING SISSON



WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?...
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?



MY HEAD HURTS! I-I CAN'T
REMEMBER ... A GUN! ... A
SINGLE CARTRIDGE HAS
BEEN FIRED!





YEOW! SOMETHING TELLS ME I KNOW WHERE THAT SINGLE CARTRIDGE WENT!



IT'S WALTER DE LEON! HE'S DEAD! SHOT THROUGH THE HEART!



SWING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! I HEARD YOU WENT HUNTING FOR DE LEON!

I'VE FOUND HIM ----- VERY, VERY DEAD!



HE WAS KILLED BY A BULLET FROM THIS GUN!

EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU QUARRELED WITH HIM! YOU TOLD HALF THE TOWN THAT HE WAS A CROOK--AND YOU WERE GOING TO FIRE HIM AS YOUR AGENT!



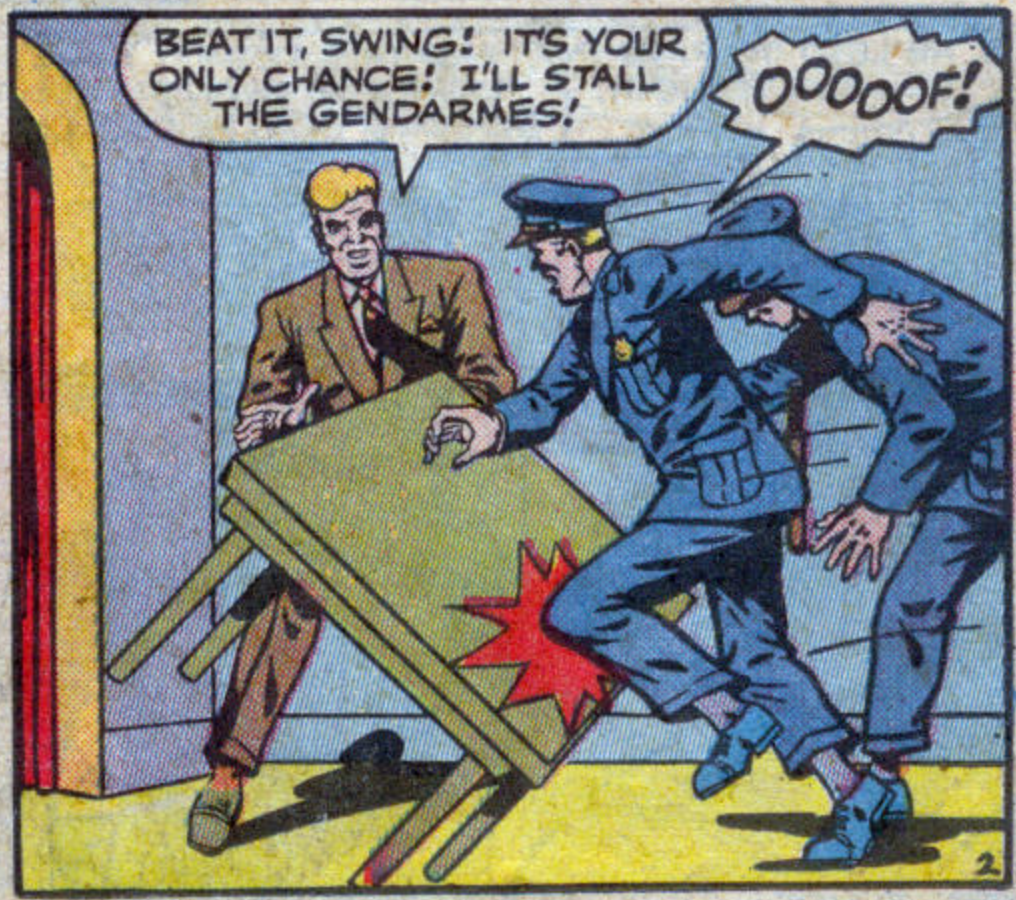
DON'T TELL ME THE REST! I'M STANDING RIGHT IN THE SHADOW OF THE EIGHT BALL!

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HOT SEAT, TOO--UNLESS YOU GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE!



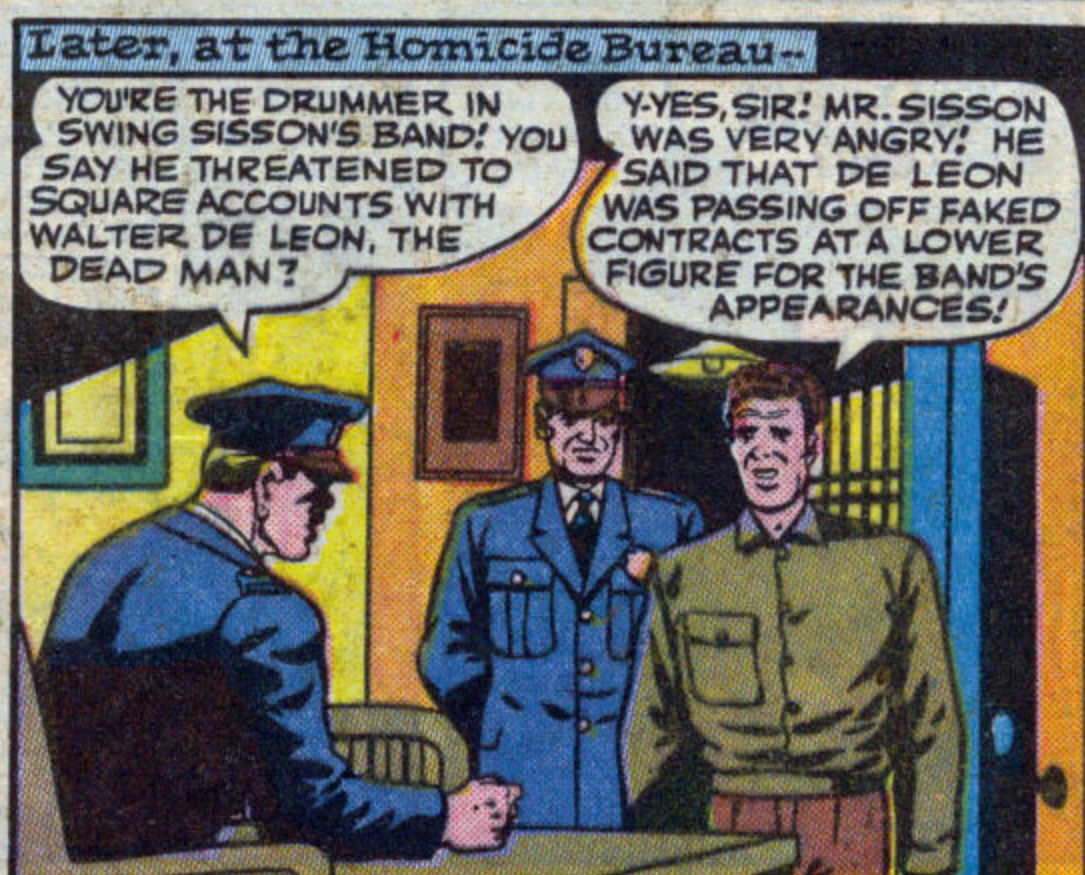
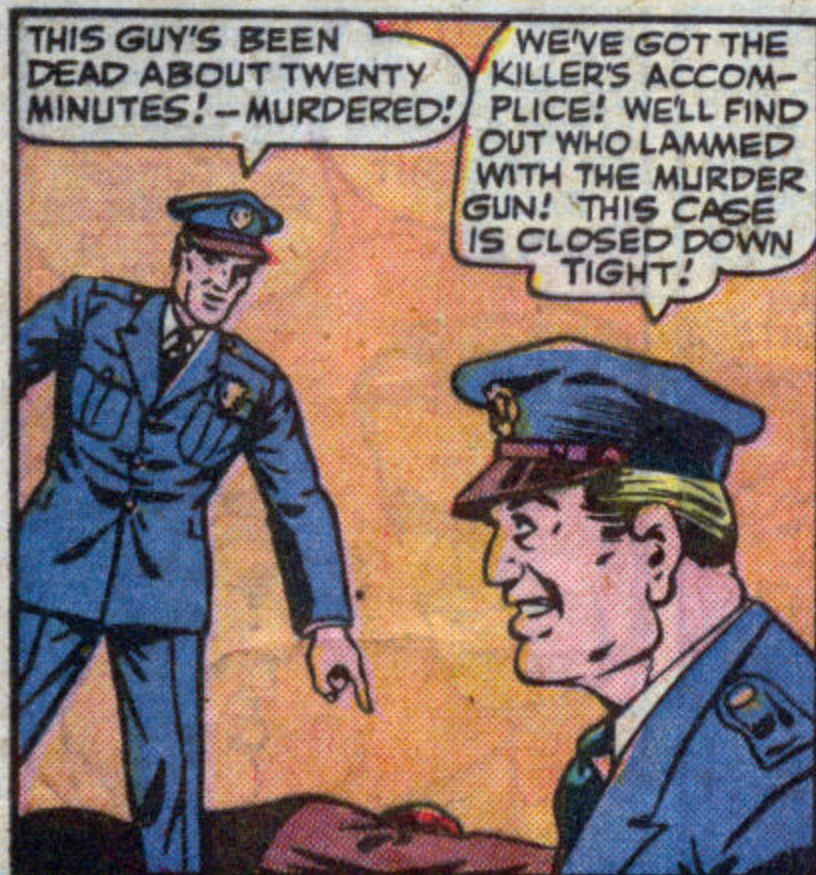
I APPRECIATE YOUR KIND WORDS OF ADVICE, TOBY! BUT YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE!

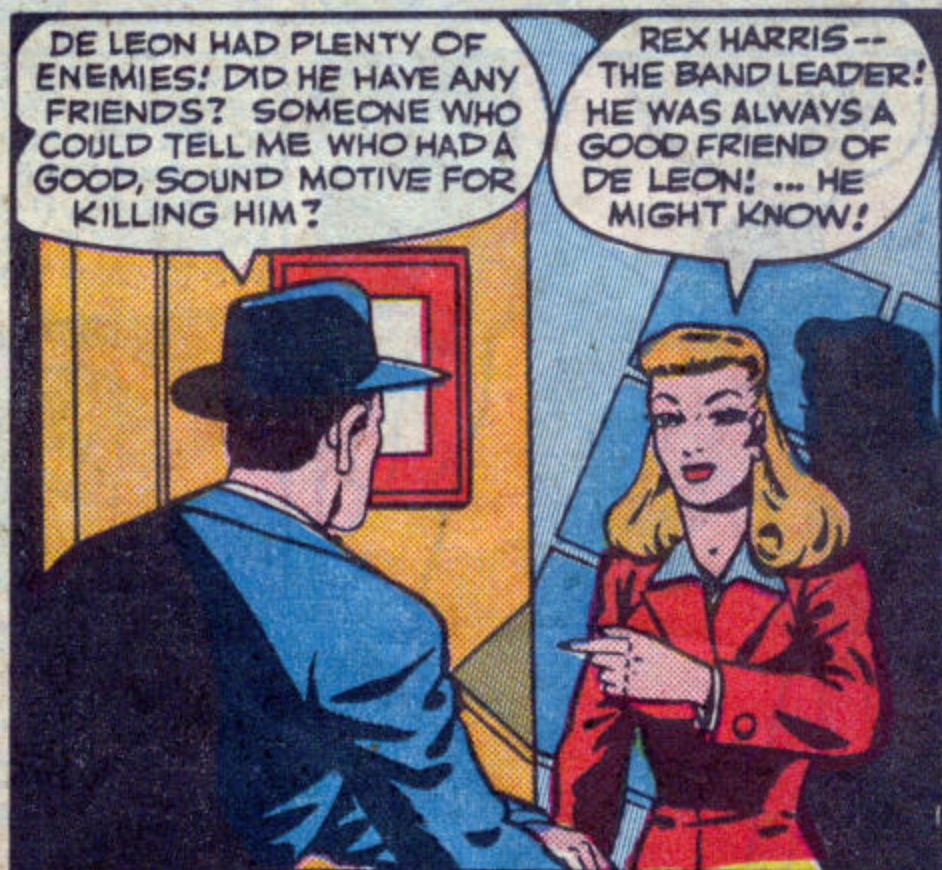
THE COPS!

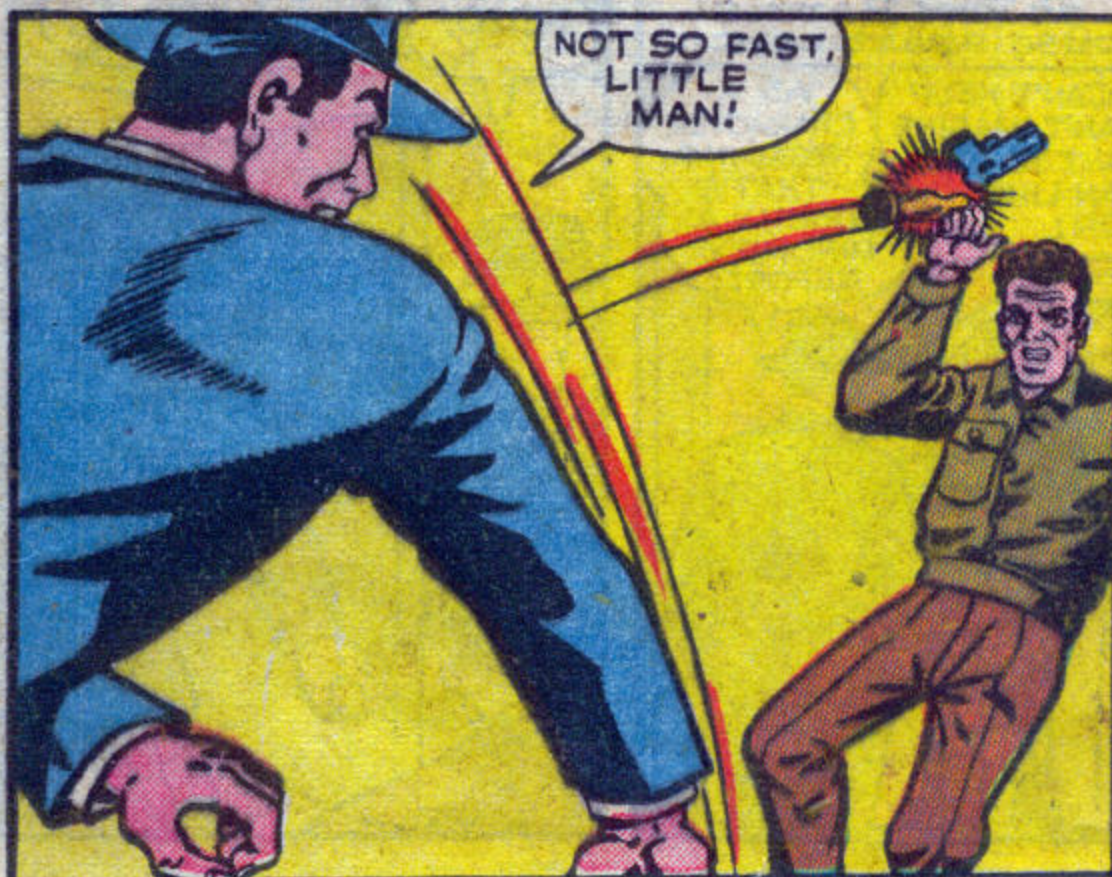
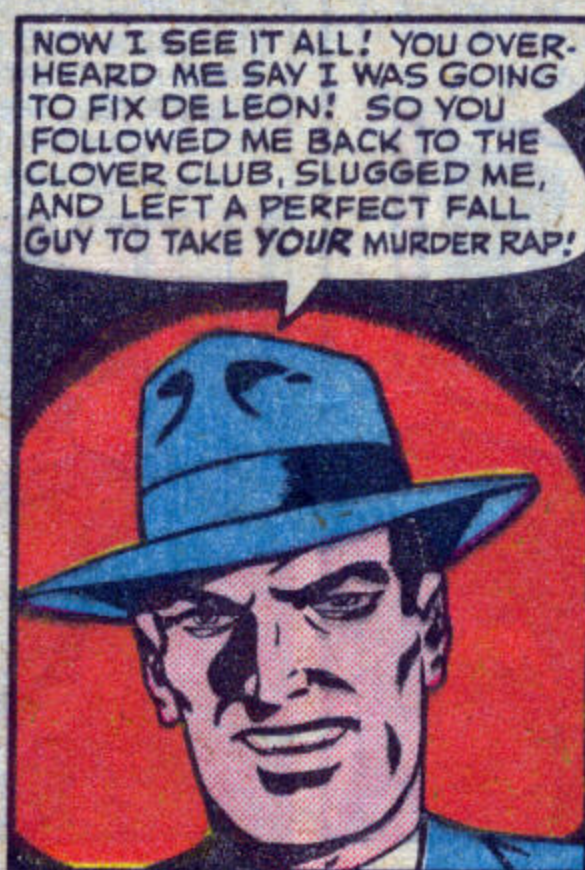


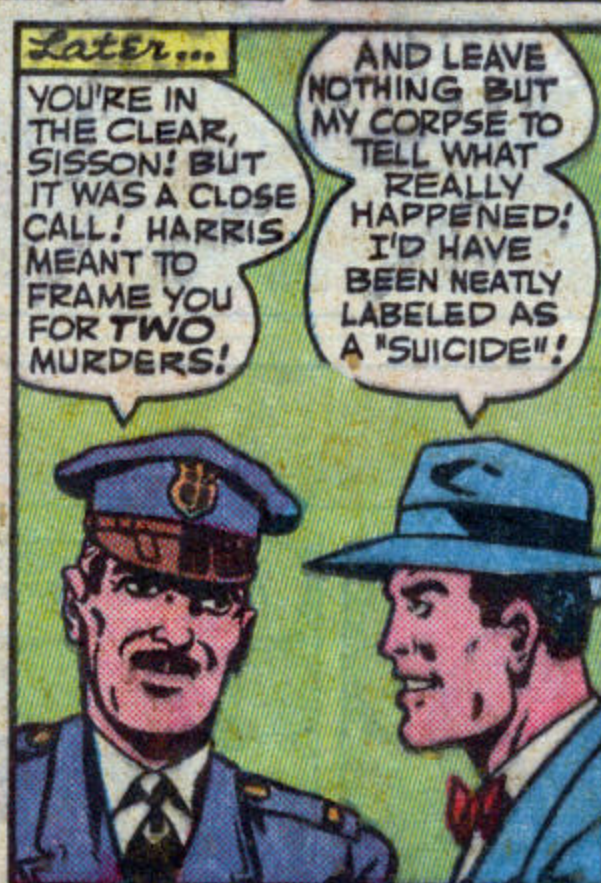
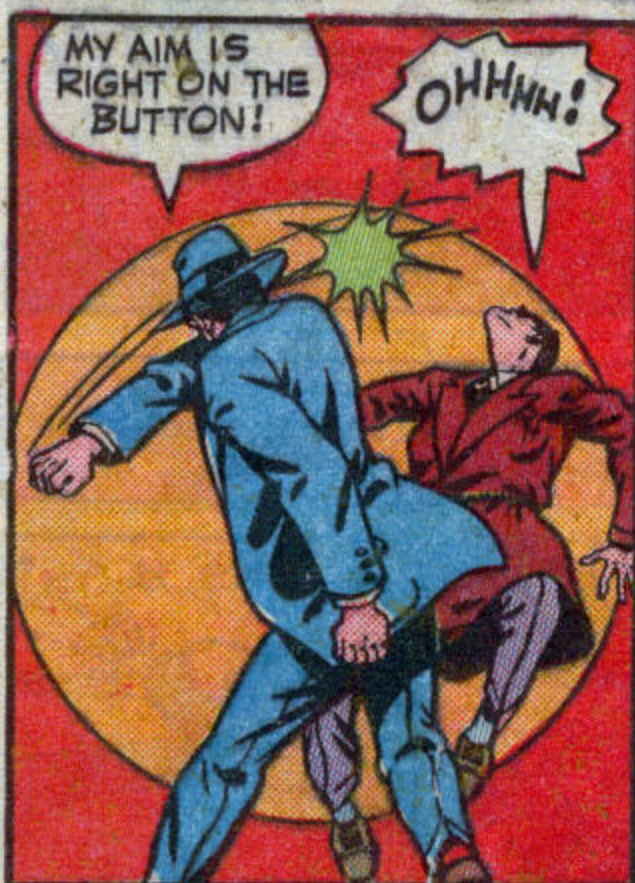
BEAT IT, SWING! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE! I'LL STALL THE GENDARMES!

OOOOOF!



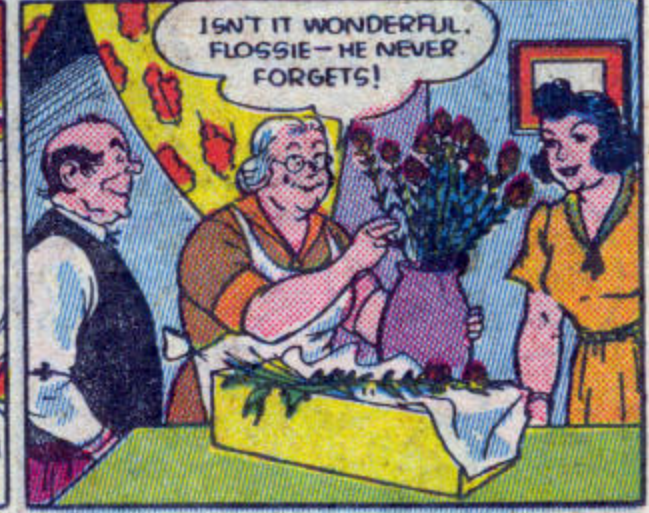
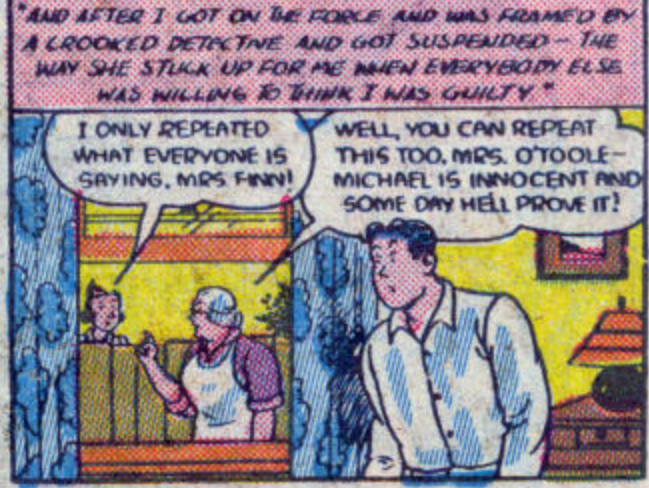
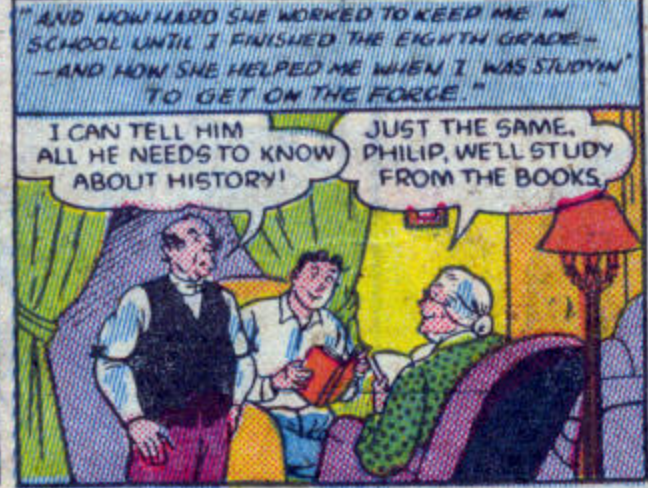
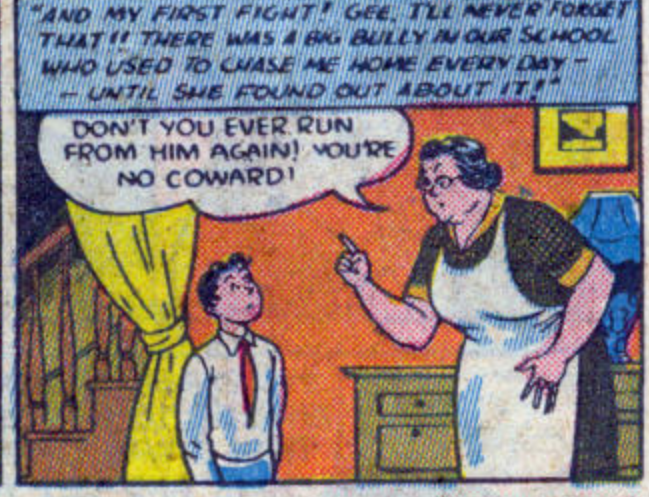
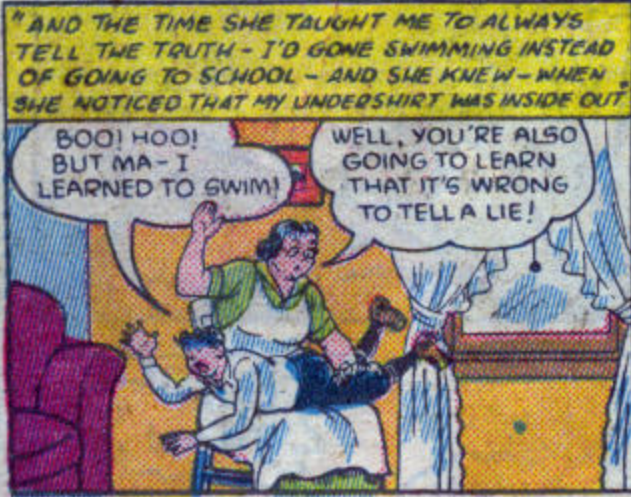
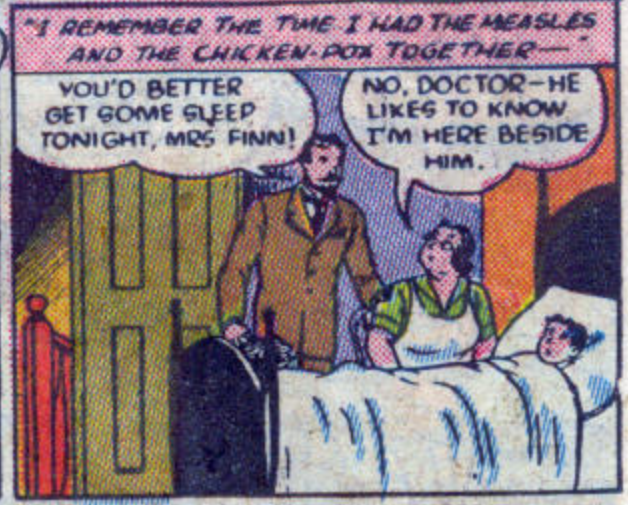






MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

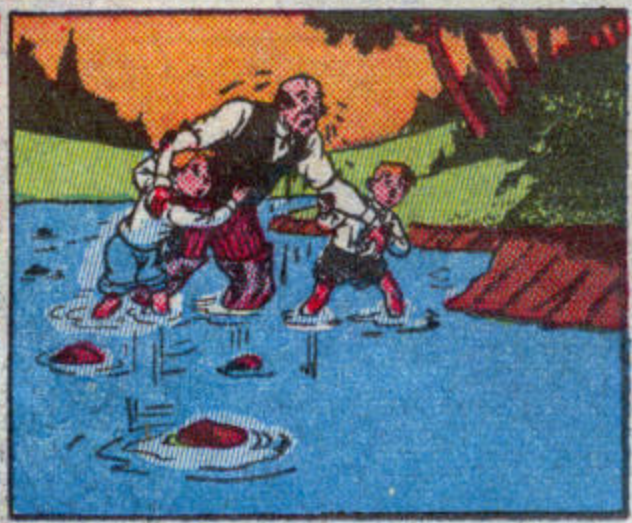
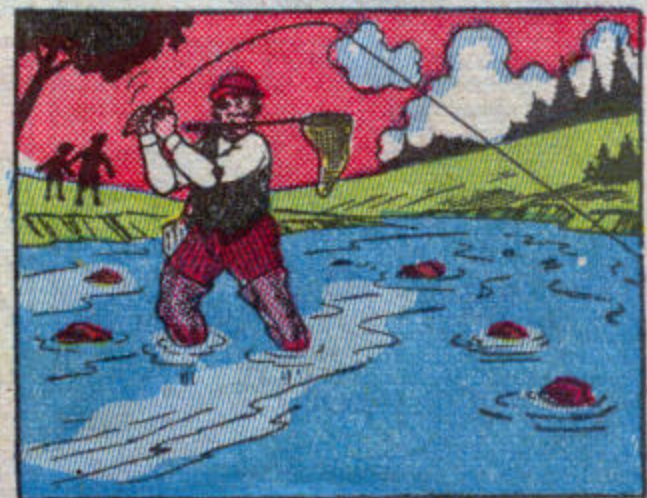
HE'S OFTEN WRONG



FEATURE COMICS

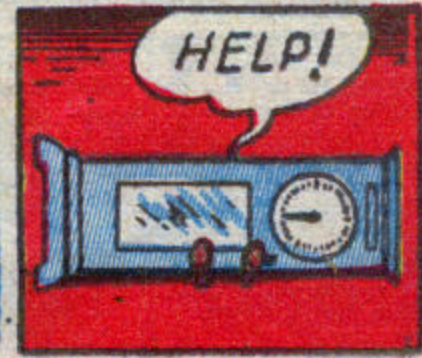
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

CONTINUED: - UNCLE PHIL HAS TAKEN GUNNY AND LITTLE TOMMY COLLINS ON A TROUT FISHING EXPEDITION.

I HOPE THE CHILDREN DON'T BOTHER PHIL TOO MUCH, MRS. FINN AND SPOIL HIS FISHING!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT FLOSSIE, I'M SURE THEY'RE ALL HAVING A WONDERFUL DAY.

WHAT HAPPENED UNCLE PHIL - DID YOU SLIP ON A ROCK?

WHY-AH-YES! BUT I'M OKAY NOW!

GEE - IT'S GOOD WE BROUGHT THAT TABLE CLOTH WITH US, WASN'T IT, UNCLE PHIL?

YES - IT CERTAINLY WAS!

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO CATCH SOME FISH?

I'M CONVINCED THERE'S NO FISH IN THIS STREAM! NOW KEEP QUIET - I'M TAKIN' A NAP WHILE MY CLOTHES DRY.

I WANT TO FISH!

SSH - C'MON!

OH BOY!

NOW IT'S MY TURN!

GOSH!

PULL UP TOGETHER! NOW!

OH BOY!

ZZZ

?

WHAT? NO FISH?

OH, SURE - AND ME AND TOMMY CAUGHT THEM ALL! UNCLE PHIL IS BRINGING THEM RIGHT IN!

THIS ONE MUST'VE GIVEN YOU QUITE A BATTLE, PHIL!

THAT HE DID, CLANCY! WHEN I FINALLY LANDED HIM I WAS WRINGIN' WET!

NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO HIT A HOME RUN FOR ME, NIPPIE?

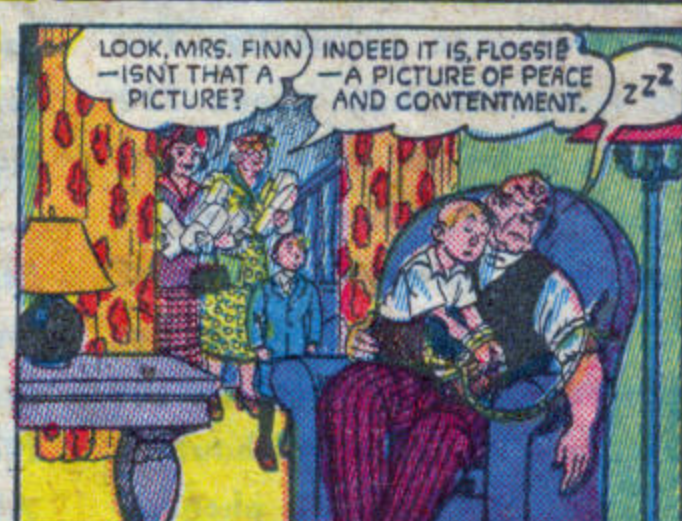
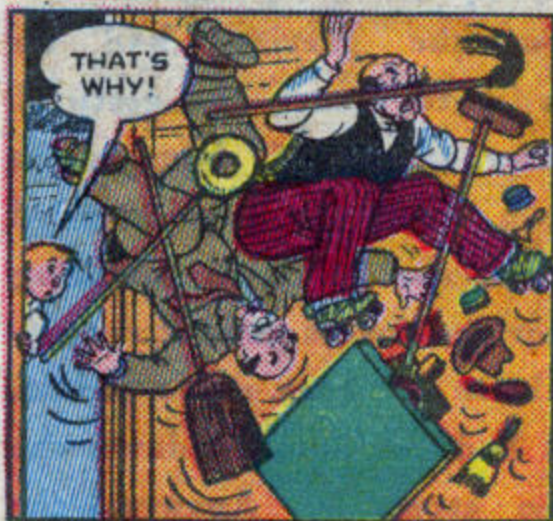
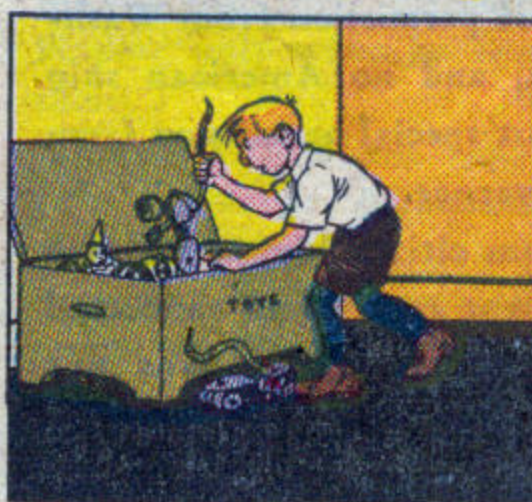
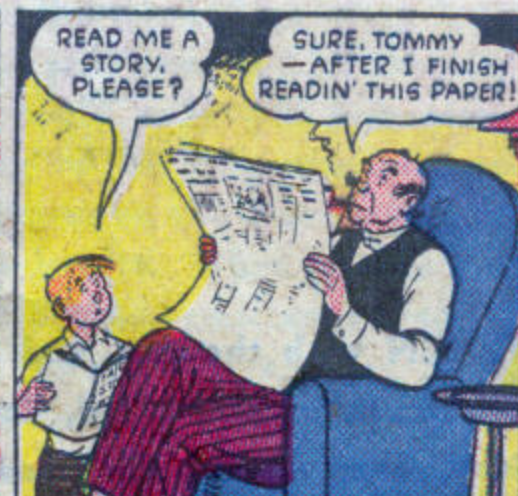
I SURE AM! AND RIGHT NOW!!

STRIKE ONE!

STRIKE TWO!

STRIKE THREE!

MICKEY FINN by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG



STRANGEST ISLAND

EVEN with the dirt, and destruction, and blood, Perry Scott liked Guam. He liked it for its brave garrison, its hero, Chief Radioman George Ray Tweed, sole survivor of the Jap fiasco. He liked it for its unrivaled history. He heard the whole story sitting on the verandah of the old Spanish palace, home of Guam's governors for 44 years.

The amazing story of Chief Tweed, who spent more than two years dodging Jap snipers on the little isle was a headline story. But the heroic saga of Tweed is dwarfed by the spectacular story of Guam itself, which in many ways is the strangest island on earth.

Not strange physically. The isle comprises only about 210 square miles in area, and its highest point is barely a thousand feet. Strange because of its bizarre law which makes each one of its 20 thousand inhabitants a man without a country. By an odd phenomenon these people, although not aliens, can never become citizens by process of naturalization. In short, the Guam-born man is without a nation but owing allegiance to the only country of which he cannot become a citizen!

Barring the brief occupation of the Japanese, Guam has for

44 years been a forbidden naval reserve, allowing no foreign vessel to touch its shores without permission from Washington, and no American ship without special permission from its governor.

Guam citizenship, as weird a document as any ever concocted by a fiction writer, was put into effect by its one-time governor, Capt. Bradley. Under it, inhabitants of the island are citizens of Guam. They have a state seal and flag, congress and courts. But Guam is not a country. It is a part of the United States. Neither its courts nor its congress has any legal standing, and the governor can abolish one or all of them—including the people's bill of rights—without explanation to anybody.

The late Edwin Denby, when Secretary of the Navy, created Guam citizenship in a proclamation entitled "Court Martial No. 1923," on March 31, 1923. Although efforts to change it have been made, Denby's decision still stands. Here it is verbatim: "While a native of Guam owes perpetual allegiance to the United States, he is not a citizen thereof, nor is he an alien, and there are no provisions under which he may become a citizen of the United States by naturalization."

Just what, or who, is a Guam native? There is no answer to the question. Perhaps some future readjustment will clarify the status of the Guam inhabitant and allow him citizenship.

Guam's entire history and administration have been incredible. It was originally a Spanish possession. On December 10, 1898, it was awarded to the United States under the Treaty of Paris, but actually it was "captured" by Uncle Sam six months prior to that. On June 20, Capt. Henry Glass, commanding the cruiser *Charleston*, bombarded the Spanish governor who, not aware that a war was on, thought it was a friendly salute and apologized because the garrison had no powder to return the gesture!

The extent of damages to Guam when the Japs invaded it, and the 21 days' pounding American forces gave it recently, have not been made public. But had you strolled down the main street of Aganya, the capital, before the Japs came you would have seen neat rows of white, wide-verandahed cottages perched on high concrete posts, vine-covered and redolent with tropic blossoms. You would have seen at the edge of town hundreds of thatched huts, all neat and clean, in the native quarter. You would

FEATURE COMICS

have seen huge carts loaded with rice, sugar, coffee, drawn by lazy, shaggy water buffalo, and maybe even a car or two.

Situated in the middle of the Marianas, a part of the Japanese South Seas Mandate, Guam has always been a sore spot in our relations with the Rising Sun Empire. It is the largest island in the group. When the Nips landed on December 9, after two days of bombing and strafing, they met plenty of resistance although it was provided by only 200 Marines, a few scattered naval personnel and the island defense company. According to Chief Tweed, there were only a few machine guns and a couple of 1-pound cannon on ships in the harbor of Apra. And with this inadequate armament the brave defenders held off the Japs until they were forced to give up.

The lack of defense was due to the Washington conference of 1923, which decreed that the United States would not increase her military establishments west of Hawaii. Guam has been used as an unfortified naval base and a fueling station for the Clipper ships flying between the continents.

Now, just what is the purpose of Guam? Today it is no more military in aspect than one of the old forts of 1776. Once, however, it was modestly fortified. The navy classed it as one of the string of bases stretching across the Pacific to the Philippines and China. Several guns frowned from the hills, another stood on the site of the old Spanish fort on Oronte Point, and the Marines had a fair-sized seaplane base in Apra Harbor.

The Versailles Treaty banished all of that.

The authority of Guam's governor exceeds that of any dictator. He decides imports and exports, levies the taxes, dictates where and how his vassals shall live. He can appoint or remove any member of the insular congress by a gesture. The courts are advisory. The governor appoints the judges and their decisions are binding only when he approves them.

Imports to Guam have been few. Governor Alexander has made his tiny island paradise practically self-supporting. The public market in Aganya is a model establishment. The farmer has only to raise his produce. At dawn each day a government truck picks it up, delivers it to the market, and it is usually sold before noon. The farmer receives his pay and starts gathering his next day's load.

Compulsory education has been in effect for 44 years. The school system is excellent. All subjects including English are taught.

The years of American domination have brought to Guam sanitation, electricity, paved roads, telephones, ice, international communication, movies and other symbols of Americanism, yet its administration remains one of the strangest phenomena in history.

It is interesting to speculate on the fate of Guam. Will it always remain a private naval Eden, a fortress without guns? Will its 20 thousand inhabitants, thoroughly steeped in American ways, the American spirit of democracy and independence—will these loyal and patriotic Americans remain a people without citizenship?

Chief Tweed could not an-

swer these questions when Perry Scott put them to him recently. He could only tell him something of his own thrilling experiences on the island after the Japs landed. When it was seen that further resistance was futile, Tweed and another Navy radioman rounded up canned food, got Tweed's car and drove 10 miles from town. They hid the car and took to the bush, and soon they were joined by three more Navy men.

"We ate the food we had," related Tweed. "I never was captured, but on Sept. 12, 1942, the Japs grabbed two of our group and killed them. They got another one on Oct. 22.

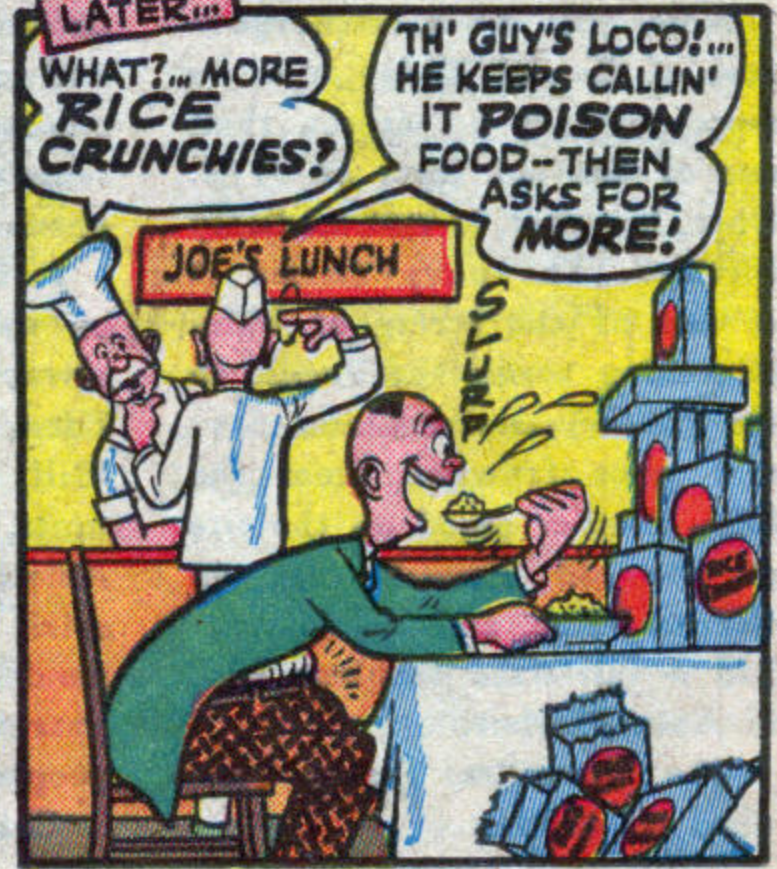
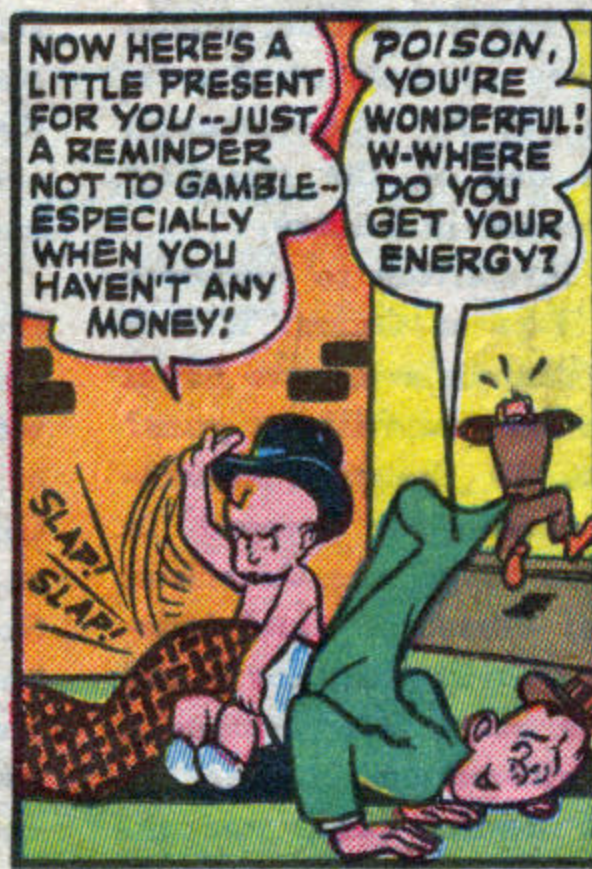
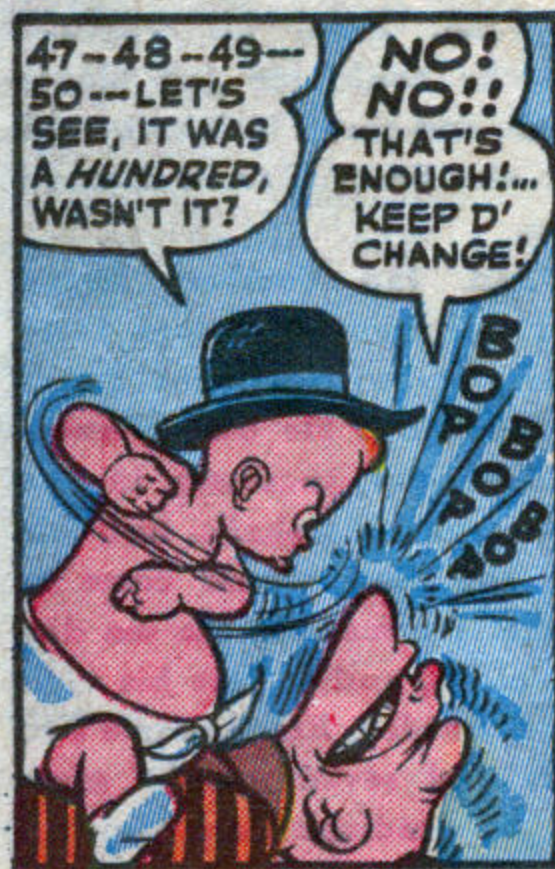
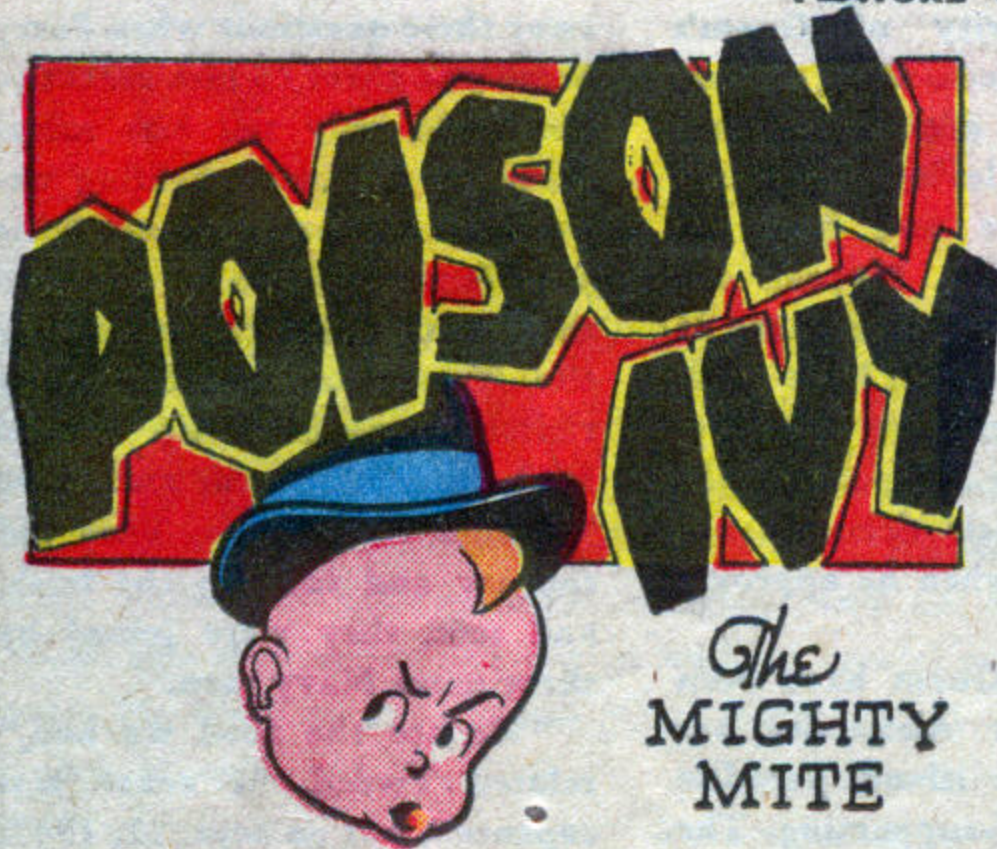
"After that I was entirely on my own."

Tweed moved frequently, hiding in ravines, scaling mountains, always ahead of his pursuers, who never gave up the search.

Finally he discovered a high cliff facing the sea. It was such a barren rock he didn't think the Japs ever would look there and locate the cave. That became Tweed's hermitage.

He caught rain water for drinking and washing and made weekly nocturnal forays for food. From his vantage point he could see Jap planes fly off, and could look eastward over the broad Pacific toward home.

When Jap bombers began their northward missions from Guam, Tweed knew the Yanks were coming. He didn't know of American successes in the Gilbert and Marshalls, but felt sure the Fleet would come to Saipan. He scanned the sea day and night, and at last his vigil was rewarded. Rescue came two years and seven months after the Jap landings on Guam.



Spin SHAW

Captain Spin Shaw, U.S.N., has special talents that win him assignments to **SPECIAL JAPANESE-IRKING DETAIL...**

LOOK, ARMY -- IF THERE'S ANYTHING BETWEEN US, LET'S WIPE IT OUT!

OKAY, CAP'N SHAW!

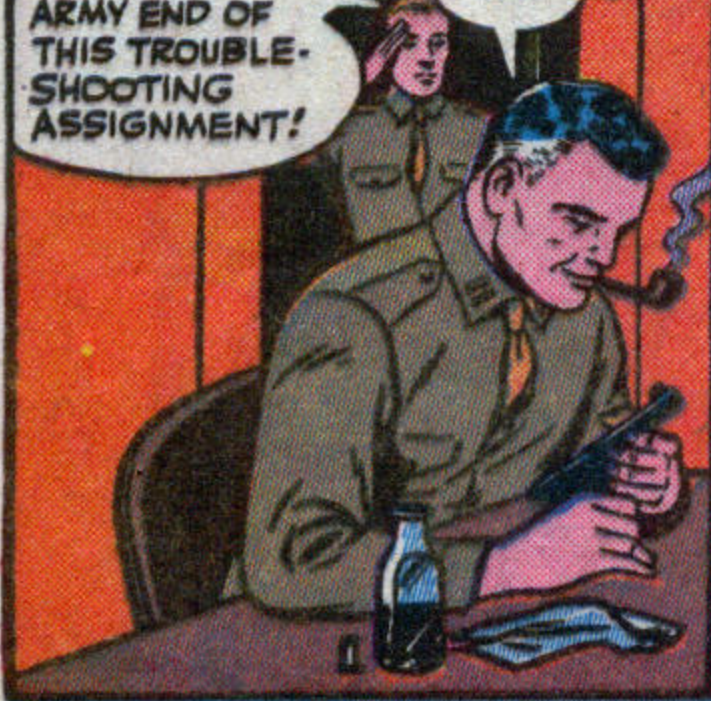


And this is how the old feud between Army and Navy was **FORGOTTEN** by Captain Shaw and Lieutenant O'Neal...

In a forward position, threatening the very key of Japanese aggression, Spin Shaw has set up headquarters....

LIEUTENANT PAT O'NEAL OUTSIDE SIR! REPORTING TO HANDLE THE ARMY END OF THIS TROUBLE-SHOOTING ASSIGNMENT!

TELL LIEUTENANT O'NEAL TO COME RIGHT IN!



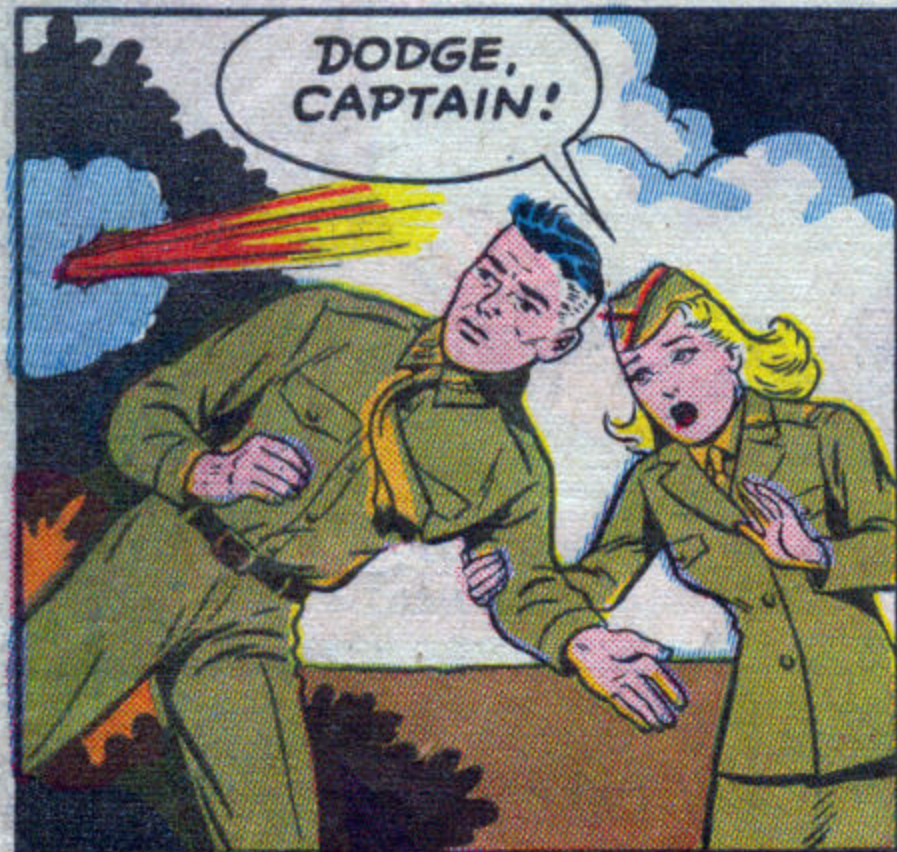
PAT O'NEAL -- SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE SORT OF WILD IRISH SLUGGER I'LL NEED FOR A PARTNER IN THIS SHOW---



REPORTING AS DIRECTED, SIR!

WHAT THE--! UH--- EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT!





FEATURE COMICS



Lieutenant Pat O'Neal is organizing the reserve...

I'M SICK OF BEIN' A CLERK! IF THE COOK CAN GET IN THIS SCRAP, SO CAN I!

OPEN THE BULL PEN!... LET OUT ALL THE PRISONERS AND ARM THEM!



SO! WE GET AROUND FLANK OF ENEMY -- ATTACK FROM BEHIND!

BUT LOOK THERE!



CUT THEIR GIZZARDS OUT, MEN!



DEVILS! A CURSE ON THEM! RETREAT!



I GOT 'EM OFF YOUR NECK, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE RUNNING!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE!

THEY'RE TOO SCARED OF YOU! THEY WON'T WAIT FOR OUR MAIN BODY TO COUNTER-ATTACK!



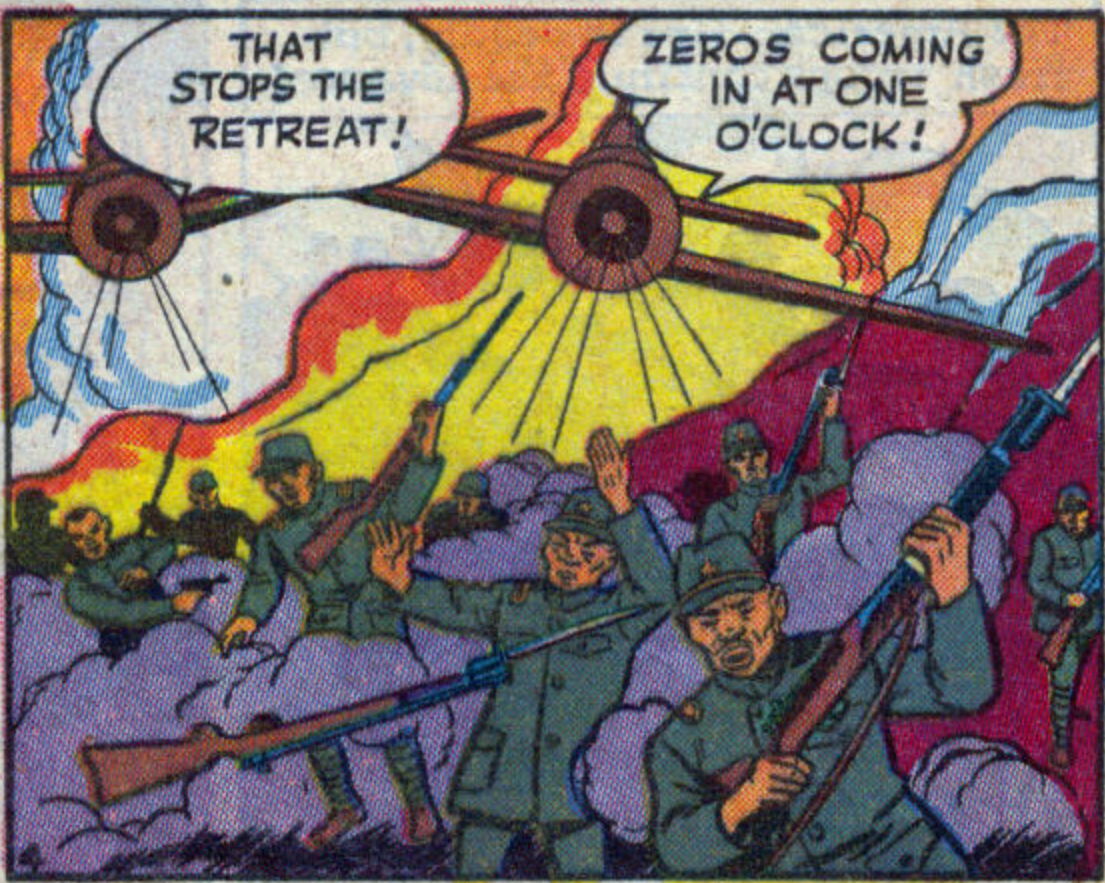
I CAN FLY OVER THEM AND HEAD THEM BACK! STAY HERE --

NO! WE HAVE TWO PLANES!



THAT STOPS THE RETREAT!

ZEROS COMING IN AT ONE O'CLOCK!





WHAT'S THE SCORE, LIEUTENANT O'NEAL?

A TIE -- THREE EACH! AND LOOK BELOW! OUR COUNTER-ATTACK HAS STARTED!



The main body of Americans is now able to strike and crush the demoralized Japanese....



Later...

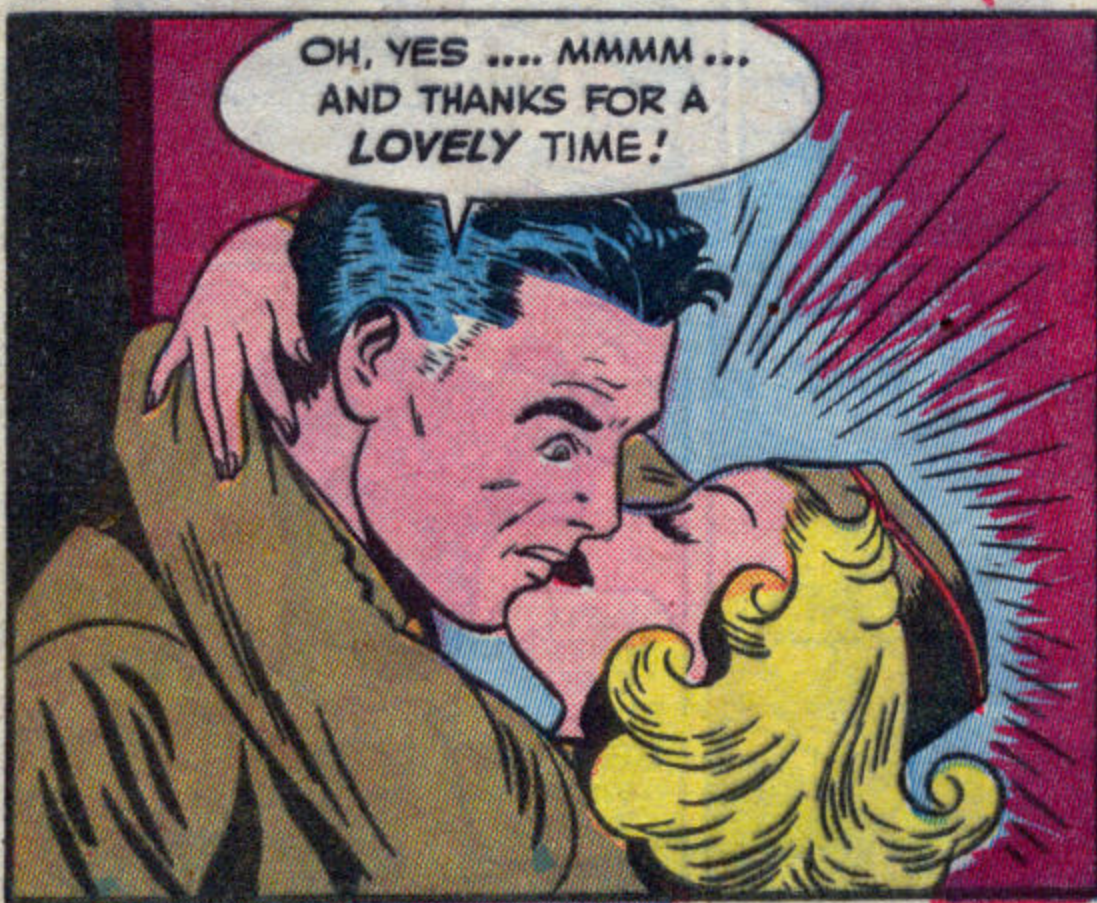
CAN YOU BEAT THIS? I'M RECALLED TO AMERICA AS A **COMMANDO CONSULTANT!**

CONGRATULATIONS! --BUT I'D HATE TO GO THROUGH THE COURSE YOU'LL DREAM UP!



GOODBYE, CAPTAIN SHAW!

HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, LIEUTENANT?

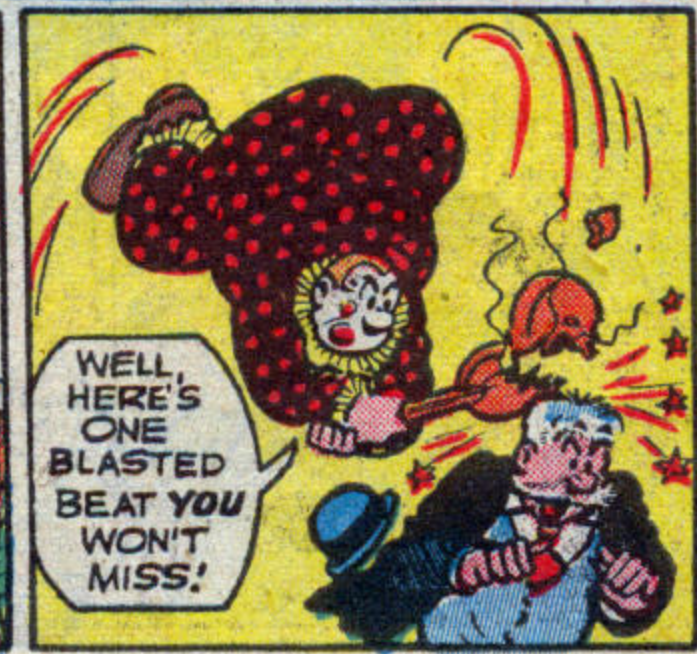
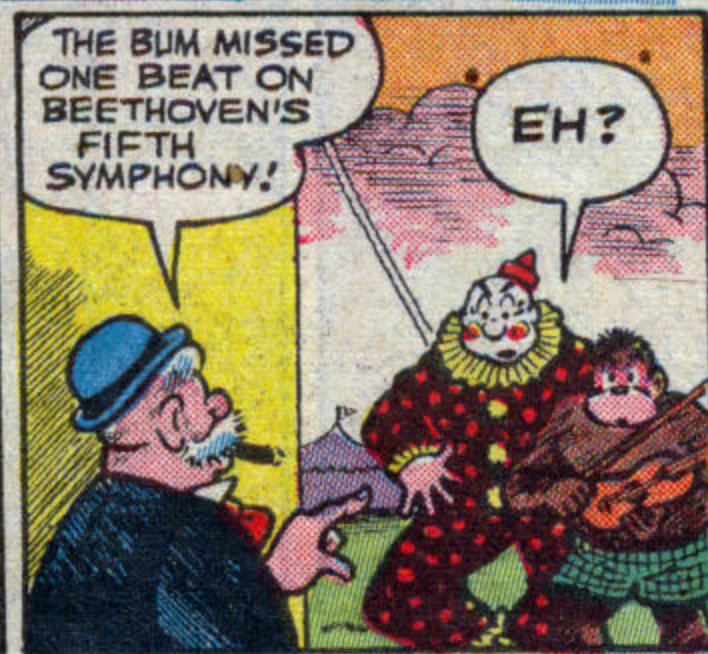
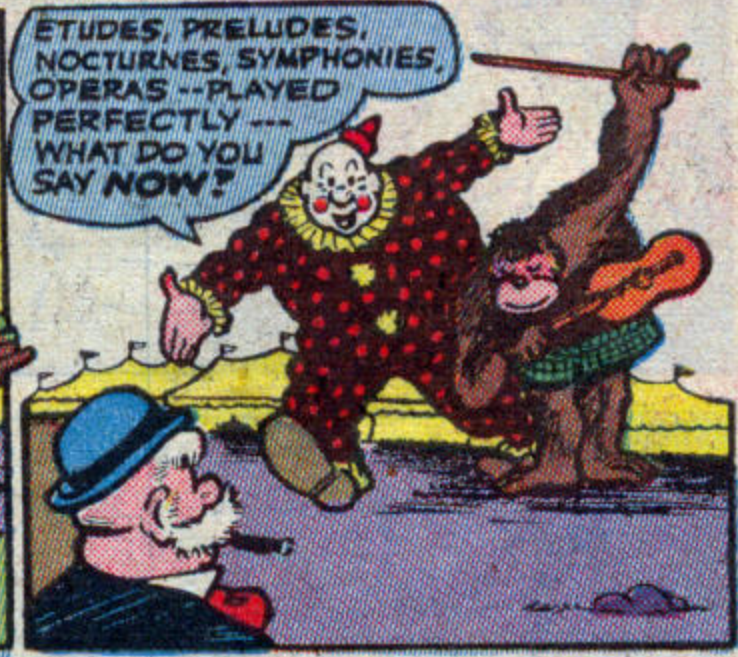
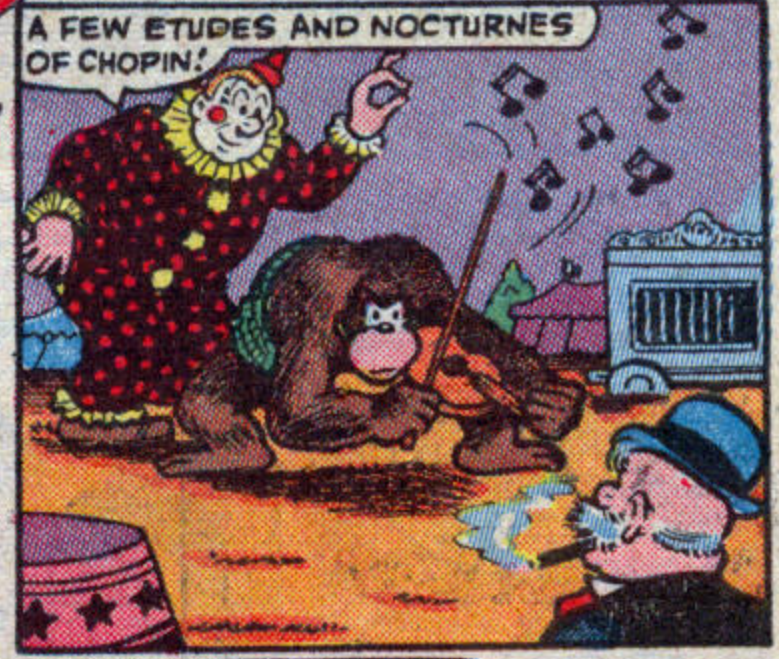
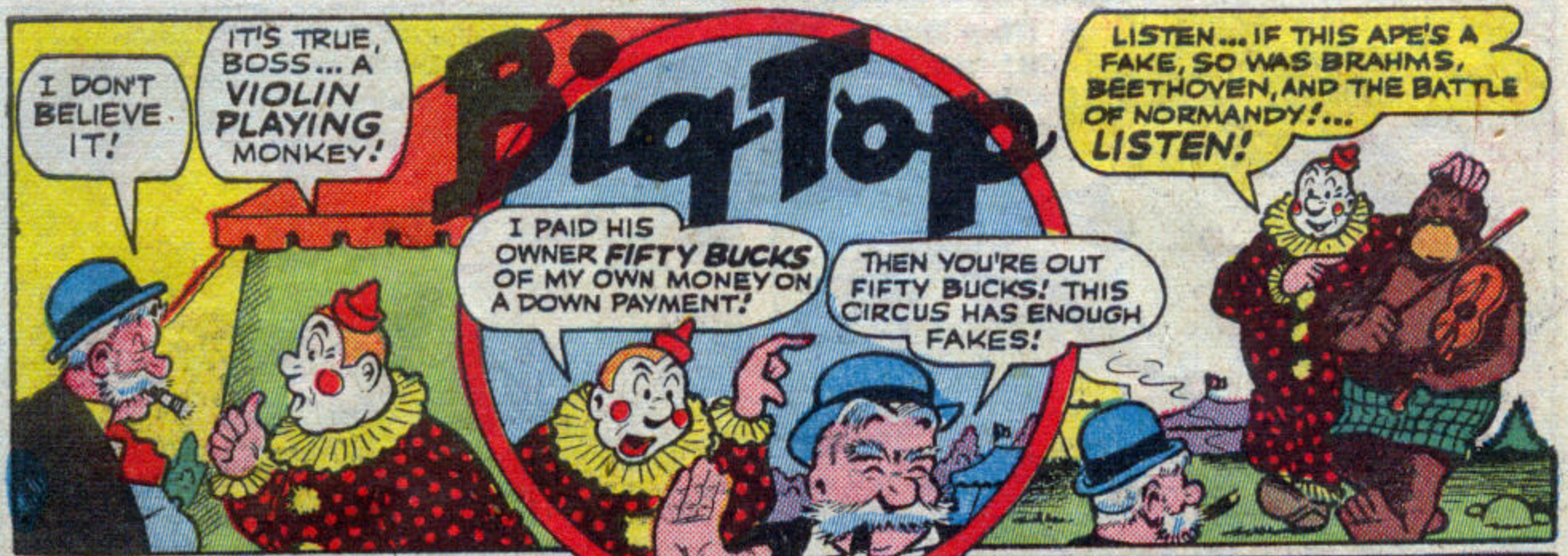


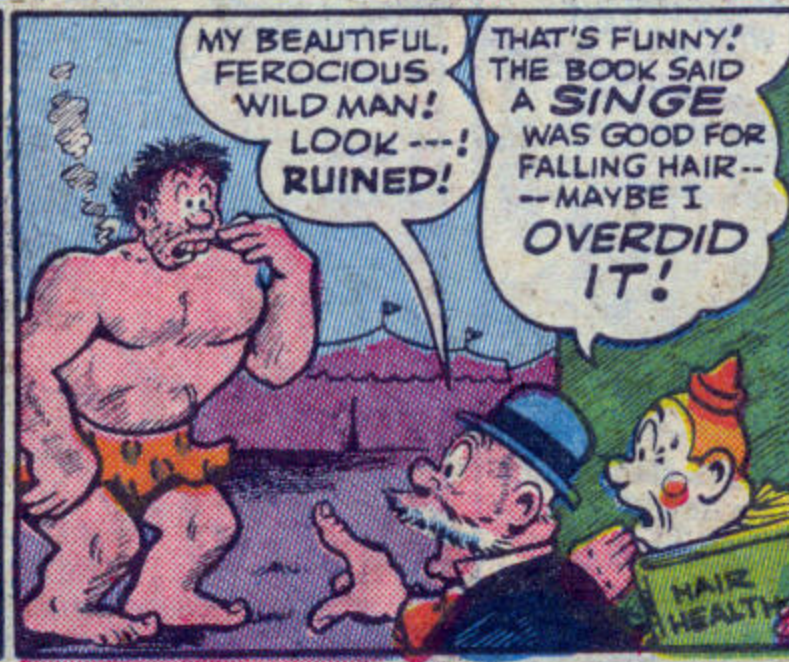
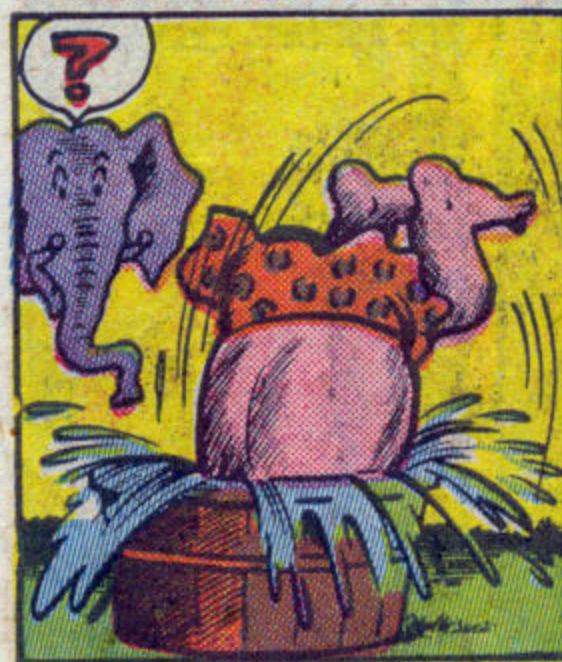
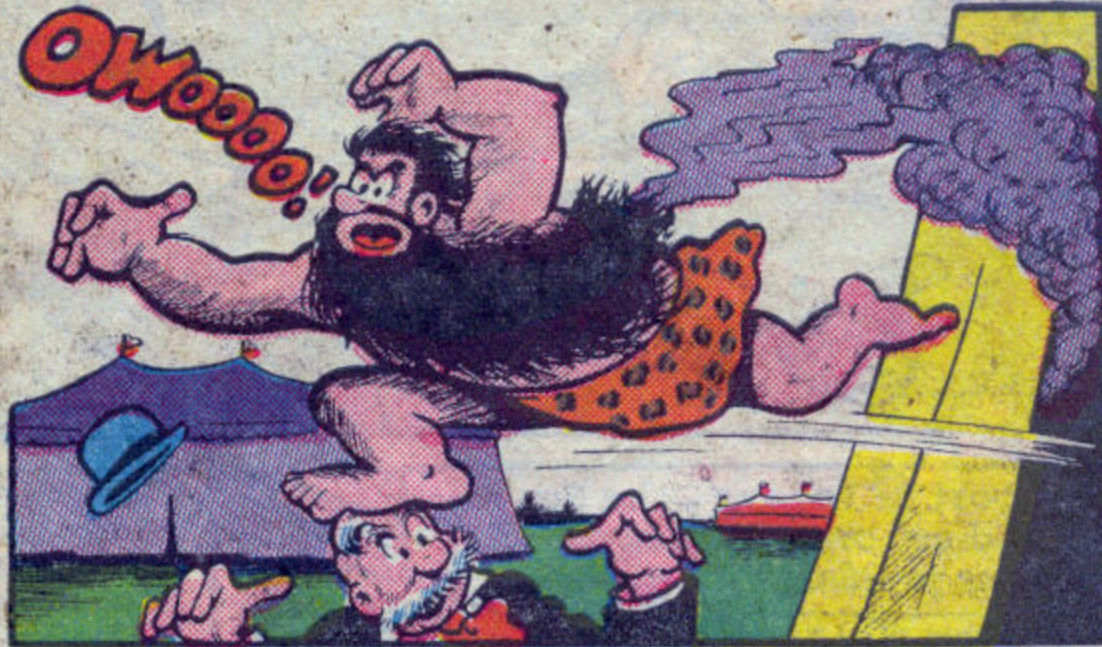
OH, YES MMMM ... AND THANKS FOR A **LOVELY TIME!**



LIEUTENANT J.J. KERRIGAN IS HERE, SIR, TO REPLACE LIEUTENANT O'NEAL!

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?





RUSTY RYAN

AND THE
Boyville
Brigadiers



Like a rain of
destruction from
the sky! ---
the Boyville
Brigadiers strike
the enemy where-
ever they may be!

With this story
goes a **New
Commando
Trick!**

The port of Lozang -- the Boyville
Brigadiers on shore leave -- with
but one problem ---

WE'S SHO'T O' CASH --
WHICH MEANS WE
EATS LIGHT ---

HAVE CHEER,
PIERPONT!
LOOK!

WOROO KHAN
WRESTLING CHAMPION
OF THE EAST --



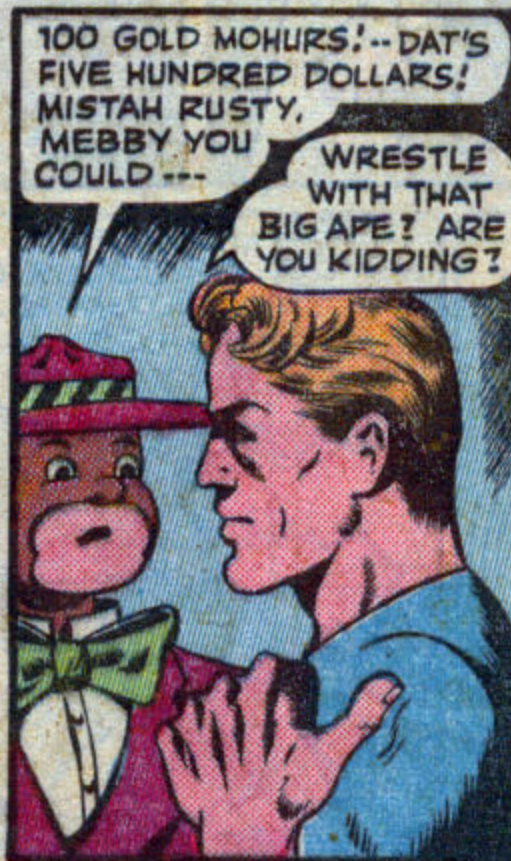
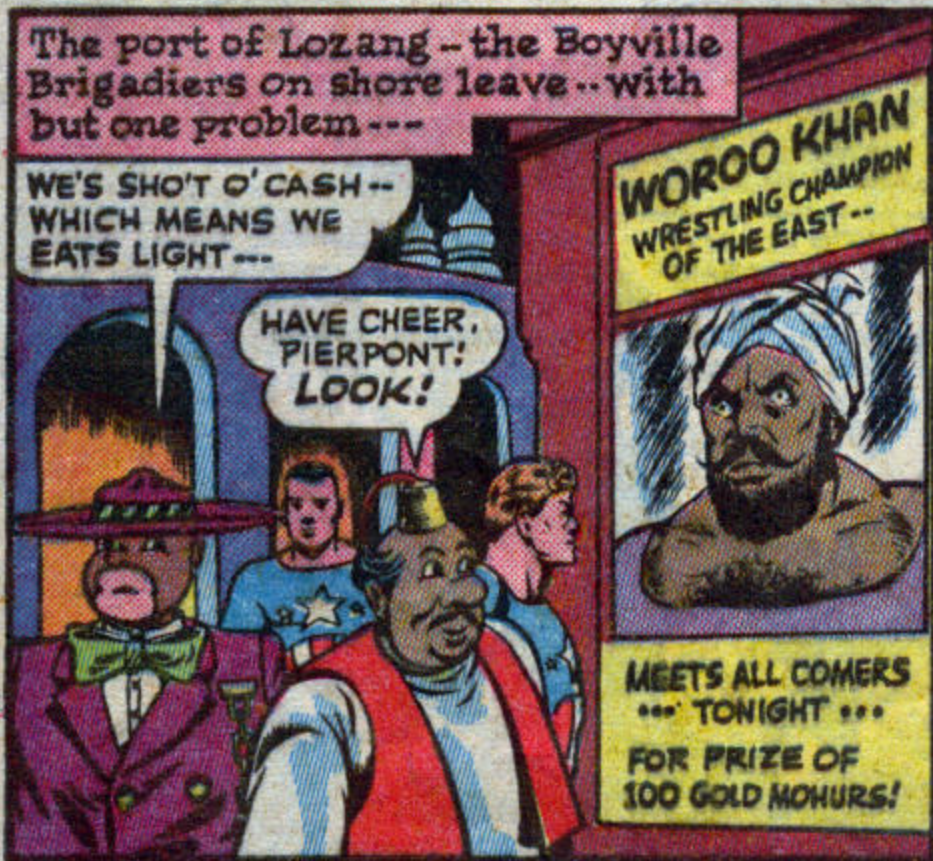
MEETS ALL COMERS
--- TONIGHT ---
FOR PRIZE OF
100 GOLD MOHURS!

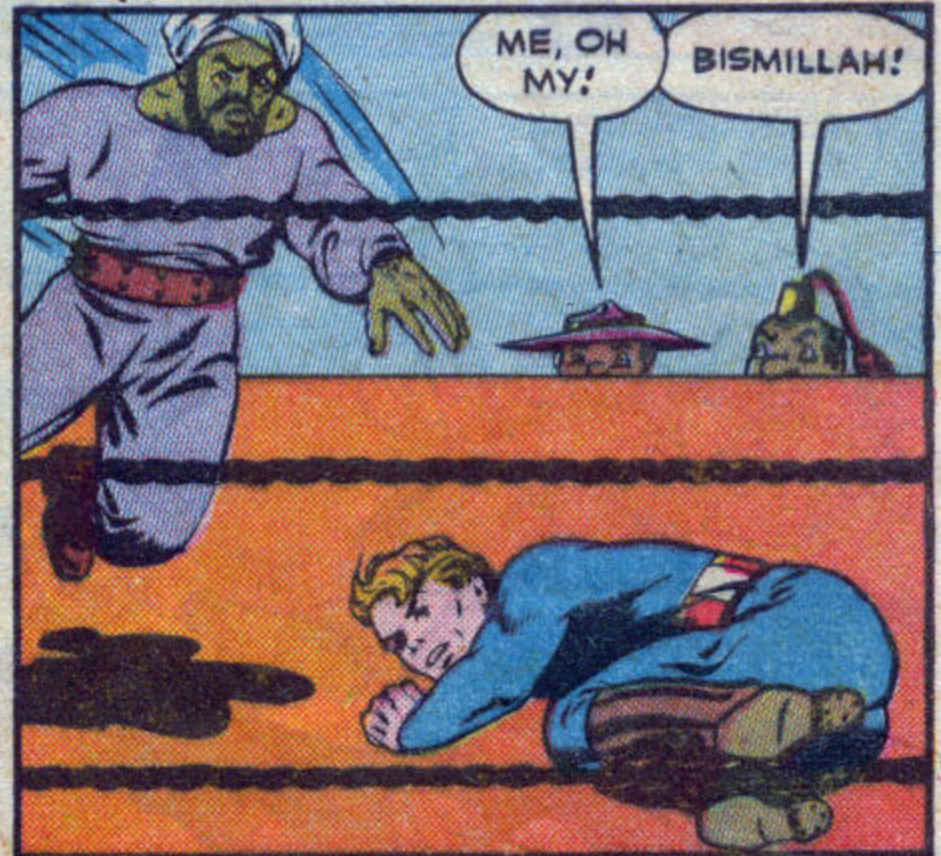
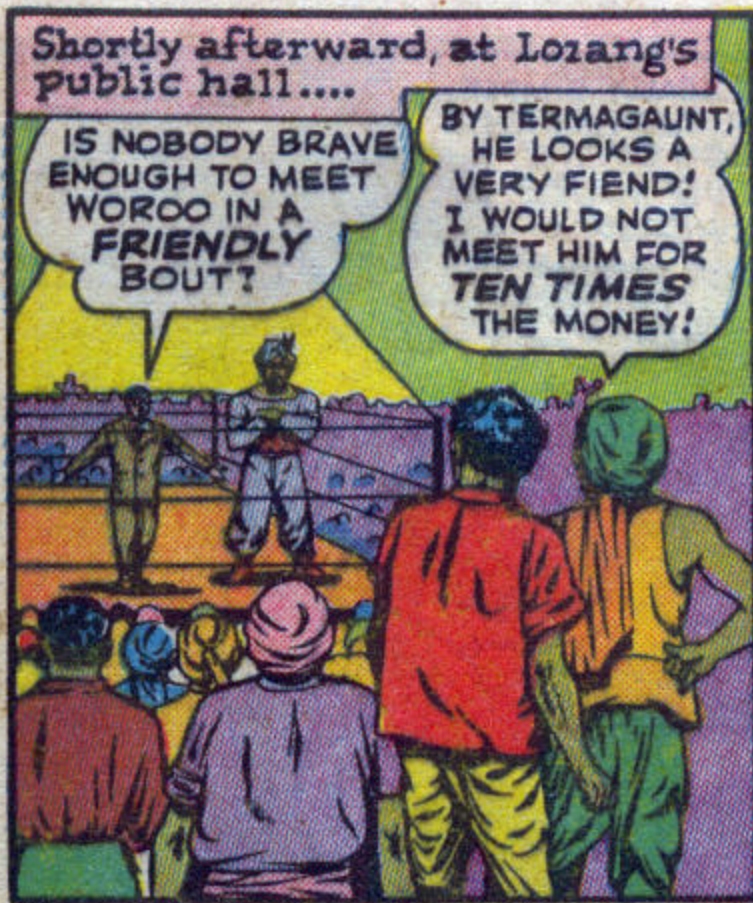
100 GOLD MOHURS! -- DAT'S
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
MISTAH RUSTY,
MEBBY YOU
COULD ---

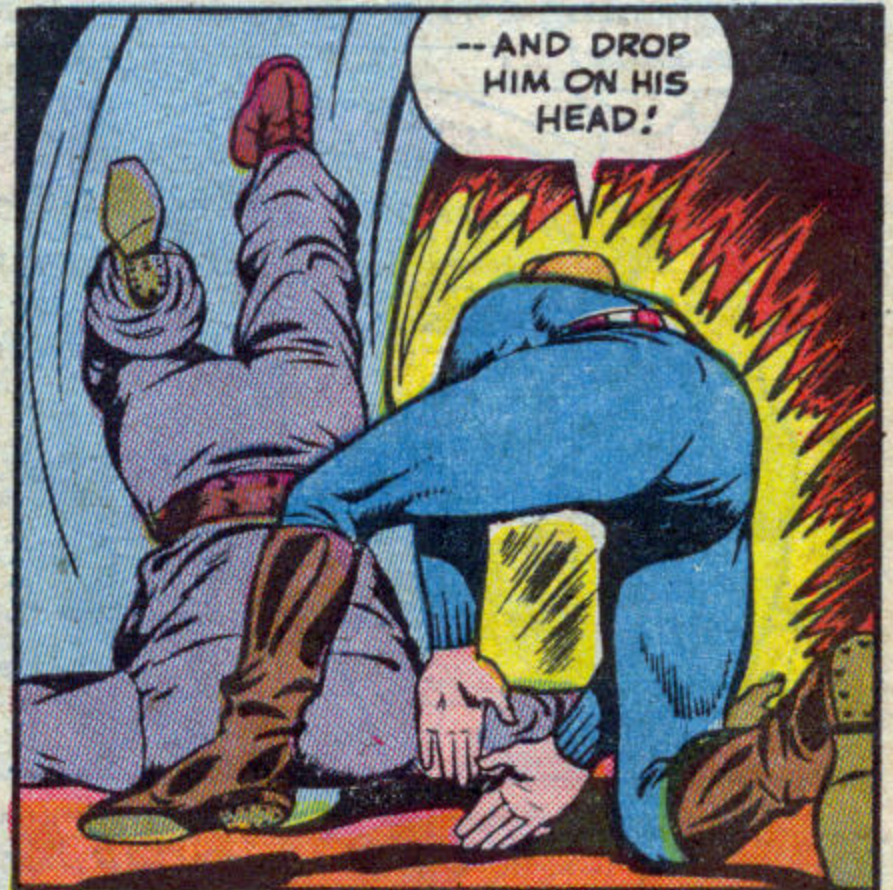
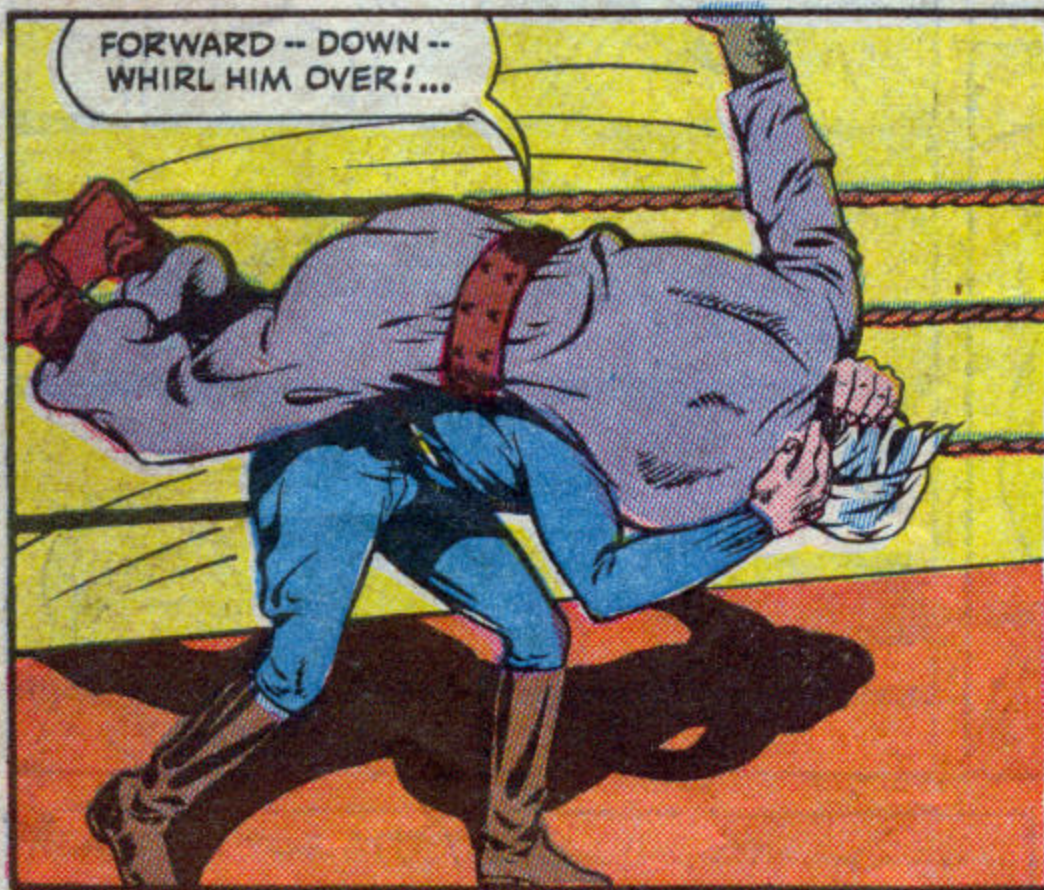
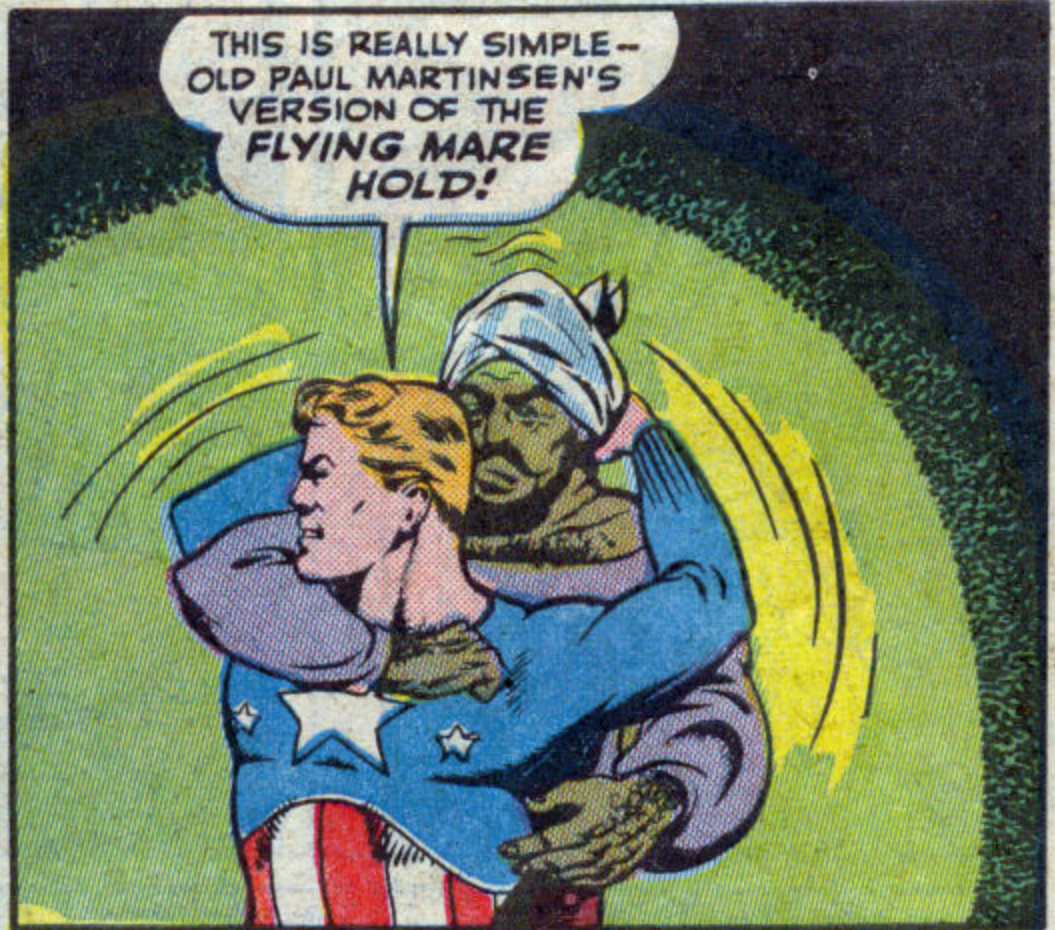
WRESTLE
WITH THAT
BIG APE? ARE
YOU KIDDING?

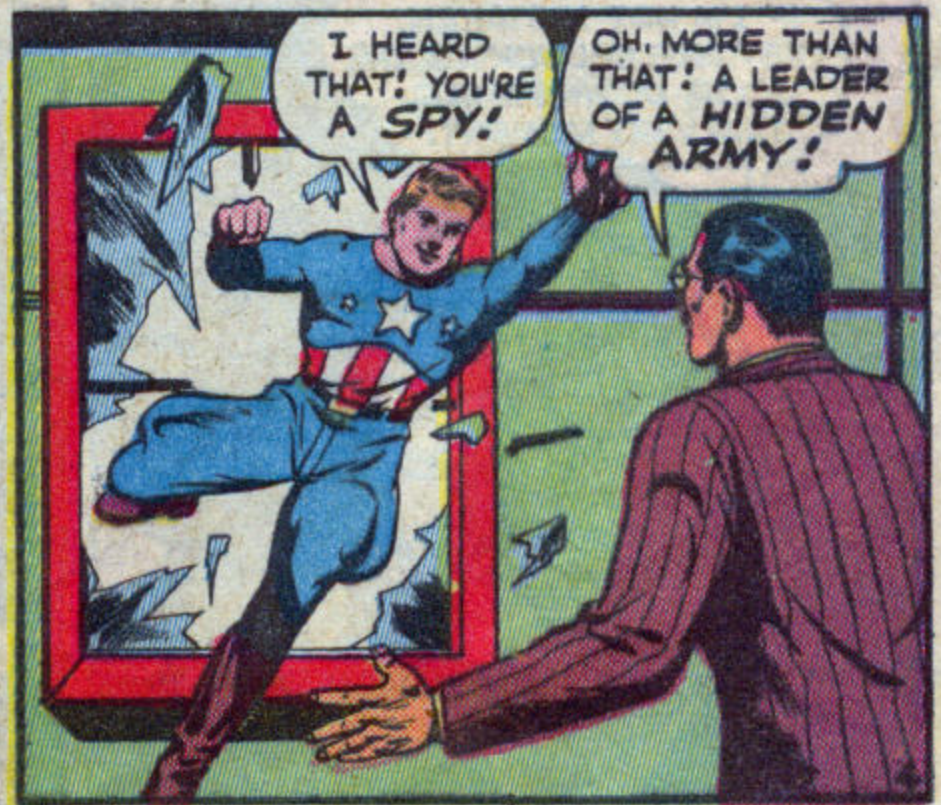
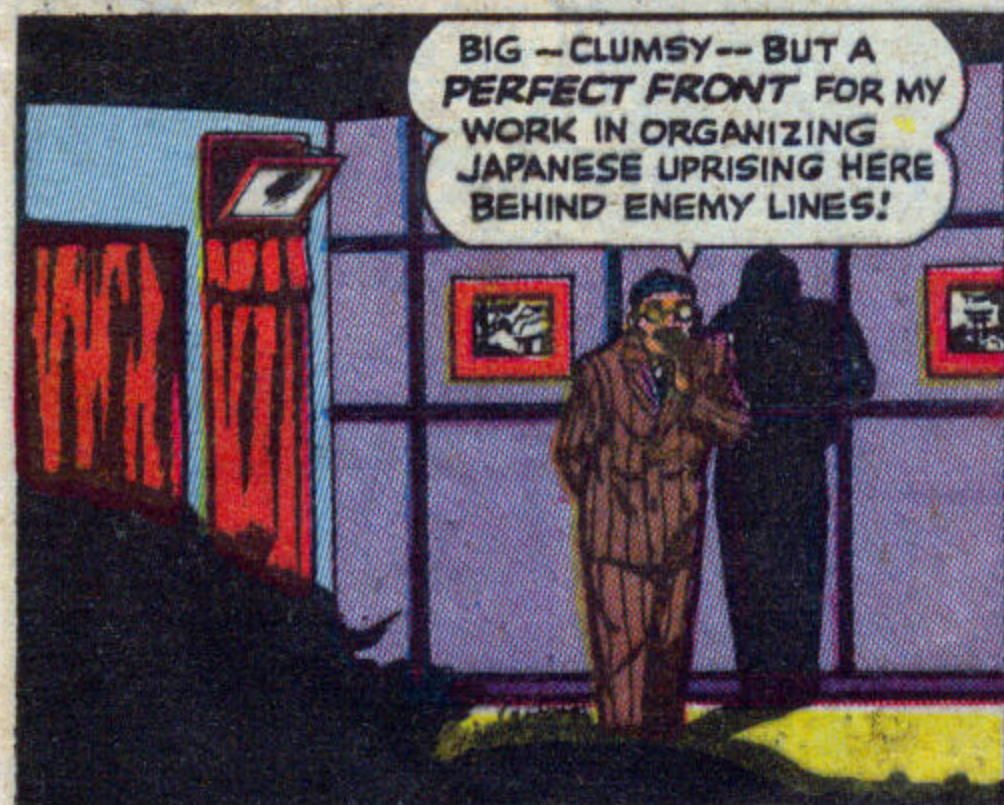
WHY NOT, RUSTY?
YOU'VE GONE UP
AGAINST WORSE-
LOOKERS FOR
FREE!

OKAY! BUT
DON'T EVER TELL
ANYONE -- I'LL
LOSE MY
AMATEUR
STANDING!

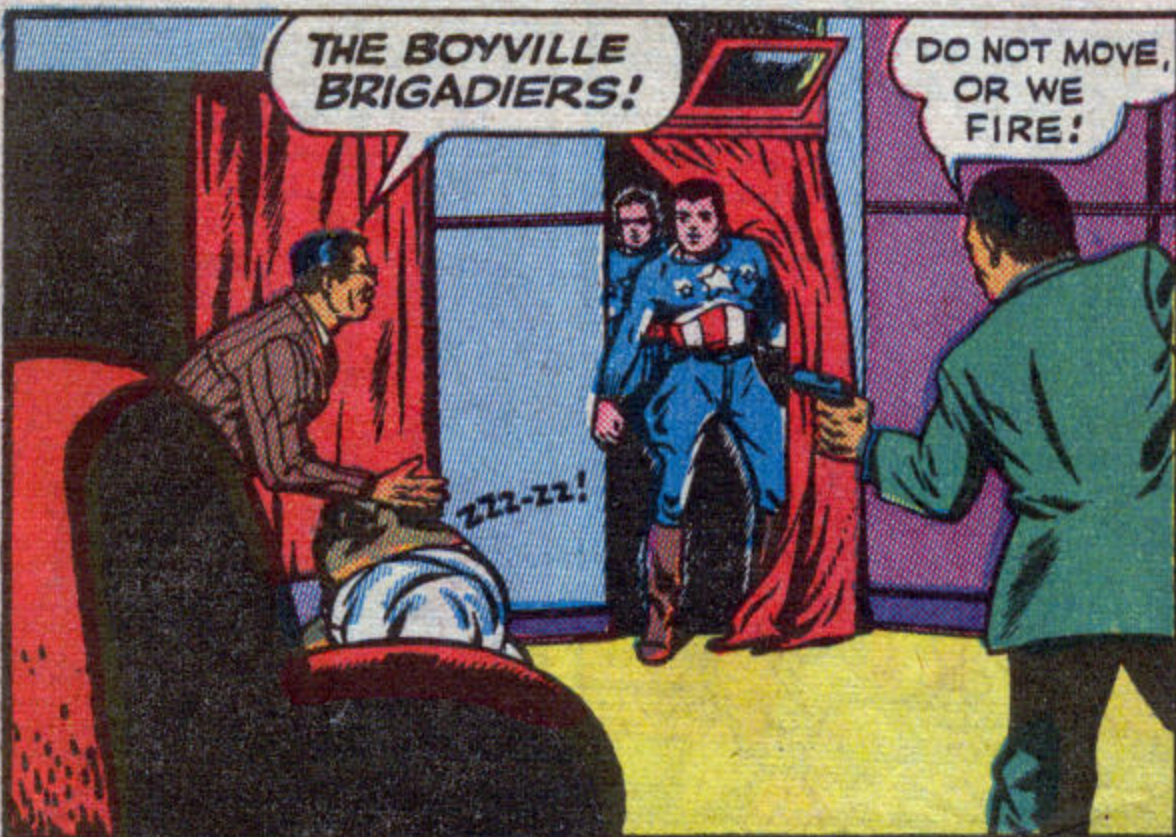


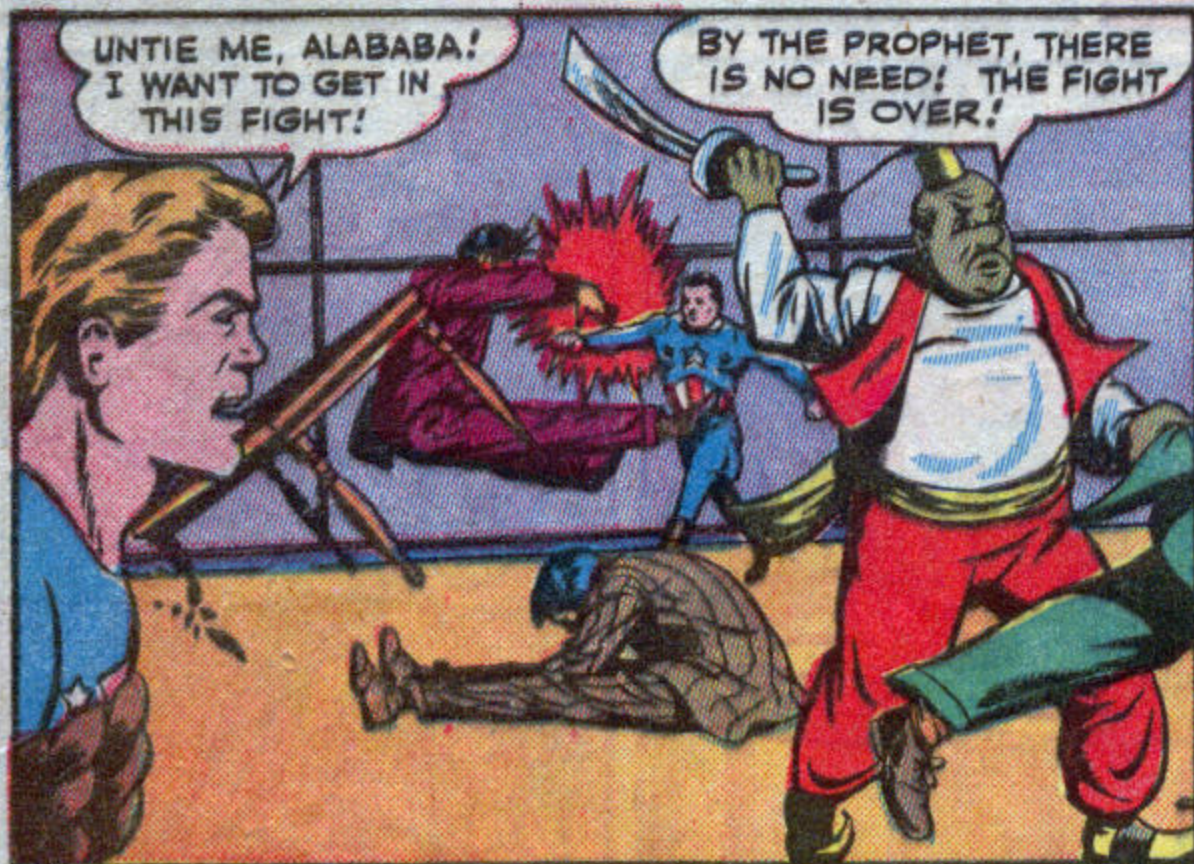




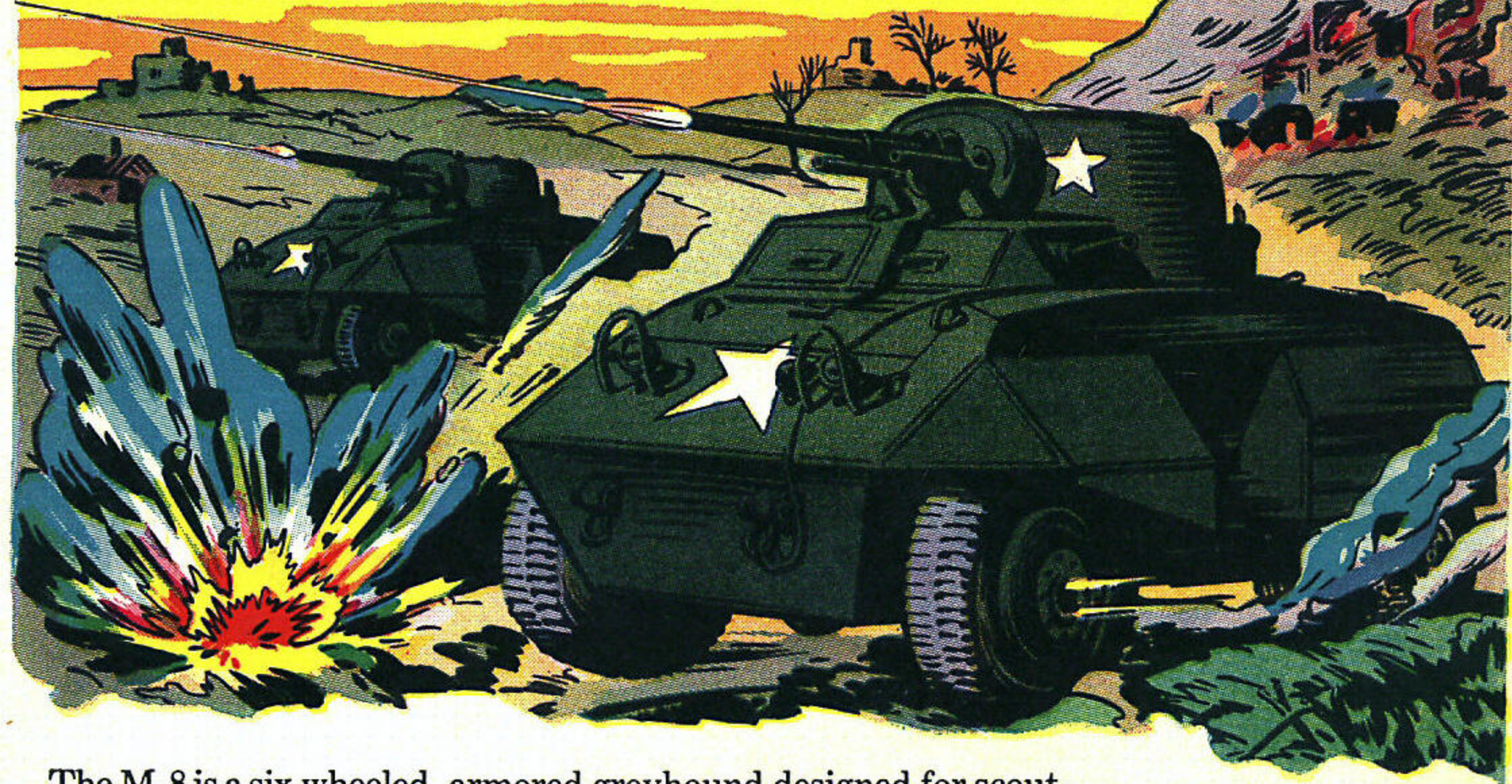








SPEEDY ENERGY



The M-8 is a six wheeled, armored greyhound designed for scouting and long range cruising at high speed. Carrying a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and machine gun, the M-8—with ENERGY derived from a powerful motor, can outrun everything it can't outshoot.

Baby Ruth SPEEDS FOOD-ENERGY INTO BODY

So often these days, Baby Ruth helps fill the gap for food-energy when fatigue slows down a fighter or worker. Nourishing Baby Ruth is rich in dextrose, natural body sugar that is picked up directly by the bloodstream and used almost immediately for energy. It helps to speed-up activity . . . “perk-up” spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.

“I can even bake luscious Cookies made with Baby Ruth!”



Recipe on every wrapper



BUY U.S.
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

